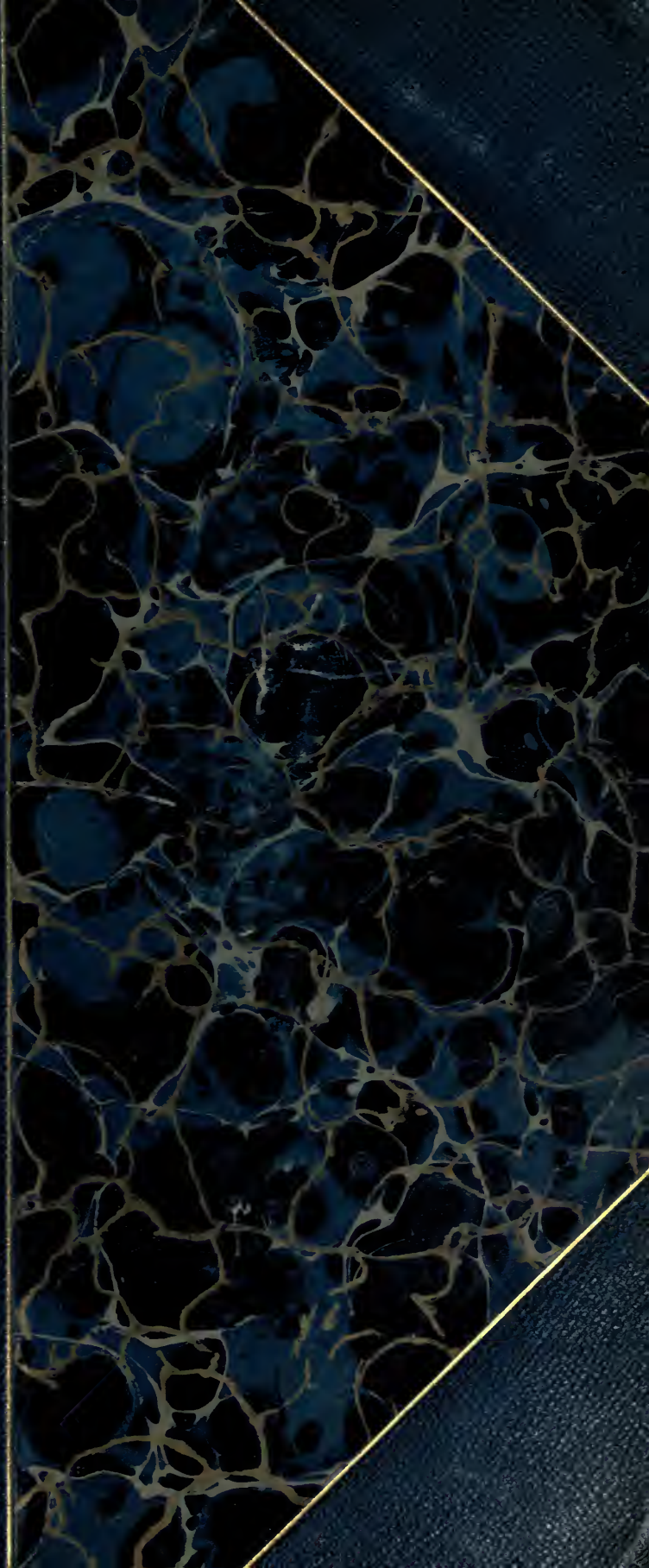


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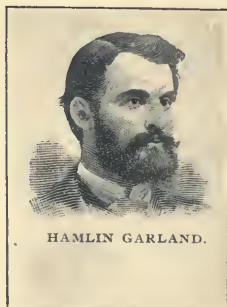


P. W. Carroll & Co. Publishers Cincinnati, O.









HAMLIN GARLAND.



GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE, AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO.

From a copyrighted photograph by F. L. Dickinson, Cincinnati, Ohio. The house is still standing, but it has been removed to Columbus, Ohio, where it is carefully preserved as a relic in an enclosing structure of stone, iron, and glass.

## THE EARLY LIFE OF ULYSSES GRANT.\*

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

### I.

ULYSSES GRANT was born in a cabin home standing in a little village on the north bank of the Ohio River, at a point about twenty-five miles east of Cincinnati. This cabin stood comparatively unchanged until about ten years ago, when it was taken down and removed to Columbus as a relic. It was a one-story building of two very small rooms, with an outside chimney at one end in the manner of Southern cottages. In one room the family lived in day-time, cooking at the big fireplace, and eating at a pine table. In the other room they slept.

It was almost as humble in appearance as the house in which Abraham Lincoln

first saw the light. The village was called Point Pleasant, and it was indeed a beautiful place. Below the door the Ohio River curved away into blue distance, and behind it rose hills covered with tall woods of oak and walnut and ash. At that time the river was the great highway, and over its steel-bright surface the stern-wheel steamers "Daniel Boone" and "Simon Kenton" plied amid many flat-boats, like immense swans surrounded by awkward water-bugs.

At this time Point Pleasant had hopes of being a metropolis. It was deceived. It is to-day a very small village, at whose wharf only an occasional steamer condescends to stop. In 1820 it contained among other industries a tannery, and the foreman of this tannery, an ambitious, stalwart young fellow, called Jesse Grant, had been in business for himself some years before at Ravenna, and was looking for a chance to begin again. Sickness had broken up his industry and had swept away his savings—savings which represented the most unremitting toil and the most rigorous self-

\* In writing this article upon the early life of Grant, I have gathered my material so far as possible by personal interviews with men and women who knew him. I have referred to "The Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant" and to Richardson's "Personal Life of U. S. Grant" for confirmation and for the sequence of events. I am indebted to Mr. Chambers Baird of Ripley, for assistance in collecting notes concerning Grant's school-days in Ripley and Maysville. I have also quoted from a series of letters written to the "New York Ledger" in 1868 by Jesse Grant.





HANNAH SIMPSON GRANT, MOTHER OF GENERAL GRANT.

From an original photograph owned by Helen M. Burke, La Crosse, Wisconsin.



GRANT AT 21. THE EARLIEST KNOWN PORTRAIT. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original daguerreotype, owned by Mrs. Louisa Boggs of Macon, Mo. Mrs. Boggs is the widow of Henry Boggs, who was Grant's partner in the real estate business in St. Louis during the winter of 1858-59. This portrait has been in her possession since 1860. It is one of a number of portraits and documents brought to light by Mr. Hamlin Garland in his industrious search for material preparatory to the series of studies in Grant's life which begin publication in this number of McClure's. Except Mrs. Boggs and her immediate acquaintance, no one knew of its existence until Mr. Garland discovered it. It was probably taken about 1843, just after Grant's graduation from West Point. It resembles a daguerreotype owned by Mrs. George W. Childs, which was reproduced in McClure's Magazine for May, 1894.







THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT WENT TO SCHOOL AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

The school which Grant attended was taught by John D. White, and among Grant's schoolmates were August V. Kautz, afterwards General Kautz; Daniel Ammen, afterwards Admiral Ammen; Chilton A. White, since prominent in politics; and Carr B. White, afterwards General White.

denial—but he was once more accumulating money, and was nearly ready for a second venture.

He married, in 1821, a slender, self-contained young girl, named Hannah Simpson—a girl of most excellent quality, handsome, but not vain, and of great steadiness of purpose. In 1822 his first son was born, and in 1823 Jesse Grant decided upon Georgetown as the best point to set up a tannery of his own. His keen perception of the commercial changes going on decided this movement. Georgetown was the county-seat of the new County of Brown, and had the further advantage of being situated in a wilderness of tan-bark. Moreover, it was growing, while Point Pleasant was being overshadowed by Ripley. Georgetown thus became the boyhood home of Ulysses Grant.

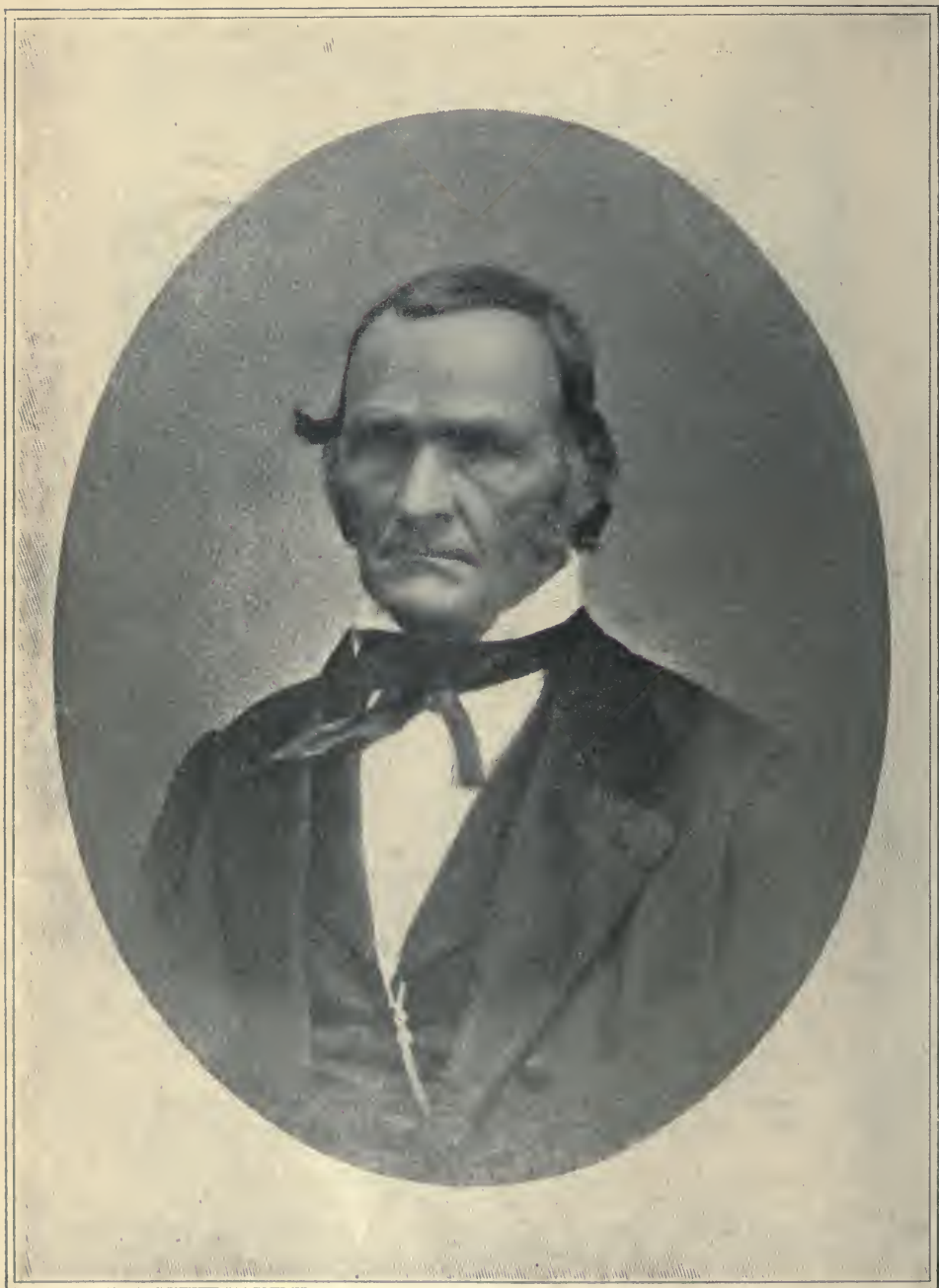
The Grant family made a powerful impression upon the citizens of Georgetown at once. Jesse Grant was a strong man physically and mentally—though possessed of many idiosyncrasies. He was nearly six feet in height, and alive to his finger tips. His head was large, and his face largely modelled, but his eyes were weak and near-sighted. He looked the transplanted New Englander he was, square of jaw, firm of lip.

He came of a strong family of most admirable record. His father and grand-

father had been soldiers in the Colonial and Revolutionary wars respectively, his grandfather attaining the rank of captain. His father was a lieutenant of militia at Lexington, and fought through the entire Revolutionary War. The Grants had been Connecticut Yankees for several generations, and Jesse brought the vigor, hardihood, and shrewd economy of his forebears to the less thrifty Ohio border. He took a prominent position in the village at once. He loved to talk, to make speeches, and to argue. He held advanced ideas, and he wrote rhymes. He had the gentle art of making enemies as well as friends. He was pronouncedly of the North, his neighbors were mainly of the South.

Hannah Simpson, the gentle wife, had no discoverable enemies. She was almost universally beloved as a Christian woman and faithful wife and mother. It took longer to know her, for she was the most reticent of persons. "Ulysses got his reticence, his patience, his equable temper from his mother," is the verdict of those who knew both father and mother. Others go further and say: "He got his *sense* from his mother."

In truth the Simpsons were a fine old family. They were quite as martial as the Grants, were as closely identified with the early history of America, and were possessed



JESSE ROOT GRANT, FATHER OF GENERAL GRANT. AGE, 69 YEARS.

From an original photograph owned by Helen M. Burke of La Crosse, Wisconsin.



apparently of greater self-control. Hannah Simpson was the daughter of John Simpson, a man with the restless heart of a pioneer, who had left his ancestral home in Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia, and had settled in Clermont County, Ohio, a few years before. He had built a brick house and opened a large farm, and his position was most honorable in his town of Bantam. Hannah Simpson, his daughter, seems to have gathered up and carried forward to her son Ulysses the best qualities of her people. That she was a remarkable woman, all her neighbors bear testimony. She never complained of any hardship or toil or disappointment. She seldom laughed, and her son Ulysses once said, "I never saw her shed a tear in my life." She was as proud of her family history as her husband was of his, but she said nothing about it. She never argued, never boasted, and never gossiped of her neighbors. Her husband bore testimony to her high character in words well chosen: "Her steadiness, strength of character have been the stay of the family through life." Her old neighbors call her "a noble woman."

In 1823, as now, Georgetown was inhabited by native families; that is to say, by families at least two removes from the old world, as a roster of the names will show. Many were from Kentucky and Virginia, and the town partook almost equally of South and North in respect of customs, speech, and political prejudices—possibly at that time the South predominated. The town was laid out around the court-house square in Southern fashion. It was a town hewn out of a mighty forest of trees. To this day the fringes and fragments of wood, and especially the stumps, testify of the giants of other days. The soil was fat and productive, as the settler could well perceive by measuring the giant oaks which had risen out of it; and he set himself to work like some valorous but inconsiderate and inconsiderable insect to gnaw down the forest and let in the sunlight upon his corn and potatoes.

The life which the boy Ulysses touched was therefore primitive, unrefined, elemental. The village was almost as rude as the farms—a mere cluster of cabins. The houses were small, unadorned, and overcrowded with children. The women cooked at the open fireplaces with pots and cranes, with "reflectors" and "dutch-ovens" as luxuries. The ceilings were very low, the walls bare, the furniture rude and scanty. The interiors were without a single touch of refining grace save when at night the fireplace threw a golden glory over the

rough plaster and filled the corners of the room with mystery of shadow play.

The women spun and wove and dyed their own garments. The men wore jeans and hickory, while "store-clothes" were a mark of great extravagance or gentility. Doctors and judges and clergymen were sometimes seen apparelled in the magnificence of "boughten clothes" on feast-days and Sundays.

Newspapers were few and came irregularly and were very dull; but they were read with minute care. Life was timed to the slow pulsing to and fro of the clumsy stage and to the stately languor of the stern-wheel steamers whose booming roar sounded clamorously in the night from the river mist ten miles away. The fact that Georgetown was an inland town and that it was a farming community kept it comparatively free from broil and bloodshed, rude though it was. It had also repose and a certain security of life which was a compensation for its remoteness.

Ripley, down on the Ohio River ten miles away, was the principal market, and was considered entitled to regular stops on the part of the steamers that swung to with elaborate and disdainful courtesy in answer to signals from the lesser towns. From Ripley or Higgsport, Georgetown was reached by stage over hill and through deep wood. Ulysses Grant lived for sixteen years in this locality, and upon his boy mind was impressed the faces, the speech, the manners, and the daily habits of these people. He loved the town with the love men have for the things thus clothed upon with childish wonder, which never lose their halo, but remain forever sweet and marvellous.

They were a plain people of unæsthetic temperament, sturdy of arm and resolute of heart, as befitted woodsmen. Nonsense, they could not abide; and they were quick to perceive Jesse Grant's "foolish pride" in his first-born son. They were amused at his name "Ulysses," which they soon parodied into "Useless." "How did you come to saddle such a name on the poor child?" some of them asked.

The story was curious. As related by the father afterward, it appeared that the common difficulty of choosing a name for the babe arose. Multitudes of suggestions only confused the young parents the more, until at last it was proposed to cast the names into a hat. This was done. A romantic aunt suggested Theodore. The mother favored Albert, in honor of Albert Gallatin. Grandfather Simpson voted for Hiram, because he considered it a handsome





SITTING-ROOM IN THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine, and now first published.

carry in the wood for the big fireplaces, quite like the son of a farmer; indeed his earliest traits were neither military nor bookish. He was called "Lys," or in the soft drawl of the South, "Ulyssus"; his playmates had not yet begun to find it worth while to tease him about his name. He had a wonderful love for horses, and as soon as he could toddle he delighted to go out across the yard, where at the hitching-poles, before the finishing-room of the tannery, several teams were almost always to be found on pleasant days. He crawled about between the legs of the dozing horses, and swung by their tails in perfect content, till some

name. The drawing resulted in two names, Hiram and Ulysses.

"Ulysses," it is said, was cast into the hat by Grandmother Simpson, who had been reading a translation of Fénelon's "Telemachus," and had been much impressed by the description of Ulysses given by Mentor to Telemachus. "He was gentle of speech, beneficent of mind." "The most patient of men." "He is the friend of truth. . . . He says nothing that is false, but when it is necessary he concedes what is true. His wisdom is a seal upon his lips, which is never broken save for an important purpose." The boy was named Hiram Ulysses Grant, but the father always called him Ulysses and never Hiram. "My Ulysses" was a common expression of his, and the rude jesters of the village mocked his utterance of it.

Other children came to the Grants—Simpson (three years younger), Clara, Virginia, Orvil (nearly thirteen years younger), and Mary, the youngest of them all; but Ulysses remained the father's pride, and upon him he builded all his hopes.

Ulysses developed early into a self-reliant child, active and healthy. He came at the age of seven to share in the work about the house and yard. He began to pick up chips and to



STAIRWAY IN THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine, and now first published.

timid mother near by rushed to Mrs. Grant with excited outcry: "Mrs. Grant, *do* you know where your boy is? He's out there swinging on the tails of Loudon's horses."

But Mrs. Grant never seemed to worry about Ulysses in the least. She was not of those mothers whose maternal love casts a correspondingly deep shadow of agonizing fear. "When Ulysses was sick she gave him a dose of castor oil, put him to bed, and went calmly about her work, trusting in the Lord and the boy's constitution," as one neighbor expressed it.

Mrs. Grant saw that Ulysses understood horses, and that they understood him; so she interfered very little in his play with the teams across the way. She was too busy to have an eye to his restless activity. She was the wife of a pioneer, with all the harassment and toil and disappointment of such a lot; but she never wept, and never lost her balance—and this wonderful gift of self-mastery she gave her eldest son.

At eight years of age he began to drive a team and to break bark into the hopper of the bark-mill.\* The bark-mill, it may be explained, was precisely like a big coffee-mill put in action by a horse attached to a crooked sweep. Into a big iron hopper it was the boy's duty to break the long slabs of bark with a mallet. The strips as they came from the woods were several feet in length, and in order to reach the grinding machinery they needed to be broken into pieces four or five inches long. This was wearisome business, especially when the



THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO, WHERE ULYSSES S. GRANT LIVED AS A BOY FOR NEARLY FIFTEEN YEARS. IT IS STILL STANDING.

paw-paws were ripe and the hawk was indolently floating on the western wind. The mill stood under a shed where there was nothing to see; and, besides, the boy doing the work was obliged to keep his head out of the way of the sweep and to see that the horse kept a steady gait. "If you stopped to think how many strips were ahead of you, it was appalling."

Breaking bark did not please Ulysses so well as driving the team which hauled the bark from the woods, and he escaped it in every way possible. His father states: "When I said to him, we shall have to go to grinding bark, he would get right up without saying a word and start straight for the village, and get a load to haul or passengers to carry, or something or other to do, and hire a boy to come and grind the bark." He was sometimes able to persuade the girls to help him by exalting the privilege, in the way of Tom Sawyer, and by earnestly detailing the need there was

\* W. T. Galbreath, of Ripley, who worked for Jesse Grant when Ulysses was a child of eight, says: "Ulysses used to get up early in order to get his breakfast and ride the horse down to the tannery, where I was grinding bark. There he'd get off and sit and whittle and talk—waiting for the return ride at noon."

\* Jesse Grant's letters to the "New York Ledger."





DR. ROGERS.



J. D. WHITE.



JACOB W. RAND.



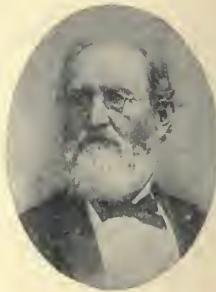
W. W. RICHESON.



DANIEL AMMEN.



JUDGE MARSHALL.



HON. C. A. WHITE.

DR. ROGERS was the Grant family physician at Point Pleasant, Ohio.

JOHN D. WHITE was the teacher to whom Grant owed most of his early instruction. He kept a subscription school in Georgetown between 1828 and 1839. He was the father of Carr B. White and Chilton A. White, who were among Grant's earliest playmates.

JACOB W. RAND and W. W. RICHESON kept the special school at Maysville, Ky., which Grant attended during the winter of 1836-37.

DANIEL AMMEN, whose distinguished service in the navy through the war raised him to the rank of rear-admiral, was born and reared in or near Georgetown, and was Grant's schoolmate and life-long friend.

JUDGE JAMES A. MARSHALL, a cousin of Grant, still lives in Georgetown, where he is a highly respected lawyer. He is a man of careful speech, and his estimate of the Grant family is of great value.

CHILTON A. WHITE is still living in Georgetown, and we are indebted to him for valuable reminiscences of Grant. He has been a prominent citizen of Southern Ohio for many years, having served as a State Senator and member of Congress.

of his riding on the sweep behind the horse. This was great generalship, and across the space of half a century his old-time playmates still remember his roguish triumph. He was always on hand also when the wheat was being threshed, for he got a chance to ride a horse then.

All around him during those years the mighty battle with the forest went on. Axes rang incessantly, trees crashed and fell, columns of smoke rose to the sky at mid-day, and splendid fires glowed at night. It was like the attack of brownies on a chained and helpless army of giants. The steam sawmill had not yet added its devouring teeth to the destruction of the trees—it was mainly hand work. Ulysses took active part in this devastation. He helped strip the bark from the oaks, and set fire to the stumps and the heaps of branches. He drove team when the bark was carried to the mill, and he lent a hand to roll the useless logs into piles to be

burned. There was something splendid in this work, while the tannery grew more and more repulsive to him, and secretly he made up his mind never to be a tanner. He would grind bark in the yard, if need were, but to scrape hides or even handle them was out of the question. He never came nearer to being a tanner than this.

About a mile to the west of the village square a little stream called White Oak Creek runs through a deep, wide *coulée* or valley. In those days the stream was a strong, swift current, and there were mills for grinding corn and wheat located along its banks, and the farmers came in caravans from the clearings far to the north with grain to be ground, and at night they camped like an army corps in the splendid open forest of the bottom-lands. It was a beautiful experience to see these camp-fires gleaming all over the lowlands; to hear the mules and horses call for supper; to see the smoke curling up, and to



hear the hearty talk and laughter of the men. This was a favorite playing-ground for the boys, and Ulysses longed to join these caravans.

The creek was full of fish at that time. There were swimming-holes which became skating-ponds in due season, and all good things to eat grew on these bottom-lands. Then, too, the teams filed past on their way to Higginsport with flour to load on the flat-boats bound for New Orleans. It all had mystery and allurements in it, and one of the strongest passions Ulysses Grant felt at this time was the wish to travel, to go down the Ohio River and see where the water went to; to go up the river and find out where the flat-boats came from. He said little of this longing, for he was trained to hide his emotions.

## II.

Ten years of careful management made Jesse Grant one of the well-to-do citizens of the town. He had a comfortable brick house, he wore gold-bowed glasses, and he possessed a carriage, which was not a common thing in those days. He owned also a draying outfit, which Ulysses began to use when a mere child. "At eight and a half years he had become a regular teamster," his father states, "and used to work my team all day, day after day, hauling wood. At about ten years of age he used to drive a pair of horses, all alone, from Georgetown, where we lived, to Cincinnati, forty miles away, and bring home a load of passengers."

His father did not insist on his working about the bark-mill, provided he obtained a substitute, and readily enough entrusted the team to him, and was quite willing that he should have a horse of his own. Indeed, he allowed him to manage the horses and a considerable part of the farming. Chilton White remembers that he was always busy with a team. "He was a stout, rugged boy, with a good deal of sleight in his work with a team. He liked horses, and kept his span fat and slick."

It was not uncommon even at that day for fathers to believe in the extraordinary endowments of their first-born sons, but Jesse Grant seems to have made public

proclamation of Ulysses's unusual capabilities. His praise of his son grew wearisome to other fathers. His faith received strong confirmation, to his thinking, from the words of a travelling phrenologist. Of this famous incident there are two versions. The father's story runs thus:

"When Ulysses was about twelve years old, the first phrenologist who ever made his appearance in that part of the country, came to our neighborhood. . . . One Dr. Buckner, . . . in order to test the accuracy of the phrenologist, asked him if he would be blindfolded and examine a head. . . . The phrenologist replied that he would. So they blindfolded him, and then brought Ulysses forward to have his head examined.

He felt it all over for some time, saying to himself, "It is no very common head! It is an extraordinary head!" At length Dr. Buckner broke in with the inquiry whether the boy would be likely to distinguish himself in mathematics.

"Yes," said the phrenologist. "*In mathematics or anything else. It would not be strange if we should see him President of the United States.*"

The village version of the incident is quite different. With all his shrewdness and energy, the neighbors say, there was a strain of singular guilelessness in Jesse Grant. He was credulous and simple—in the old meaning of the word simple.

According to their report, Doctor Buck-



BUILDING USED BY JESSE R. GRANT AS THE FINISHING-HOUSE OF HIS TANNERY AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO. IT STILL STANDS, OPPOSITE THE OLD GRANT HOMESTEAD.

ner was only putting up a practical joke on his neighbor Grant. As the timid and blushing Ulysses was pushed forward to the platform the crowd began to titter, and the quick-witted lecturer seized upon the situation. It was to him another numbskull son of a doting father. As he muttered to himself the crowd roared and stamped with delight. He spoke over this boy's head the same word of prophecy he had used in a hundred similar cases. It was a perfectly successful joke. The father believed the cheering was in honor of his son. Thereafter he not only insisted that Ulysses was to be a great man, but also President of the United States. His faith, moreover, expressed itself in deeds—he sent Ulysses to school. Ridicule made no difference with him; he stuck to his faith unshakably, and men are living to-day who laughed at him then for his “vain foolishness.”

With all this Jesse Grant was known to be a sober man, and an honorable man, and Mrs. Grant was considered a fortunate woman by her neighbors, in that her husband was “such a good provider.” The Grant house was considered one of the best furnished in the neighborhood. Mrs. Grant was almost as proud of her family as her husband, but she never expressed her feelings either of pain or pleasure. She acquiesced in the plans to make Ulysses a great man, and through her efforts he was always nicely dressed and ready for school. How much further her love went she gave little sign.

The feeling against Jesse Grant developed rancor on the part of many of the village boys toward Ulysses, and he suffered thereby not a little. According to the tales of old residents, the boys “were always laying for him,” and he was called upon to suffer positive abuse. An old citizen of Georgetown, Ohio, relates the following incident:

“A favorite game with the boys of John D. White's subscription school, at Georgetown, was mumble-the-peg. Grant couldn't play the game very skilfully, and the peg always got a few clandestine licks every time he was to pull it. On one occasion it was driven in so deep that the boys thought Lys could never get it out. He set to work with his forehead down in the dirt, the sun beating hot upon him, and the crowd of boys and girls shutting out every breath of fresh air. The peg would not move. The red-faced, shock-headed, thick-set boy, with his face now all over mud, had forgotten his comrades and saw only one thing in the world, that was this stubborn peg. The bell rang, but the boy did not hear it. A minute later, after a final effort, he staggered to his feet with the peg in his mouth. The old schoolmaster was in the door of the schoolhouse, with his long beech switch—the only person to be seen. There was glee inside at this new development—here was fun the boys had not counted on. Imagine their surprise when, as the boy came closer, and the stern old schoolmaster saw his face, he set down the

switch inside the door and came outside. One boy slipped to the window, and reported to the rest. The old man was pouring water on Lys Grant's hands and having him wash his face. He gave him his red bandanna to wipe it dry. What the school saw a minute later was the schoolmaster coming in patting this very red and embarrassed boy on the head.”

And stories are still current in Georgetown also which are calculated to make him out a stupid lad. Of such is the famous horse-trade story, wherein Ulysses is said to have raised his own



AN OLD STREET IN GEORGETOWN, OHIO, AT THE PRESENT DAY.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's MAGAZINE, and now first published.





EARLY HOME OF GENERAL GRANT'S MOTHER, IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

The wooden part of this house, with a farm of 164 acres, was purchased by John Simpson, General Grant's great-grandfather, in 1763. It was then a bare structure of logs, the clap-board coating not being added until later. The stone part was built by John Simpson about 1765. In 1804, at John Simpson's death, his son, John Simpson, General Grant's grandfather, bought the property. General Grant's mother, Hannah Simpson, was at this time five or six years old, having been born November 23, 1798, at Whitmarsh, Pennsylvania. The picture shows the house as it stands to-day. It is from a photograph owned by Helen M. Burke of La Crosse, Wisconsin, a granddaughter of the second John Simpson and a cousin of General Grant.

bid two points without waiting for answer on the part of the seller. As the boy was only eight, and eager for the colt, it doesn't seem to be conclusive proof of stupidity.\*

In spite of these stories it appears that the boys who knew him best had a high regard for him. He had a way of doing things which commanded respect. He had travelled a great deal. He had been to Cincinnati, to Maysville, to Louisville (to

transact business for his father), and he had a team to drive just as if it were his own. These things entitled him to a certain degree of consideration on the part of his comrades.

"There were, in fact, two sets of boys in the town; one very rough, and one very quiet set—that is to say, well-meaning—for while they were full of fun and noise, they were good, clean boys; they did not use liquor or tobacco, and it was to this company that Ulysses belonged. It was his habit to associate with boys older than himself, and this, with his staid demeanor, made him seem older than his years. At this time Ulysses was a plump, short, ruddy, staid, manly boy, never given to pranks. He never backed out of anything, and avoided any prominence; what he had to do he did well and promptly."

He seldom did anything which could even be called thoughtless. "He was the soul of honor," another playmate bears witness. At ten years of age he had become a remarkable teamster. He amazed his

\* "In the matter of Grant's famous horse trade with Mr. Ralston, the version most current shows great acuteness on the part of the boy, in that, after telling Mr. R. all that his father had told him about how to go about the trade, he bought the horse for the minimum price of forty dollars. The version that Grant himself repeats in his 'Memoirs' is that one which says, that the boy by his stupidity in telling just how much he would pay had to pay fifty dollars, when really the farmer's price was only forty dollars."

"Nelson Waterman, who says he was working in a field near Ralston's when the boy came down to make the trade, says that there really was no trade. When the boy told all that his father had said to him—that if he could not buy the colt for forty dollars, pay forty-five dollars; if he couldn't buy it for forty-five dollars, pay fifty dollars—Ralston was disgusted with the boy's lack of business ability, and would not make any sale to him; sent him home, in fact, to his father without the colt, and with some good fatherly advice."

"This accords with the current stories of Grant's early stupidity."—HENRY J. HANNAH, in a letter to the writer.

companions by his ability to manage and train horses.\*

He was a successful farmer, and liked it very much; in fact, his life was nearer that of a farmer's boy than a tanner's son. His father once wrote of him, "He would rather do anything else under the sun than work in the tannery." Uncle Thomas Jennings, an old neighbor, recalls the boy's thrift—"While the other boys were at play, he was earning a quarter." All reliable testimony points to his being a very busy and practical boy. He always had pocket money, earned by teaming. He worked willingly and steadily at hauling, breaking bark, and plowing. "His father owned fifty acres of wood-land with some tillable land upon it, and Ulysses had much to do with farming that land," raising fodder for the cows and horses, and vegetables for the house.

When he was not at work about the tannery or farm, he was conveying travellers to Ripley, to Maysville, to Higginsport, to West Union, or to Cincinnati. In this way he earned enough money to buy a horse of his own. Once when he was about thirteen years of age, he took a couple of lawyers across country to Toledo. The neighbors were astonished to think Uncle Jesse would trust his boy to make such a long trip.

"Aren't you afraid he'll get into trouble on the way?"

"Oh, no," replied the proud sire; "he'll take care of himself."

To understand to the full the resolution and good judgment required on this trip of several hundred miles, it must be remembered that in 1835 there were few pikes or bridges, and the streams were much deeper to ford than now. Jesse often sent his son to make collections or to transact important business. The boy certainly did not lack

for employment, and yet in the midst of teaming, grinding bark, and going to school, he found time to have a little fun.

It was a good boy's country. It produced not merely great trees, and corn and wheat, it produced paw-paws, and grapes, and May-apples, and blackberries, and hickory nuts, and beech-nuts, and all kinds of forage for boys. These things in due season they plucked and hoarded in the alert seriousness of squirrels or young savages. Ulysses was often of these parties, and in winter many pleasant evenings were spent before the hearth cracking nuts in company with the White or Marshall boys. He could swim well, but was a poor fisherman. He could play ball fairly well, and could ride standing on one foot upon the back of a galloping horse. In winter time he was a daring and much-admired coaster down the steep street which fell away sharply from the square and ran past the tan-yard and the Grant homestead. It is a fine country to coast in, with many long curving slopes of road running under magnificent trees and past clumps of brush and over bridges.

He was a great favorite with the girls, though he was not a demonstrative lover. He was kind and considerate of them; never rude and boisterous, and never derisive. "He was one of the few boys who had a team and sleigh at their disposal, and he took the girls a-sleighing," sitting silently in the midst of their shrieking and chatter. He never teased children younger than himself, and he never tortured animals. So runs the testimony of the women who knew him as a boy. He had the effect always of being a good listener, and was counted good company, though never an entertainer. "He was more like a grown person than a lad."

He was at fifteen a good-looking boy, with a large head, strong straight nose, quiet gray-blue eyes, and flexible lips. He was short and sturdy, with fine hands and feet. "He was not a brilliant boy, but he was a good boy," "a refined boy," "the soul of honor." "He never swore or used vulgar words, and he was notably considerate and unselfish." There is little record of his fighting, though he was not given to running away.

Of his education in Georgetown little can be said. He had been schooled of nature and by work and play; but up to his fourteenth year he had attended only the winter session of John D. White's subscription school, which "took up" in a long, low brick building standing on a knoll to the south of the town. Schools in country

\*There was something mysterious in his power to communicate to a horse his wishes. He could train a horse to trot, rack, or pace apparently at will. When he was about eleven years of age he made a reputation among the boys by riding the trick pony of a circus which came in trailing clouds of glorified dust one summer day, like a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

"It was a small animal show and circus," said Judge Marshall, "and one part of the entertainment was to turn a kangaroo loose in the ring and ask some lively-footed boy to catch it. I considered myself a pretty good runner in those days, and I tried to catch the kangaroo, to the vast amusement of the people looking on. Ulysses, however, was a plump boy and not a good runner. He made no attempt at the kangaroo, but was deeply interested in the trick pony, which had been trained to throw off any boy who attempted to ride him. He was a very fat bay pony with no mane, and nothing at all to hang to. Ulysses looked on for a while, saw several of the other boys try and fail, and at last said, 'I believe I can ride that pony.' He anticipated the pony's attempts to throw him off, by leaning down and putting his arms around the pony's neck. The pony reared, kicked, and did everything he knew to unhorse Ulysses, but failed; and at last the clown acknowledged the pony's defeat and paid the five dollars which he had promised to the boy who would ride the pony. As Ulysses turned away with the five dollars in his hand, he said to the boys standing round, 'Why, that pony is as slick as an apple.'"



towns of that day were not taken very seriously by most of the citizens. To be able to read and write and cipher was considered very fair attainment. There were those, it is true, who wished their sons and daughters to study "Lindley Murray" and higher mathematics, but such ambitions were considered of questionable virtue. Ulysses was a quiet boy at school. "He never whispered or spoke in a low voice as if afraid to be heard," his old classmate A. H. Markland once said.

Chilton White recalls that he won high admiration in drawing. "He could draw a horse and put a man on him." He was strong also in mathematics. "Grant was a quiet, studious fellow and a good scholar. I studied algebra with him, and I remember he would never let Carr White or me show him the way to do problems, but always wanted to work them out himself."\* A certain wordlessness and lack of dash, together with a peculiar guilelessness, drew upon him the ridicule of the rude. His language was so simple and bare of all slang and profanity that it seemed poor and weak to his comrades. He suffered a certain persecution during all his days in Georgetown.

### III.

Jesse Grant was a close reckoner in ordinary dealings, but he was more liberal with his son than most fathers of the village, and the winter that Ulysses was fourteen, he sent him to school in Maysville, a larger town just across the river in Kentucky, fifteen or twenty miles from Georgetown. This was done in the hope that something a little better might be had in way of schooling.

No doubt the boy gladly accepted the opportunity, for Maysville was a city to him, and besides there were the steamboats, the beautiful river, and the wharves with their daily passenger and freight traffic. It was an old town, filled with houses of the old English type, such as Boston and Baltimore have in their older streets. It was a straggling town, extending along the sloping bank between the river and the bluffs behind. It was on slave soil, but it was not without its anti-slavery element even at that day. Jesse Grant, it is said, helped to found the first abolition society in Kentucky in 1823.

It was a finer place for a boy's life than Georgetown. There were boating, swimming, and fishing in summer, and beautiful

skating and superb coasting in winter. Of his life in Maysville we know little, but his old teacher and some of his classmates remember him very well, as a very quiet, pleasant boy. W. W. Richeson, his teacher, was a college-bred man of liberal tastes, and his methods as a teacher were peculiar and original. He made a strong and gracious impression on young Grant.

In response to a letter from Mr. W. H. Haldeman, of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," asking for some of his recollections of the school-boy days of General Grant, Professor Richeson had these things to say :

"H. U. Grant entered as a pupil in the Maysville seminary during the winter season of 1836 and 1837. . . . Young Ulysses, during his school days at Maysville Seminary, ranked high in all his classes, and his deportment was exceptionally good. He was a member of the Philomathean Society, to which the juniors of the institution belonged. From the secretary's book I find that 'Mr. Grant submitted the following resolution :

*Resolved*, That it be considered out of order for any member to speak on the opposite side to which he belongs.'

"In this record you perceive his consistency, even at the early age of fifteen. In February of the same year (1837) the records show that 'Ulysses Grant and E. M. Richeson were appointed to declaim on the ensuing Friday.'\* At another meeting I find that 'Mr. Grant submitted the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That any member who leaves his seat during debate shall be fined not less than six and one-fourth cents.'"

While he attended the Maysville Seminary he boarded with the family of his uncle, Peter Grant, who was largely engaged in the salt trade in connection with Hewitt, Phillips, Adams & Co. Peter Grant was accidentally drowned near the mouth of the Kanawha River while descending that stream with his saline flotilla.

We have ourselves examined the book referred to by Professor Richeson, and find it yields a number of interesting glimpses of Grant. Apparently Grant entered the Philomathean Debating Club for the first time at its thirty-third meeting, January 3, 1837. He took a prominent part at once. By a curious coincidence the question for

\* When the roll was called at the next meeting, however, "H. U. Grant" was absent. He was fined.

\* O. Edwards, Mayor of Georgetown.

this first evening was, "Resolved, that the Texans were not justifiable in giving Santa Anna his liberty." In the names of the debaters this night there appears on the record H. U. Grant. He was on the affirmative side. He was on the affirmative side at the thirty-fourth meeting, with this question, "Resolved, that females wield greater influence in society than the males." The affirmative side won in this case as well as the other. At the thirty-fifth meeting his name appears on the affirmative of the question (a very vital one at that time), "Resolved, that it would not be just and politic to liberate the slaves at this time." Again he was on the winning side. At the thirty-sixth meeting the name appears "U. Grant" on the affirmative side of the resolution that "Intemperance is a greater evil than war."

At the thirty-seventh meeting he was elected, together with his friend A. H. Markland and W. Richeson, as a member of a committee; he also took part in the debate on the question, "Resolved, that Socrates was right in not escaping when the prison doors were opened to him." He took the affirmative, and it was again the successful side. And in all the succeeding meetings down to March 27, 1837, the record shows him to have been active; but after that date his name does not appear. The probabilities are, that he returned home to help put in the crop. There is a fine flavor about this club. It had a Latin motto and debated the weightiest questions the world has ever grappled with. It would seem from its record, that Grant was, as his friend Markland has said, a good debater, but that he would rather pay six-and-a-quarter cents fine than declaim.

However, his was not a nature which showed its hidden powers early, and he returned to Georgetown the next spring, not very much changed in looks or habit. He remained in Georgetown during the ensuing year, sharing the life and amusements of its best young people, attending the village school in the winter.

Of indoor amusements there were few. The better class of people in the village took a sombre view of life. Dancing was prohibited, the fiddle was seldom heard. There were no musical instruments, and little singing save of wailing hymns and droning psalms. Books were almost unknown except volumes of sermons or religious essays. On the bureau of the Grant sitting-room, it is remembered, there stood a little cabinet containing about thirty books. What these were, there is no tra-

dition to tell; presumably they were not poetry or fiction,\* though Jesse Grant was naturally a lover of reading. Such books as came his way he read with care. He kept well-informed on subjects of current political discussion, and was always ready for an argumentative set-to. His individual opinions were the result of reading and thought, and that they were an offence to his neighbors made little difference to him. All that he possessed he had worked for; being beholden to no man, he carried himself as a free man among equals.

He attended the Methodist Church, though hardly so devoted in his religious life as his wife. There is no record that either father or mother ever used any strong effort to induce Ulysses to join the church, though they insisted on his recognition of the Sabbath. His home life was pleasant. "I never received a harsh word or suffered an unjust act from my father or mother," he wrote in later life, and it is a good deal to say of any parents.

His sixteenth year he spent at home in Georgetown, beloved by his playmates and happy in his activity with team and plow. His only bugbear was "the beam-room," where the reeking hides were stretched and scraped. It was a repulsive place to a sensitive person, and Ulysses expected to be called soon to take his place there.

One day they were short of hands in the tannery, and Jesse said:

"Ulysses, you'll have to go into the beam-room and help me to-day."

Ulysses reluctantly followed, for thus far he had escaped that work. As he walked beside his father he said:

"Father, this tanning is not the kind of work I like. I'll work at it though," he sturdily added, "if you wish me to, until I am twenty-one; but you may depend upon it I'll never work a day longer at it after that."

Jesse Grant, being a reasonable man, immediately replied:

"My son, I don't want you to work at it *now* if you don't like it and don't mean to stick to it. I want you to work at whatever you like and intend to follow. Now, what do you think you would like?"

"I'd like to be a farmer, or a down-the-river trader, or get an education." He put the education last, in his modest way.

The little farm on which Ulysses had been working in years past was rented out, and down-the-river trading hardly pleased the

\* One of these was probably the famous old Weems' "Life of Washington," for Jesse Grant speaks of Ulysses reading the "Life of Washington" at about seven years of age. The lad was not much of a reader, however. "He cared more for horses than for books," his playmates remember.





THE BARK-MILL.

Grant's special work as a boy in his father's tannery was to feed the bark into the bark-mill and see that the horse that turned the mill kept moving.

father, and times being very close he didn't see how he could send the boy away to school. He thought of West Point, and said :

"How would you like West Point? You know the education is free there, and the government supports the cadets. How would you like to go there?"

"First rate," Ulysses promptly replied.\*

His life thus far had been such as makes a boy older than his years, but it had not given him much in way of preparation for West Point, and it is probable that he did not really imagine himself a successful candidate for the appointment. He said little about the plan, for he had suffered too keenly already from the ridicule of his playmates, who made a never-ending mock of his father's prophecy of the son's future greatness. There seems no doubt of this, though he never alluded to it.† Undoubtedly this constant derision added to his reticence and apparent dulness.

Some of the good people of Georgetown, Ripley, and Batavia, however, go far in their attempt to show how very ordinary Ulysses Grant was. A boy of thir-

teen who could drive a team six hundred miles across country and arrive safely; who could load a wagon with heavy logs by his own mechanical ingenuity; who insisted on solving all mathematical problems himself; who never whispered or lied or swore or quarrelled; who could train a horse to pace or trot at will; who stood squarely upon his own knowledge of things without resorting to trick or mere verbal memory—such a boy, at this distance, does not appear "ordinary," stupid, dull, or commonplace. That he was not showy or easily valued was true. His unusualness was in the balance of his character, in his poise, in his native judgment, and in his knowledge of things at first hand.

Even at sixteen years of age he had a superstition that to retreat was fatal. When he set hand to any plan or started upon any journey, he felt the necessity of going to the turn of the lane or to the end of the furrow. He was resolute and unafraid always; a boy to be trusted and counted upon,—sturdy, capable of hard knocks. What he was in speech he was in grain. If he said, "I can do that," he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but also that he had thought his way to the successful end of the undertaking. He was, in fact, an unusually determined and resourceful boy.

\* From a letter written to the "New York Ledger" by Jesse Grant in 1868. This does not agree with the account in the "Memoirs" of U. S. Grant, but it seems a very natural decision on the boy's part.

† This ridicule is alluded to by W. T. Galbreath, Chilton White, Nelson Waterman, O. Edwards, and other citizens of Brown County.









GRANT AFTER LEAVING WEST POINT.

After a daguerreotype taken, probably, when Grant was on his way to Mexico. The original portrait we have been unable to secure or trace, even with the aid of members of the Grant family. But Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr., has kindly loaned us a photograph copy of it; and this the artist Mr. T. V. Chominski has redrawn for the present reproduction, giving a very faithful and vivid interpretation.



LIGHT BATTERY DRILL AT WEST POINT.

From an instantaneous photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

## GRANT AT WEST POINT.

### THE STORY OF HIS CADET DAYS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

[THIS SERIES OF PAPERS ON THE LIFE OF GRANT BEGAN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

#### I.

TO go to West Point was a great distinction in 1839, especially to the son of a Western tanner. It meant, supposedly, association with brilliant young men from all over the United States, assembled in a historic and most beautiful spot. It meant a free education in a good school, and also an honorable position under the government after graduation; and Jesse Grant had in him the military heart of Captain Noah Grant. His strong, alert, aggressive nature assorted well with military affairs. Whether, in

seeking an appointment to West Point for his son, he intended, that Ulysses should become a soldier, however, is in doubt.

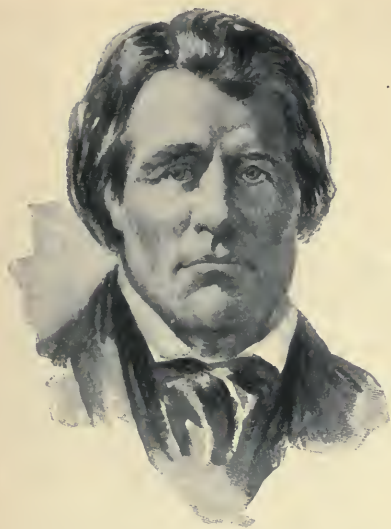
The outlook for an appointment was not at the moment promising. A year or two before, Jesse Grant had fallen into violent discussion of the banking question with his friend and neighbor, the Hon. Thomas L. Hamer, Congressman from that district. They had succeeded in saying bitter things and had parted in anger; and they were no longer in correspondence, and did not shake hands when they met in the street, though secretly each felt for the other the same high regard, and Mr. Hamer loved Ulysses as if he were a son, and held Hannah Grant in high esteem as a most noble and capable woman.

During this estrangement Mr. Hamer appointed to the cadetship George Bartlett Bailey, a son of Dr. Bailey, who lived just across the street, and whose family



A CADET OFFICER.





THOMAS L. HAMER, WHO APPOINTED GRANT TO WEST POINT.

was very intimate with the Grant household. In February, 1839, young Bailey resigned, but his resignation did not become at once known in Georgetown. Meanwhile Jesse Grant, knowing that each United States Senator had the power also to appoint a cadet, wrote to Senator

Thomas Morris of Ohio, asking if he had a vacancy in his appointment. Senator Morris replied :

"I have not. There being no application for the cadetship, I waived my right to appoint in favor of a member of Congress from Pennsylvania. But there is a vacancy in your own district, and doubtless Mr. Hamer, your representative, will fill it with your son." \*

This was news to Jesse Grant, and he immediately wrote to Mr. Hamer a polite and dignified letter,†

GEORGETOWN, *February 19, 1839.*

TO HON. THOS. L. HAMER :

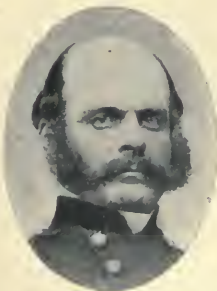
*Dear Sir:*—In consequence of a remark from Mr. Morris (Senator from Ohio). I was induced to apply to the War Department, through him, for a cadet appointment for my son, H. Ulysses. A letter this morning received from the department informs me that your consent will be necessary to enable him to obtain the appointment. I have thought it advisable to consult you on the subject, and if you have no other person in view for the appointment, and feel willing to consent to the appointment of Ulysses, you will please signify that consent to the department.

\* Richardson's "Life of Grant."

† This letter, hitherto unpublished, and one which Ulysses Grant did not know was in existence, is valuable for several things. It fixes the boy's name and the method of appointment. This letter is now in possession of Wm. Loudon. The Grants were unaware of its existence at the time the "Memoirs" appeared.



SHERMAN.



BURNSIDE.



THOMAS.



McCLELLAN.



LONGSTREET.



POPE.



HANCOCK.



ROSECRANS.

DISTINGUISHED GENERALS WHO WERE FELLOW-CADETS OF GRANT AT WEST POINT.

From the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MILITARY SCHOOL. WEST POINT, 1826.  
*From J. Miller's "Hudson Picturesque Drawings on the Hudson." Published in Paris.*







VIEW OF WEST POINT IN 1839.

From an old engraving.

When I last wrote to Mr. Morris I referred him to you to recommend the young man, if that were necessary.

Respectfully yours,

"JESSE R. GRANT."

Mr. Hamer generously gave his endorsement, and Ulysses was appointed. It is pleasant to add that by this manly act the Hamers and Grants were reunited.

It is a tradition in Georgetown that, when the news of Ulysses Grant's appointment came, there was much surprise. One man meeting Jesse Grant on the street, said:

"I hear Ulysses is appointed to West Point. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's a nice job. Why didn't they appoint a boy that would be a credit to the district?"\*

To Ulysses himself the honor came with certain obvious disadvantages. One of these was home-leaving. He loved his home. Then he was the most unmilitary of boys in a military age. The story of his grandfather's battles, sieges, and marches had seemingly made little impression upon him. The "trainings" and "general muster" of the militia had interested him rather less than the infrequent circuses of the day. He had small love for guns, could not bear to see things killed, and was neither a hunter nor a fighter. When the news of his appointment came he was living in Ripley. He had entered an academy there, which was superintended by the Rev. William Tay-

lor, and which afforded the best instruction in the country.

Several of Grant's classmates still live in Ripley, and remember him very well. "Grant was then about sixteen years old," said one of them, Mr. W. B. Campbell, "and in appearance was short, stout, stubby, hearty, but rather sluggish in mind and body. I was in the same class with him. We studied algebra together. He was excellent in mathematics. We studied Latin also, as beginners. He was not much of a talker—was rather quiet and serious. We all spent a good deal of time on the river in little boats. He



\* This story, told by Richardson, is corroborated by people in Ripley and Georgetown.

GENERAL W. B. FRANKLIN, LEADER OF GRANT'S CLASS AT WEST POINT.



A WATER-COLOR SKETCH MADE BY GRANT ABOUT THE TIME HE WAS AT WEST POINT.

Reproduced by permission from the original, owned by Mrs. Rotherey, Newark, N. J., and now first published.



A SKETCH MADE BY GRANT ABOUT THE TIME HE WAS AT WEST POINT.

Reproduced by permission from the original drawing, owned by C. F. Gunther, Chicago, and now first published



COMPANY INSPECTION AT WEST POINT.

From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

played ball and was good at it. When roused he was strong and active. He used to wrestle, but I never knew him to fight, and he was never quarrelsome.

"His habits were good. I don't remember of his using tobacco or liquor. He never talked about military life. He never went on trips or excursions with us except in our boating or skating; he was occupied with his studies. Everybody liked him, for he was so amiable and friendly and helpful. He was a good student, though we did not consider him a brilliant boy in studies."

Richard Rankin, another schoolmate, talked with clear memory of Ulysses. "Ulyss was a heavy-made, good-looking boy, clever and social, modest and quiet. He was steady and studious. He was there for business. I sat in the same seat with him the spring term. He was a good, steady boy, with no bad habits."

Jane Porter Chapman, whose brother was a classmate of Grant's, remembers him as a "fair-faced boy of sandy complexion, short and stocky. He looked awkward and countrified, and as if he didn't think much how he looked. He was quiet and slow in everything he did."

Benjamin Johnson, another classmate, adds a new observation to the meagre list: "He was a great hand to ask questions. He seemed to want to get information and opinions from everybody. He said little himself." Mrs. Mary A. Thompson recol-

lects that "he was always dressed in home-made butternut jeans."

In a letter to a Ripley friend long afterward, Grant said: "I remember with pleasure my winter in Ripley." He lived pleasantly as a member of the Johnson household, and it is related of him that he



BENNY HAVENS.

From a painting in the Army and Navy Club, Washington; by special permission.





VIEW UP HUDSON RIVER FROM MORTAR AND SIEGE BATTERY, WEST POINT.

From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

her daughters came out to wish him good journey. It was a beautiful May day, the most bewitching time of all the year in southern Ohio, and the girls met Ulysses on the soft green grass before the house. Mrs. Bailey, warm-hearted and impulsive, kissed him and said tearfully, "Good-by, Ulysses." As she turned away, Ulysses, deeply moved, said wonderingly, "Why, Mrs. Bailey, my own mother didn't cry!" Yet

taught Betty Osbon, the cook, how to make buckwheat cakes, and that he took his "trick" at baking them of a morning. He was not in the society of girls much, though he took a shy delight in speech with them.

In such wise was he living when the appointment to West Point came to change the gentle current of his life. There is no record that he showed exultation or that he dwelt upon it in talk with his mates. His life had been active and happy. He had lived securely, though meagrely. He had experienced no struggle nor turbulence in his life in Georgetown, and while he breathed quick with the thought of the great cities to be seen, he left Georgetown with regret. His mother said good-by in her singular self-repressive manner, and Ulysses started out to take the stage to Ripley. As he went by the Bailey house Mrs. Bailey and

there can be no question of his mother's love for him.

It is at this moment that we come upon the change of name. Up to the start for West Point, Grant had been Hiram Ulysses, or H. Ulysses Grant. The young traveller required a trunk, and Thomas Walker, a local "genius," was the man to make it. He did so, and, to finish it off, he traced on the cover, in big brass tacks, the initials H. U. G. James Marshall,



A "PLEBE" BOAT RACE, WEST POINT.

From a photograph loaned by Lieutenant S. C. Hazzard, West Point.





MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN.

[From a photograph taken in August, 1862, when General Franklin was temporarily at home on sick leave.—ED.]



Ulysses's cousin, went to help him carry the new trunk home. Ulysses looked at the big glaring letters. "I won't have that so," he said. "It spells 'hug'; the boys would plague me about it." And he thereupon shifted his middle name, and became Ulysses H. Grant, and so he went forth into the world.

By his teaming and farming he had accumulated about \$100, which was a great deal of money for a boy of his age in those days. Forty-eight dollars of this was used for the deposit at West Point, and he took a manly pride in knowing that he had earned more than enough to pay his entrance charges.

Of the long journey by boat to Pittsburg, and by stage and canal to Philadelphia, there is little record. An aunt on his mother's side in Philadelphia remembers Ulysses as he then appeared: a rather awkward country lad, wearing plain, ill-fitting clothes, and large coarse shoes with toes as broad as the soles. He strolled about the streets, seeing all there was to be seen.\* He enjoyed his visit thoroughly; that is known, for he lingered, boy-fashion, to the last moment in Philadelphia and New York, and headed toward West Point only when he felt he must.

He registered at Roe's Hotel, West Point, on the 29th of May, as "U. H. Grant," and the same day reported to the adjutant, George G. Waggaman, deposited forty-eight dollars, and signed his name Ulysses Hiram Grant. His name as reported from Washington, however, was U. S. Grant, and the error arose in this way: The Hon. Thomas Hamer received the letter of Jesse Grant only the day before the close of his term, and being much hurried, sat down at once and wrote to Secretary of War Poinsett, asking for the appointment of his neighbor's son. He knew the boy's name to be Ulysses, and inferring that his middle name was Simpson, so filled in the application, and thus it stood when Ulysses faced the adjutant.

He asked to have it changed, but was told it was impossible without the consent of the Secretary of War.

"Very well," he said; "I came here to enter the military academy, and enter I shall. An initial more or less does not matter."† He was known to the Government thereafter as U. S. Grant.

This being settled, he was given the "Book of Regulations," and sent across

the area to the old South Barracks to report to the cadet officers. Next he was sent to the quartermaster for his outfit, which consisted of two blankets, pillow, water-pail, broom, a chair, etc.; and he was required to carry all these things himself on the handle of his broom, past the officers' quarters, past the howling cadets, while every mother's son of them said:

"Hello, plebe; how do you like it?"

These belongings he was taught to pile and place in his room under instruction of his room-mates. For two weeks he slept on the floor in the barracks, on two thin blankets. It was all literally camping under a roof. Ulysses and Rufus Ingalls were assigned to the upper floor of the old North Barracks (which long since gave place to new buildings); and here, in a bare, dreary room, he faced the four years of a cadet's life. "It was a mournful time for us," says General W. B. Franklin.\* "We were all homesick and lonesome, and depressed by the hard manner of life. We knew no one, and were not in a condition to resent any impertinence or joke of the upper classmen."

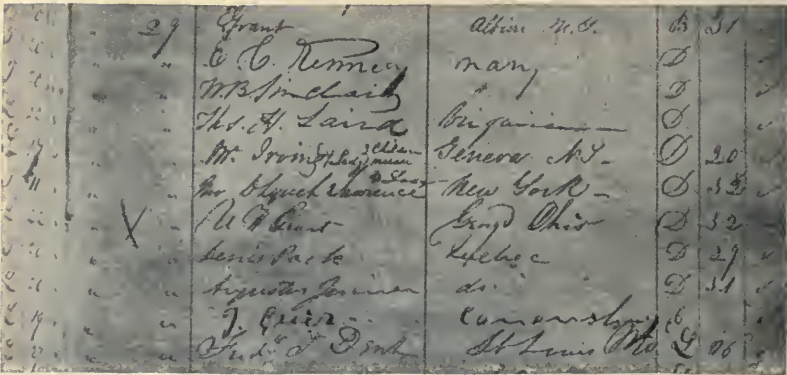
During this time Grant was drilled by "squad marchers" in "plebe" drill, in "cits" clothing, and suffered all modes of "plebe jumping." Life must often have been a burden and a weariness of flesh. At last, when he had passed his preliminary examination, he shucked out of his home-made clothes and into the skin-tight uniform, and became a private soldier in the summer camp of the cadets. He went into training as a cog in the machinery of an army. "The clothes of the 'plebes' in Grant's day," says General Franklin, "were wonderful. They were of all cuts, colors, and kinds. They came with the local peculiarities of Ohio, Tennessee, Maine, South Carolina, and Boston; and when we lined up in squad drill we were as comical as the awkward squad of a spring training. We were not measured for uniforms till the authorities felt sure we were to stay."

The entering class and the bulk of all the cadets were ranked as private soldiers with the pay of corporals. From the third class twenty corporals were detailed to act as junior non-commissioned officers. From the second class a sergeant-major, quartermaster sergeant, and four first sergeants and sixteen sergeants were detailed as *senior* non-commissioned officers. From the first or graduating class the commis-

\* From an interview in the Philadelphia "Times," July, 1885.

† Richardson's "Life of Grant."

\* General W. B. Franklin, Grant's classmate, led the class during the four years.



GRANT'S EARLIEST AUTOGRAPH AT WEST POINT. FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE REGISTER AT ROE'S HOTEL. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Grant registered at Roe's Hotel, West Point, May 29, 1839, as "U. H. Grant." Four names below his, on the same date, appears the name of Frederick T. Dent, whose sister some years later became Mrs. Grant.

sioned officers were appointed, and consisted of four captains, sixteen lieutenants, a quartermaster, and sergeant-major. These men were subject only to the instructors and to the regular army officers in charge. The promotions in Grant's day were made without reference to academic standing; they were always for soldierly qualities. From the dullest "plebe" to the superintendent of the post was a regular series of commands, each succeeding higher rank with less numbers, until, like the glittering apex to the pyramid, the superintendent shone solitary and supreme.

At this time had already grown up customs and traditions stronger even than military regulations. In a half-jocular and half-ferocious way the entering man is made to feel the power of those above him. The names by which he is designated show this. He is called a "thing," a "beast," an "animal," before his examinations. "Plebe" is his kingliest title during his first year. From the time he comes in sight of the adjutant's office to the end of his first encampment he is not allowed to forget that he cumbers the earth. He is the victim of orders, of jests, of hootings, and of revilings. He is under command of everybody, and like a wastrel cat he has no place of refuge. It matters not whether he be the son of a Senator, a millionaire, or a farmer, he must suffer the same. This first year's persecution is a levelling process. It instructs, yet seems hard. At the end of two days the "plebe" wishes in his secret heart to resign, and only pride and rage enable him to go on.

The summer camp of cadets is precisely

like a bivouac in the face of an enemy. It is an army in miniature. A complete guard is posted, and no one is allowed to leave camp without permit. Everywhere is elaborate and grim detail of procedure—detail enough to govern the army of Russia, or destroy it. Grant and his fellow "animals" were at once bewildered by the salutes innumerable, the wheelings, marchings, roll-calls, policing calls, shouts of command real and mock. They were hustled into ranks with opprobrious mutterings of comment on the part of the corporals, whose delight was to send a man to the guard-house.

They slept little the first night; the floor of the tent was harder even than the floor of the barracks,—and the mosquitoes fed on each "plebe" with the spirit of the upper classmen. Hardly had they fallen asleep when the vicious clamor of the "reveille" awoke them to another day's routine. Wild, fierce cries arose. "Fall in. Get out of here! Move! What d'ye mean by that? Step lively, now. Fall in!"

Thus assisted they got into line for roll-call; with jackets fairly on, but with dreaming eyes. All about, the fog and chill of early dawn made the world unreal. Then the "policing call" brought more work: sweeping out and making ready for morning inspection. Ulysses kept a sharp eye on his neighbors, and so got through tolerably well—though once some one yelled ferociously:

"You want to wake up there, Mr. Grant!"

When the "sick-call" sounded, many a man felt like responding who did not.

Then came "peas upon a trencher" call, and everybody formed into line for





PLAIN OF WEST POINT. SKETCHED AT THE MOUNT OF EXERCISES, 1866.  
*from J. Milbert's "American Picturesque Drawings on the Hudson," Published in Paris.*





Name	Rank & designation	Date of Report	Age at Enlistment		Place of residence	
			Yrs	mo	Town	County
J. M. Smith	Private	June 3 <sup>rd</sup>	17	8	Worcester	Butterworth
James H. Lee	Private	Aug. 26	18	7	Bloomington	Warrick
L. H. Smith	Private	June 10	18	5	Warren	Yamhill
W. A. Smith	Private	Aug. 23	17	2	Warren	Benton
W. A. Smith	Private	June 10	18	3	Warren	St. Louis

FACSIMILE SHOWING GRANT'S AUTOGRAPH IN THE ADJUTANT'S RECORD, WEST POINT. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

This signature—"Ulysses Hiram Grant"—was written the same day as the one—"U. H. Grant"—in the register at Roe's Hotel, May 29, 1839.

I, Cadet U. H. Grant of the State of Ohio, aged seventeen years and two months, do hereby engage, with the consent of my guardian, to serve in the Army of the United States for eight years, unless sooner discharged by the proper authority. And I, Cadet U. H. Grant, do hereby pledge my word of honor as a gentleman, that I will faithfully observe the Rules and Articles of War, the Regulations for the Military Academy, and that I will in like manner, observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me according to the rules and discipline of War.

Subscribed to at West Point, N. Y., this 14<sup>th</sup> day of September eighteen hundred and thirty nine, in presence of

W. H. Hamer and U. H. Grant

FACSIMILE OF GRANT'S CERTIFICATE OF ENLISTMENT. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

This certificate was signed by Grant September 14, 1839, after he had passed his examinations. It bears what is, so far as known, Grant's earliest autograph as U. "S." Grant. By this time, the mistake of Congressman Hamer in so naming him to the War Department had fixed that as his official designation.

breakfast: the "plebes" in the rear rank of course, with palms thrown forward and backs strained almost to breaking, and with the "file-closer" giving them fits as they moved.

Breakfast was as simple as a lumber-camp meal. The dining-hall was bare, and the tables without cover. There were no napkins, and only common steel knives and forks. The cups were heavy as bowls, and the plates were white-ware.

"The fare was very bad," says General Franklin. "West Point at that time was isolated from the world. It had no railways, and in winter no steamboats. There were, in fact, no farms very near. Breakfast was quite generally hashed beef with coffee. Dinner, roast beef or boiled beef, with sometimes fish or mutton. Mutton was not a popular dish. We used to *ba-a* like a sheep when we came into the dining-room. I *think* we had a table-cover, but I am not certain. Of this I am certain: Our forks were of the two-tined, bone-handled variety, and from long washing in hot, greasy water they had decomposed, and they gave out a powerful smell, which no old cadet can forget as long as he lives. It was horrible. 'Tea' was largely tea and very little besides, and the boys used to provide for it by sticking a fork into a big hunk of beef from the dinner and jabbing it fast under the table. This, when unperceived by the 'tack,' helped out the starvation menu of 'tea.'

"This thin fare led to all sorts of 'foraging on the enemy,' and men were detailed to steal from the dinner-table. We wore caps of morocco with a big flat top. We called them 'gig-tops,' and they held potatoes and salt-cellar and bread very comfortably. One man was detailed to steal bread, another meat, another salt and pepper, and so on. The sentinels who stood guard over our eating wore a sort of bell-crown cap of stiff leather, like those of Napoleon's body-guard, and these caps could contain four quarts of boiled potatoes, and only add to the soldierly bearing of the sentinel.

"This stuff we put into a pillow-case, and at night we beat it up with a bayonet and cooked it over the grate, which was of anthracite coal and quite handy. Our dishes were slices of bread or toast. These were 'cadet hashes,' and were an institution in our day. No man, no cadet officer in fact, was ever known to refuse an invitation to a 'cadet hash.' I don't particularly recall Grant in this connection,

but as he was a farmer boy and a growing boy, I've no doubt he accepted every possible chance to eat 'cadet hash.'"

It is said that one night a chicken was being roasted in Grant's room, when a "tack" (tactical officer) was heard at the door. Grant hid the chicken and saucepan and stood "attention" before the fire with face quite impassive. The officer entered. Grant saluted, the officer walked around the room, looking very hard at the ceiling and walls, where nothing could be seen. "Mr. Grant, I think there is a peculiar smell in your room."

"I've noticed it, sir," replied Grant.

"Be careful that something does not catch fire."

"Thank you, sir. I will, sir."

The poor "plebes" "were assigned seats near the centre of the table, where it was hardest to get anything," and they commonly went away hungry.

At last came the call, "Prepare to rise!"

"*Company A, RISE!*"

"*Company D, RISE!*"

Once more the torture of the march back to the camp, whence no one could escape without permission. Each hour thereafter was filled with "calls" to duties, drills, and studies. There seemed to be no free hour. Mock inspectors came by and rated the "plebes." Third-class men, assuming authority, demanded salutes and service. Innocent and scared "plebes" were sent to the professor of mathematics for a half-dozen right lines and on other fool's errands across "the guard line," only to be stopped and turned back with military promptness by the guard. They forgot to salute the officer of the day as he came by, and received more heart-bruising instruction.

They were drilled incessantly by acting corporals, ambitious for promotion, who thrust their noses almost into their victim's eyes, while they hissed and snarled out blasting phrases whose words were harmless—even polite. At morning inspection each scared "plebe" had his musket clawed from him by a stubby little martinet, who flung it back at his victim with intent (apparently) to smash his nose.

At noon "roast-beef call," and more marching to dinner and marching back. More drill—always drill and always "cleaning up" tent or gun. The "plebe's" clothes fitted so close he felt compressed; he had no moment of ease in all the day. At last "Retreats" sounded, and the gun boomed imperiously, and supper, even



more welcome than dinner, was eaten. The night came, and sly deviltry broke loose. Some "plebes" escaped by inconspicuousness, but others were made to do absurd and useless tasks. Some were put on false guard and made to walk all night. Tormenting went on in the tents farthest from the officer of the day—quietly, of course, but with precision, nevertheless. "Plebes" were set to catching imaginary flies in some "yearling's" tent. Boat races in wash-bowls were arranged.

At 9.30 came the wailing sweet music of "tattoo," then "taps," and not even the mosquitoes and the "yearling" or the hard blows beneath could keep the weary "plebe" awake.

"There are few compensations during the first year; it is hard work, early rising, close application. You rise at 5 A.M. summers and 6 A.M. winters, and every hour is filled till 7.30 P.M. You are obliged to scrub the floor and to make up your own bed and keep your gun and room and uniform in perfect order, and also to be subject to the upper classmen.

"In the second year, however, you can bully the entering class and swagger around doing corporal duty. The third year you can bully two classes, and wear a red sash around your waist in parade, to show you are a senior cadet officer; and in the fourth year you can do most anything you please. You can, in fact, do the very things you kept your subordinates from doing in the second year."

All this, or something like it, Ulysses Grant went through. No doubt he was able to escape much by reason of his quiet and obliging nature. Then, too, he became a favorite, speedily, of some of the more powerful men in the classes above him, and that smoothed his way a little; but he studied the tack, "braced," "finned out," policed camp, scrubbed floors on Saturday, got "skinned" for leaving the flint in his gun instead of the "bone-snapper," and endured all the educational abuse and discomfort which is the lot of the average "plebe."

In a letter to McKinstry Griffiths, a cousin in Batavia, he expressed his general feeling about the place—a fine, buoyant, well-expressed letter it is, too. It had a few misspelled words, but it is doubtful whether there were many more young men of seventeen in Georgetown who could have written so bright a letter.\*

MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, N. Y.,

September 22, 1839.

DEAR COZ:

I was just thinking that you would be right glad to hear from one of your relations who is so far away as I am. So I have put away my algebra and French, and am going to tell you a long story about this prettiest of places, West Point. So far as it regards natural attractions, it is decidedly the most beautiful place that I have ever seen. Here are hills and dales, rocks and river; all pleasant to look upon. From the window near I can see the Hudson—that far-famed, that beautiful river, with its bosom studded with hundreds of snowy sails.

Again, I look another way I can see Fort "Putt," now frowning far above, a stern monument of a sterner age, which seems placed there on purpose to tell us of the glorious deeds of our fathers, and to bid us to remember their sufferings—to follow their example.

In short, this is the best of places—the PLACE of all PLACES for an institution like this. I have not told you HALF its attractions. Here is the house Washington used to live in—there Kosciuszko used to walk and think of his country and of OURS. Over the river we are shown the dwelling-house of Arnold—that BASE and HEARTLESS traitor to his country and his God. I do love the PLACE—it seems as though I could live here forever, if my friends would only come too. You might search the wide world over and then not find a better. Now all this sounds nice, very nice; what a happy fellow you are; but I am not one to show false colors, or the brightest side of the picture, so I will tell you about some of the DRAWBACKS. First, I slept for two months upon one single pair of blankets. Now this sounds romantic, and you may think it very easy; but I tell you what, Coz, it is tremendous hard.

Suppose you try it, by way of experiment, for a night or two. I am pretty sure that you would be perfectly satisfied that it is no easy matter; but glad am I these things are over. We are now in our quarters. I have a splendid bed (mattress) and get along very well. Our pay is nominally about twenty-eight dollars a month, but we never see one cent of it. If we wish anything, from a shoestring to a coat, we must go to the commandant of the post and get an order for it, or we cannot have it. We have tremendous long and hard lessons to get, in both French and algebra. I study hard, and hope to get along so as to pass the examination in January. This examination is a hard one, they say; but I am not frightened yet. If I am successful here you will not see me for two long years. It seems a long while to me, but time passes off very fast. It seems but a few days since I came here. It is because every hour has its duty which must be performed. On the whole I like the place very much—so much that I would not go away on any account. The fact is, if a man graduates here, he is safe for life, let him go where he will. There is much to dislike, but more to like. I mean to study hard and stay if it be possible; if I cannot, very well, the world is wide. I have now been here about four months, and have not seen a single familiar face or spoken to a single lady. I wish some of the pretty girls of Bethel were here, just so I might look at them. But fudge! confound the girls. I have seen great men, plenty of them. Let us see: General Scott, Mr. Van Buren, Secretary of War and Navy, Washington Irving, and lots of other big bugs. If I were to come home now with my uniform on, the way you would laugh at my appearance would be curious. My pants set as tight to my skin [the trousers were poorly made of white stuff that would shrink] as the bark to

\* The original was long in the possession of Mr. Griffiths, and was first published in a Clermont County paper in 1835. It is now in the possession of C. F. Gunther of Chicago.

tree, and if I do not walk military,—that is, if I bend over quietly, or run,—they are very apt to crack with a report as loud as a pistol. My coat must always be buttoned up tight to the chin. It is made of sheep's gray cloth, all covered with big round buttons. It makes one look very singular. If you were to see me at a distance, the first question you would ask would be, "Is that a fish or an animal?" You must give my very best love and respects to all my friends, particularly your brothers, uncles Ross and Samuel Simpson. You must also write me a long letter in reply to this, and tell me about everything and everybody, including yourself. If you happen to see any of my folks, just tell them that I am happy, alive, and well.

I am truly your cousin and obedient servant,

McKINSTRY GRIFFITHS.

U. H. GRANT.

N. B.—In coming I stopped five days in Philadelphia with our friends. They are all well. Tell Grandmother Simpson that they always have expected to see her before, but have almost given up the idea now. They hope to hear from her often.

U. H. GRANT.

I came near forgetting to tell you about our demerit or "black marks." They give a man one of these "black marks" for almost nothing, and if he gets two hundred a year they dismiss him. To show how easy one can get these, a man by the name of Grant, of this State, got eight of these "marks" for not going to church. He was also put under arrest, so he cannot leave his room perhaps for a month; all this for not going to church. We are not only obliged to go to church, but must march there by companies. This is not republican. It is an Episcopal church. Contrary to the expectation of you and the rest of my Bethel friends, I have not been the least homesick. I would not go home on any account whatever. When I come home in two years (if I live), the way I shall astonish you natives will be curious. I hope you will not take me for a baboon.

My best respects to Grandmother Simpson. I think often of her. I put this on the margin, so that you will remember it better. I want you to show her this letter and all others that I may write to you. I am going to write to some of my friends in Philadelphia soon. When they answer I shall write you again to tell you all about them, etc.

Remember and write me very soon, for I want to hear much.

"I remember, as plain as if it were yesterday, Grant's first appearance among us," said General Sherman. "I was three years ahead of him. I remember seeing his name on the paper in the hall on the bulletin board, where all the names of the newcomers were posted. I ran my eye down the columns and there saw 'U. S. Grant.' A lot of us began to make up names to fit the initials. One said 'United States Grant.' Another 'Uncle Sam Grant.' A third said 'Sam Grant.' That name stuck to him."\*

Grant fell into ranks quietly and with little friction, being so equable and obliging of temper no one but a bully could find heart to impose upon him. He was small, also, and there was meagre sport in

"jumping" such a little fellow. He was a good boy here, as at home. He took little part in the small rogueries of the class. "It was impossible to quarrel with Grant," said one who roomed with him for a year. "We never had a 'spat.' I never knew him to fight."

His page of demerits shows scarcely a single mark for any real offence against good conduct. They are mainly "lates" and negligences. He was "late at church," "late at parade," "late at drill." He was a growing boy, and a little sluggish of a morning, no doubt. Once he sat down on his post between five and six in the morning; for this he received eight demerits. Twice in his second year as squad marcher he failed to report delinquencies in others and received five demerits each time. His amiability led to this. Once he spoke disrespectfully to his superior officer on parade. The provocation must have been very great to have led to this. The probabilities are the officer was mistaken.

"I remember Grant well," says General D. M. Frost. "He was a small fellow, active and muscular. His hair was a reddish brown, and his eyes gray-blue. We all liked him, and he took rank soon as a good mathematician and engineer, and as a capital horseman. He had no bad habits whatever, and was a great favorite, though not a brilliant fellow.

"He couldn't or wouldn't dance. He had no facility in conversation with the ladies,—a total absence of elegance,—and naturally showed off badly in contrast with the young Southern men, who prided themselves on being finished in the ways of the world. Socially the Southern men led. At the parties which were given occasionally in the dining-hall, Grant had small part. I never knew Grant to attend a party. I don't suppose in all his first year he entered a private house."

"A military life had no charms for me," he wrote many years after,\* "and I had not the faintest idea of staying in the army, even if I should be graduated, which I did not expect. The encampment which preceded the commencement of academic studies was very wearisome and uninteresting. When the 28th of August came, the date for breaking up camp and going into barracks, I felt as though I had been at West Point always, and that if I stayed till graduation I would have to remain always."

\* An interview in July, 1885, New York "Herald."

\* "Personal Memoirs." This is the old man's comment. The boy's letter should be set over against it.





Eng<sup>d</sup> by A. H. Ritchie.

GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET.





Undoubtedly the boy was homesick. Every wind that blew from the west was a lure and whisper of recall. Every letter from his cousins, his companions, from his father and mother, made him long for the little Ohio town. He had no realization of its squalor, its narrow bigotry. He knew only the boy's side of it. It was all poetry when in recollection. Its security, repose, and homely good-will seemed the most desirable things in the world.

During this time, before he had settled into place among the fellows, Grant read a great many novels of the standard sort, and was much benefited thereby. He wrote some capital letters home, telling of his life and reading. When the examination came in January he surprised himself by taking a very good place in the class, especially in mathematics and kindred studies. He was not a good linguist, as might be inferred, but was not positively disreputable, even in his French. He never quite reached the foot in anything.

He was not resigned to being a soldier even after the January examination, and when in the mid-winter a bill was introduced in Congress to abolish the West Point Academy, he read the debates with wonderful interest, hoping it would be carried. "It never passed, and a year later I would have been sorry to have seen it succeed. My idea was then to get through the course, secure a detail for a few years as assistant professor of mathematics at the academy, and afterward obtain a permanent position in some respectable college; but circumstances always did shape my course different from my plans."\*

He was not involved in any mischief at the academy, and there is no record that he ever went to "Benny Havens," though he may have done so. "Benny Havens" was one of the institutions at West Point—a little tavern and bar on the river bank, just outside the reservation. It was considered very wild to slip down to Benny's and smoke a cigar and drink a glass of gin. Grant was a good boy without being effeminate. The testimony of his companions, Quinby, Ingalls, Hamilton, Longstreet, Franklin, is concurrent at this point.

"He was a lad without guile," testifies General Longstreet.† "I never heard him utter a profane or vulgar word. He was a boy of good native ability, although by

no means a hard student. So perfect was his sense of honor that, in the numerous cabals which were often formed, his name was never mentioned, for he never did anything which could be subject for criticism or reproach. He soon became the most daring horseman in the academy. He had a way of solving problems out of rule, by the application of good hard sense, and Rufus Ingalls ends by saying: "When our school days were over, if the average opinion of the members of the class had been taken, every one would have said: 'There is Sam Grant; he is a splendid fellow, a good honest man, against whom nothing can be said, and from whom everything may be expected.'"

Allowing for the bias of his after life upon the above witnesses, their statements will stand as probably the approximate estimate of young Grant's powers. He knew as little of his latent capabilities as any one else. They were far down below consciousness, involved and dormant. One of the keenest observers in his class for a year his room-mate, perceived more in him than his instructors. "He had the most scrupulous regard for truth. He never held his word light. He never said an untruthful word even in jest."

"He was a reflective mind and at times very reticent and sombre. Something seemed working deep down in his thought—things he knew as little about as we. There would be days, even weeks, at a time, when he would be silent and sombre—not morose. He was a cheerful man and yet he had these moments when he seemed to feel some premonition of a great future—wondering what he was to do and what he was to become. He was moved by a very sincere motive to join the Dialectic Society, which was the only literary society we had. I did not belong but Grant joined while we were room-mates with the aim to improve in his manner of expressing himself."

All this does not mean that he was reserved or priggish. He was generally ready for any fun which did not involve deceit or lying. "He had a sense of humor," W. B. Franklin said. "No man can be called 'a good fellow,' as Grant was, and be a dullard. He was ready for a frolic or a game of foot-ball at any time."

The two years wore away at last, and with a very good record he applied for a vacation and secured it.

In Bethel memories still linger of Grant's return on furlough when he was nineteen years of age. His father had removed

\* "Personal Memoirs."

† General James Longstreet, afterwards an eminent and able general in the Confederate army.

from Georgetown to Bethel, a small town a few miles nearer Cincinnati, and had established a fine tannery there. The cadets of that day were allowed only one furlough during the course of study, and Ulysses looked forward with great eagerness to his return to Ohio.

From Harrisburg homeward he had the company of his Grandmother Simpson and of Miss Kate Lowe, a young lady from New York, who helped him bear in patience the long canal-boat ride to Hollidaysburg.

"Miss Lowe, now Mrs. Rothery, harking back to those bygone days, says that Grant at that time was a fine-looking, smooth-faced young man, with clear eyes and good features; but was chiefly attractive on account of his splendid carriage and soldierly bearing. He was fastidious in dress, wearing always white duck trousers and blue sack coat; and Mrs. Rothery adds that he must have had a fresh pair for every day in the week. She says also that though somewhat bashful, he was never awkward, and though rather reserved and reticent in company, there was always a perfectly easy flow of talk when *tête-à-tête*. He never lacked either a subject of conversation or words. The strongest bond between them was their mutual love of riding, and horses and horsemanship were topics of unfailing interest, while current events and neighborhood gossip came in for their proper share; polite literature was also a fruitful theme, for Grant at this time was a great lover of good novels—was given, indeed, to spending rather too much of his time at West Point devouring them; Bulwer, Cooper, Marryat, Scott, Lever, and Washington Irving taking their turn with many others.

"His most charming characteristic, however, was his extreme courtesy; he was full of delicate and kind attentions, not less to his aged grandmother than to the most fascinating young woman. When asked if Grant was much of a smoker at that time, Mrs. Rothery said that she only knew that he never smoked in the presence of ladies."\*

Grant, on reaching home, went straight to his sweet and gentle mother, of course. "Why, Ulysses," she said, with a face shining with pride, "you've grown much straighter and taller."

"Yes, mother," he replied; "they teach us to be erect."

The father's pride in his boy was

boundless. He provided him with a fine young colt to ride, and after a day at home Grant rode, like a pursued Sioux Indian, over to Georgetown to see the girls and boys of his acquaintance.

The people commented freely on the young cadet's improved manners, and the Georgetown "Gravel Club," which met under the trees before the court-house door, admitted that he might make a decent mark for muskets after all. "I remember well," his friend George W. Fishback writes, "his neat undress uniform, his erect carriage, pleasant face, and his easy and graceful horsemanship. I remember his father also; he was often in litigation, and came to attend the sittings of the court at Batavia, where my father, Judge Fishback, lived. Jesse Grant was a stern, aggressive man, but never grew tired of talking of 'my Ulysses.'"

With rides and walks with the girls and games with the boys, the vacation passed. It was all too sorrowfully short, and the young cadet said good-by with a sigh of pain. To return to the barrack life after the glorious freedom of the vacation was like returning to prison. Again the insistent gnarl of the drum summoned to roll-call. The drum, the morning gun, the staccato commands of officers brought a routine which clamped like an iron band;\* but this wore off in a few days, and the pleasant things reasserted their charm.

It had its compensations, this life, which got hold of Cadet Grant at last. It was a healthful life—this ceaseless marching to and fro, this vigorous regular routine. The instruction was good, the exercise well-timed and well-considered, and the cadets were all markedly graceful, strong, and well. It had its beautiful side, too. Its surroundings were noble, and the sun rose and set in unspeakable glory of color. The shaven green of the lawn, the gleam of tents, the ripple of pliant snow-white trousers beneath a band of blue, the crash of horn and cymbals, the clamor and squeal of drum and fife, the boom of sunset gun, the rumble and jar of wheeling artillery, all these sounds and pictures came to be keen pleasures to divide the dull gray hours of hard study with moments of purple and gold.

The cavalry drill, which was added in 1841, undoubtedly helped Cadet Grant to endure these last years. Every morning of the autumn, while the maples turned from green to gold and orange and scar-

\* From an interview written by Delia T. Davis.

\* This is made evident by the increase of demerit marks during the first month after vacation.



let, the battalion wheeled over the parade ground. The call of the bugles, the thrilling commands, the reel of the horses, the clang of sabres, the splendid voices of the commanders, the drumming of hoofs, the swift swing into perfect alignment—all these things helped him to forget his homesickness and gave him appetite for dinner and what came after. Riding his horse "York," he leaped a bar five feet six and a half inches high—a mark, it is said, which has never been surpassed. General James B. Frye recalls this:

"One afternoon in June, 1843, while I was at West Point, a candidate for admission to the Military Academy, I wandered into the riding-hall, where the members of the graduating class were going through their final mounted exercises before Major Richard Delafield, the distinguished engineer, then superintendent, the academic board, and a large assemblage of spectators. When the regular services were completed, the class, still mounted, was formed in line through the centre of the hall, the riding-master placed the leaping-bar higher than a man's head and called out, 'Cadet Grant!'

"A clean-faced, slender young fellow, weighing about 120 pounds, dashed from the ranks on a powerfully built chestnut-sorrel horse, and galloped down the opposite side of the hall. As he turned at the farther end and came into the straight stretch across which the bar was placed, the horse increased his pace and measured his strides for the great leap before him, bounded into the air and cleared the bar, carrying his rider as if man and beast were welded together. The spectators were breathless.

"'Very well done, sir,' growled old Herschberger, the riding-master, and the class was dismissed.'"\*

When spoken to about this feat, Grant was accustomed to smile a little bashfully and retreat by saying, "Yes, York was a wonderfully good horse."

A deeper effect was beginning to appear. He felt some stirrings of ambition to be a military leader. They were not very pronounced, but sufficiently definite to enable him to write afterwards:

"In fact, I regarded General Scott and Captain C. F. Smith, the commandant of cadets, as the two men most to be envied in the nation."

He concluded at length to remain in the

army, and wished to enter the cavalry—moved thereto, of course, by his love of horses; but as there was only one regiment of cavalry in the army at that time the chance for a position in the cavalry was not good. Nevertheless, he indicated as his first choice the cavalry, and as his second choice the Fourth Infantry.

He was brevetted second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, and ordered to report to his command at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, after a short vacation.

The entire army of the United States at that time numbered less than 8,000 men, and the supply of officers was embarrassingly large. It was the custom therefore, to brevet graduates second lieutenant.

He graduated twenty-first in a roll of thirty-nine, with a fair record in all things—a good record in mathematics and engineering and a remarkable record as horseman.

More than a hundred had entered with him, but one by one they had dropped out till only thirty-nine remained.

Apparently Grant remained markedly unmilitary throughout the four years' course. He served as a private throughout the first two years. During the third year he was made sergeant, but was dropped (promotions at that time were made for soldierly qualities, and had no exact relation to excellence in studies), and during the fourth year he served again as private. He had no real heart in the military side of the life. Its never-ending salutes, reprimands, drills, and parades wore upon him.

"I did not take to my studies with avidity; in fact, I rarely read over a lesson the second time during the entire cadetship. I devoted more time to reading books from the library than to books relating to the course of studies."\*

Notwithstanding this modest statement Cadet Grant stood well in his studies. The first year he took up French and mathematics, and though the course was severe including algebra, geometry, trigonometry, application of algebra to geometry etc., he stood fifteenth in a class of sixty in mathematics, and forty-ninth in French and twenty-seventh in order of general merit. The second year he climbed three points in general merit, and stood twenty-fourth in a class of fifty-three. He ranked Frederick Steele and Rufus Ingalls, and stood tenth in mathematics, twenty-third in drawing, but was below the middle in ethics and French. In his third year he

\* General James B. Frye in "North American Review." Captain L. Shields and General E. G. Viele also speak of Grant's remarkable horsemanship.

\* "Personal Memoirs."

rose in his drawing to nineteen, and was twenty-second in chemistry and fifteenth in philosophy, which was a very good standing indeed. He rose to twenty in general merit, sixteen in engineering, seventeen in mineralogy and geology, but was a little below the average in ethics, artillery and infantry practice.

In general, it may be said that he left the academy with a good average record as a student and a very high record as a man. He was not a man of obvious powers. Certain things he knew to their very heart; and yet, as he left the gate of West Point, he seemed the last man to do great things. He was small, obscure, poor, and without political friends or influential relatives. No man then would have had the temerity to name Cadet Grant as other than a kind, obliging, clean-lipped, good-hearted country boy, who could ride a horse over a picket fence or across a tight rope. In such ways do human judgments run. The brilliant, expressive, erratic men attract. Grant had repose, balance, inner powers not set lightly and easily to the surface.

Daniel Ammen, one of his playmates, remembers meeting him in Philadelphia early in July, 1843. "I found the young man I had left a few years before in Georgetown rather an ordinary boy, now a self-reliant, well-balanced, brevet second lieutenant of infantry."

Grant left West Point in midsummer and spent his furlough in Bethel and Georgetown. He was invited by the officers of the militia to drill the troops at "general muster," which took place at Russellville during August of 1844. These semi-annual musters of the possible soldiery of the nation had come to be a jolly farce. The people came on horseback and afoot from every nook of the country, with such soldierly belongings as they had—guns of all eras and coats and caps of all sorts and colors. The officers, pompous in martial toggery, *woofed* and grunted and howled their orders at the straggling files for an hour or two; then laid off to lunch and talk politics, while the men traded horses, and settled any odd scores they might have on hand by fist and face encounters, and at sundown every one went home conscious of a duty well done.

In 1844, however, the Mexican War excitement was rising, and the turnout was naturally larger; then, too, it was known that Cadet Grant was to be present and

drill the troops, and that added to the interest. William Wilson and Peter Wamax are two of the few witnesses living who remember the splendid occasion.

It impressed itself ineffaceably on young Wilson's mind, because it seemed wonderful, even revolutionary, to see a young lad such as Cadet Grant looked, ordering the pompous old officers about. "He looked very young, very slender, and very pale.

"He was dressed in a long blue coat with big epaulettes and big brass buttons, and his trousers seemed to be white, though they may have been a light gray. He wore a cap, and a red sash around his waist, and he rode his horse in fine style.

"I was particularly struck with his voice—that is, his way of using it. The old men barked out their commands. You couldn't tell what they said. Noise seemed to be their idea of command, but Grant's voice was clear and calm and cut across the parade ground with great precision. It was rather high in pitch, but it was trained; I could tell that, though I was only a boy."

At this time Grant was a small young fellow, a little over five feet seven inches in height, and weighing but 117 pounds. His face was strongly lined like his father's, with fine straight nose and square jaws. A pleasant and shrewd face it was, with a twinkle in the gray-blue eyes when amused, and a comical twist in the long flexible lips when smiling. His hair was a sandy brown, and his complexion still inclined to freckles. Here he stands, unstained, untroubled, facing the world's millions. What will he do? What can he do? What did he care to do?

His ambitions were not inordinate. He still held to the idea of getting permission to teach in some quiet place, with a salary sufficient to support a wife and babes. He had no corrupting desire for glory, for personal aggrandizement. He had no sombre and lurid dreams of conquest. He did not look away to Mexico or Peru as a field for a sudden rise to sole and splendid command. He had in mind a little wooden cottage somewhere under the maples, with a small woman to care for the home and to meet him at the door as he returned from his daily duties as professor of mathematics in Blank College. In the least military of moods he finally took his way to his regiment in the Far West.



## GRANT'S HORSEMANSHIP.

I HAVE just read with great pleasure in your January number the vivid picture of General Grant's life at West Point. It will undoubtedly recall his own experience to every graduate, especially those who were there previous to the last few years, before the coddling system was introduced.

General Grant's horsemanship was widely known. I recall an incident that came under my own view and brought this knowledge very forcibly to some young Italian officers. In the spring of 1878 I happened to be in the city of Milan. Returning to the hotel one afternoon, I saw an immense crowd gathered and a group of Italian officers mounted, their horses grandly caparisoned, themselves decorated with the most brilliant of uniforms. In front of the doorway, held by three uniformed grooms, was a beautiful blood-bay horse, equipped with a new English pig-skin saddle. It kept the three busy to restrain his plunges; every moment it seemed as if he would leap on top of the holders and break away.

Going into the hotel, I asked what was the matter, and was told that General Grant was going to review the flower of Italy's army, the pride of all, the flying Bersaglieri. Taking my stand in the corridor in full view, I waited to see our famous general appear.

In a few minutes I saw the general coming down the stairs dressed in a plain black frock coat and trousers and high silk hat. He walked by unnoticed, unannounced, in his plain, unpretentious manner, towards the door. At this time one of the group of officers who had dismounted and were standing in the hallway to receive and escort him to the restless steed without, remarked loud enough for me to overhear, "Why does not General Grant come?" I said, "There he goes now," pointing proudly to the simply dressed figure. They looked at me with a doubting laugh, saying, "No, that cannot be he."

I replied, "I am a United States officer and know him well."

Meanwhile General Grant had come to a halt, having undoubtedly heard the remarks, as a good-natured smile lurked on his face. Finally, one of the officers,

being sufficiently convinced, approached and asked if he was General Grant. Receiving an affirmative reply, a look of utter astonishment overspread their faces; they hastened to make amends for their apparent rudeness, accompanying him to the waiting horse, who was making frantic efforts to shake himself free from the three stalwart grooms.

A more restless, wicked-appearing horse I have seldom seen. I was in mortal fear that our general would be speedily thrown and crushed to death by the cruel hoofs. From the sly winks and nudges that passed between these dandyish young officers it looked to me very much as if they had assigned to the general of set purpose a young, untamable horse that had never been ridden. My fears for him were somewhat removed when I saw General Grant's eyes lighten up with admiration as he gazed upon the horse. Whether it was that the general was not well or was merely assuming a sort of helplessness, I have never been able fully to determine; but in mounting he accepted the assistance of two officers (the horse fully occupied the attention of the three grooms), and from an apparent stiffness had some difficulty in getting his right leg over the saddle. So soon as he touched the seat, however, he grasped the reins, his form straightened, and the change in his appearance immediately so impressed those around with his thorough horsemanship that spontaneously a shout of applause went up from the crowd. The horse, after a few futile plunges, discovered that he had his master, and started off in a gentle trot. From that time on horse and rider were as one being. The Bersaglieri are the brag foot-troops of Italy, and perform all their manœuvres at a run. For two hours, most of the time with his horse at a gallop, General Grant kept both mounted and foot troops on the move. On his return to the hotel I could hear murmurs of wonder and admiration from his escort. They themselves looked much fatigued, but the general appeared as calm and unruffled as if he had been seated in a rocking-chair.

ALFRED M. FULLER,  
*Captain Second United States Cavalry.*







# GRANT IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

BARRACKS LIFE AT ST. LOUIS.—GRANT'S COURTSHIP OF MISS JULIA DENT.—HIS PART IN THE MEXICAN WAR.—A DARING RIDE AT MONTEREY.—TWO IMPORTANT UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM GRANT.—GRANT'S BOLD CHARGE INTO THE CITY OF MEXICO.—HIS STANDING AND CHARACTER AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

ABOUT ten miles south of the city of St. Louis, on a fine height which overlooks the oily, tawny-colored flood of the Mississippi River, is set the Jefferson Barracks of early Western history. New buildings have been added, and the trees have grown, but the old buildings set round the square of sward are quite untouched of change. They look as they did in 1843, when Ulysses Grant joined the army there, and entered upon his duties as brevet second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry. They are of whitewashed stone, with galleries and generous roofs, in the Southern manner. At the eastern end of the campus is set the flagstaff, and under it the brass cannon which serves as evening gun. Across the river are wooded banks, and to the north the city of St. Louis shows vaguely in the smoke and haze. On the river below, steamboats ply with shining paddle-wheels which make no noise. There is a singular air of peace and repose and gentle life within this quadrangle, though it rings at intervals with the imperious commands of the bugle. All fear, all anxiety concerning the future seems left behind. The men move quietly about, the robins tug at worms on the lawn, and the bluejay flying across mocks the bugle's note with saucy unconcern.

It was a large post in the early forties,

for St. Louis was then a far-Western town and a most important military centre. No less than sixteen companies of infantry were stationed at Jefferson Barracks when Grant was assigned to duty there just after his graduation from West Point. Colonel Stephen Kearney commanded the post, and commanded it reasonably, and the

young lieutenant found army life very agreeable. The routine was not severe, and though his room was bare and the duty monotonous, yet there was compensating charm. For diversion, men and officers alike looked to St. Louis. Between roll-call and drill the officers were permitted to enjoy themselves without inquisitorial search into their plans and motives. With his mind still set on securing a situation as teacher, Grant set to work to do some reading and studying. Possibly this resolution kept him out of the degenerating



THE SUNSET GUN AT JEFFERSON BARRACKS.

From a photograph taken expressly for  
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

tendency of the routine life, which makes toward indifferentism and mechanical action. At any rate, no one has yet uttered a word of criticism of his life there. General Longstreet says of him at this time: "He was a general favorite, and his name was never connected with anything which called for rebuke or reproach. The routine was strict enough to account for every man and to fill his time pretty thor-

NOTE.—With the abundance of material gathered by Mr. Garland on the period of Grant's life covered by the present paper, particularly in reference to Grant's service in the Mexican War, it would have been easy to carry the narrative on through a second paper. But this would have prolonged the series beyond our first plan, and conflicted with other matter already arranged for; so it was deemed better to condense the material. In the book form which the papers are finally to take there will not be this need of condensation.—EDITOR.





THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT LIVED FOR A TIME AT JEFFERSON BARRACKS.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

oughly. It was about like that at West Point, with thorough daily drill, for the Mexican War was threatening."\*

From the barracks an irregular road led to the northwest, towards Georgetown, intersecting the famous Gravois road from St. Louis at a point about nine miles outside the city. This byway came to be a familiar one to Ulysses Grant, for Colonel Dent, the father of Grant's classmate and roommate, F. T. Dent, lived on the Gravois road, a mile or two beyond its intersection with the barrack road. Frederick Dent had been fond enough of Ulysses Grant to visit him at his home in Bethel, and also to invite him to visit in return at "White Haven," as the elder Dent called his country seat. Before Grant was able to pay the visit, however, Frederick Dent was forced to report for duty in a regiment stationed farther west.

#### THE COURTSHIP AND ENGAGEMENT OF GRANT AND MISS DENT.

The Dent household contained three young girls, Julia, Emma, and Ellen. Julia, a girl of seventeen, was at school in St. Louis, and Lieutenant Grant upon making his first visit to White Haven did not meet her, though he found the house

filled with young people. He was moved to repeat his visit even before Miss Julia returned from St. Louis, and afterwards he very frequently rode out there between drills, clattering furiously up the road in his impetuous, boyish fashion, for between drill and roll-call was short space to make a lover's visit in, especially when the young lady's home was several miles away.

White Haven, for all its title, was but a plain farmhouse, with two smallish rooms and a hall in the main part below. It had an addition on the west, and a negro cabin and kitchen at the rear. It was imposing by reason of its galleries, its position, and the beautiful surroundings it overlooked. It was not so overawing to the young Ohioan as Colonel Dent himself, who was at this time a middle-aged man of large frame and irascible temper, quite the ideal in manner of a gentleman of the plantation. According to local testimony, he took small interest in Ulysses Grant, who was a plain, inexpressive youth, quite commonplace in all discernible ways. The colonel, it is said, wondered at his son's taste in taking to himself such an intimate. His dislike of Grant grew when he saw his daughter Julia quite evidently pleased with the young soldier. Mrs. Dent, on the contrary, liked young Grant at once. Her keen sense apprehended in him honesty,

\* From an interview with General Longstreet, held November 21, 1896, for McClure's Magazine.

loyalty, and a certain unmeasured power. Her greetings continued to be cordial even after it appeared that her daughter Julia was wholly committed to the young lieutenant's future weal or woe.

Georgetown was back country at this time. St. Louis was ten miles away, over a bad road, and its pleasures were quite out of reach in winter. Therefore the Dent family depended for society largely on their neighbors. At the home of the Longs, the Sappingtons, or the Dents, the young people gathered on evenings to dance and sing, and in these merrymakings Grant and some of his fellow-officers from the barracks were frequent participants. On the other hand, Miss Julia Dent was a frequent dancer at the barrack "hops." And in time these frequent meetings stirred in Lieutenant Grant a desire beyond every other felt by him—to win the small hand of this Missouri girl.

The courtship proceeded in the true American fashion—that is to say, without asking by-your-leave of the parents: since they are not the principals in the matter, anyhow, their objections are of small matter. Beautiful days followed—days to be remembered till death. Over the lovely hills and through secluded, wooded lanes the young people rode or drove without prevision of trouble. Then one day an order came to the Fourth Infantry to break camp and join the Second Dragoons at Fort Jessup in Louisiana.

Grant had just obtained a twenty days' leave of absence to visit Ohio. He was, in fact, on the road, and there was no way of recalling him save by letter; so he journeyed on without worry.\* His worry began when a letter reached him telling him his regiment was about to move. He had not arrived at a definite understanding with Miss Dent, being content merely to meet her day by day; but now *war* was threatening, and it seemed of paramount necessity that he should know her precise feeling toward him. He returned in express haste to Jefferson Barracks, saddled his horse, and rode to White Haven.†

He arrived at White Haven on the day of a wedding to which the Dents were going, and all things conspired to make him very determined and more than usually serious. He found Miss Julia in a carriage, just starting to the wedding in company with her brother. He persuaded the brother to

take his horse, and so won a place beside her in the single-seated carriage, and they started. He was unusually silent at first.

Now it chanced that heavy rains had swollen the Gravois to abnormal size, and the frail bridge which spanned it was nearly submerged with a wild and turbid flood. As they approached it Miss Dent grew apprehensive, and said:

"Are you sure it's all right?"

"Oh, yes, it's all right," Grant replied, man fashion to womankind.

"Well, now, Ulysses, I'm going to cling to you, if we go down," Miss Dent said.

"We won't go down," he replied, and drove across, while the frightened girl clung to his arm.

She released her hold as they reached the other side of the bridge, and he drove in thoughtful silence for some distance. At length he cleared his throat, and said: "Julia, you spoke just now of clinging to me, no matter what happened. I wonder if you would cling to me all my life?" This was a great deal of imagery for a man with eight generations of New England ancestry behind him.

The answer was favorable; but the lovers, being astute young Americans, agreed to say nothing to Miss Dent's parents till Grant's return from the South, at least.\* Grant felt pretty sure that Colonel Dent would not favor his suit. A poor, plain, young second lieutenant (by courtesy), a youth whisked about at the command of the War Department, was a very bad match for Miss Julia Dent. They parted hopeful and resolute, Grant to join his regiment near Natchitoches, Louisiana, and Miss Dent to go back to White Haven to wait, which is the lot of women—to wait and to suffer. She found her greatest pleasure, during the years of separation which followed, in his letters. He had always been a good letter-writer, and under the stimulus of love and a life of action in strange scenes, he surpassed himself. He delineated the landscape, the camp-life, and the campaigns; he discussed governmental policies; and through it all ran the strong under-current of a pure and loyal love.

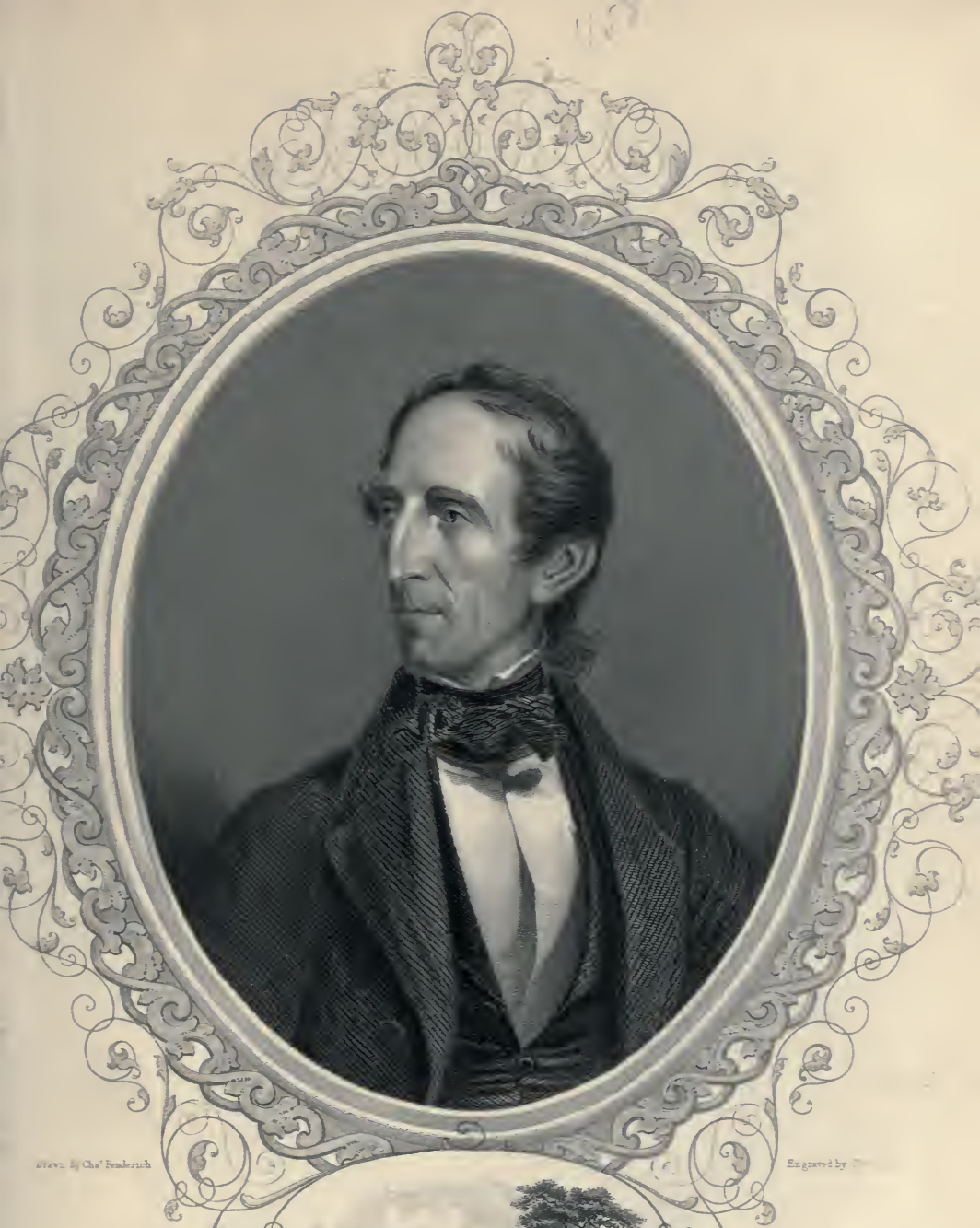
In March, 1845, President Tyler signed the bill for the annexation of Texas, and the Lone Star republic became a part of the United States, and General Zachary Taylor, the famous Indian fighter, and "commander of the Southwest district,"

\* Personal Memoirs.

† Letter to Mrs. Bailey of Georgetown, wherein he concisely says, "I called around by way of St. Louis, where I spent four or five days very pleasantly." That phrase "called around" is deliciously careless.

\*\* "Personal Memoirs," and also an interview with Mrs. Grant by Frank G. Carpenter.





Drawn by Chas. Fendlerich

Engraved by



The President's House

from Washington

John Tyler





was ordered to occupy "the disputed territory," which was a tract lying between the Nueces and Colorado rivers. Early in May Lieutenant Grant, believing he was about to go into war, with the chance of being killed, asked for a leave of absence, and hastened to St. Louis to see his bride-elect and to get the consent of Colonel Dent to their marriage. The consent was given reluctantly, but it was given, and the young soldier set face at last toward actual warfare and possible death. It is easy to imagine that he did not return to his regiment whistling for joy. He had no desire for military renown. Mexico would have fired the "lean little Corsican" with colossal plans of empire; but Lieutenant Grant saw injustice and aggression in the campaign, and believed a retribution was in store for a nation which, in the name of freedom, seized upon a chance to widen its slave territory. Nevertheless he was a soldier; and when he joined his regiment he entered upon his duties with outward readiness.

Corpus Christi, the next station of the army, was a cross between a frontier ranch and a smuggler's camp.\* The town when the army arrived there consisted of twenty adobe houses. In a few weeks it was a town of a thousand inhabitants, not counting the soldiers. Camp-followers, traders, and settlers, encouraged by the security given by the presence of the soldiers, made up this miscellaneous and not over-refined population.†

A very curious and interesting story of Grant is told by General Longstreet in an account of life in the camp at Corpus Christi. "The officers," says General Longstreet, "built a theatre, depending upon their own efforts to reimburse them. As there was no one outside the army there, our dramatic company was organized among the officers, who took both male and female parts. In farce and comedy we did well enough, and soon collected funds enough to pay for the building and incidental expenses. We found ourselves sufficiently in funds to send over to New Orleans for costumes, and concluded to try tragedy. The Moor of Venice was chosen, Lieutenant Theoderic Porter to be the Moor, and Lieutenant U. S. Grant to be the daughter of Brabantio. But after rehearsal Porter protested that male heroines could not support the character nor give sentiment to the hero; so we sent over to New Orleans for Mrs. Hart, who was

popular with the garrisons of Florida. Then all went well."\*

Grant was probably selected for his small stature, handsome face, and soft voice. In an interview, General Longstreet added: "Grant looked very well indeed dressed up; but Porter insisted that there was hardly sentiment enough in having a man play the part. Grant played in several farces; one that I recall was 'The Irish Lion.' I was in the cast also."

#### GRANT'S OWN ACCOUNT OF RESACA AND PALO ALTO—AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

Of the advance of the army from Corpus Christi we have an account in a letter written by Grant himself from Matamoras, on June 26, 1846. This letter, hitherto unpublished, gives also a strong picture of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca.‡

MATAMORAS, MEXICO,

- June 26th, 1846.

DEAR LOWE:

I have just received your letter of the 6th of June, the first I have had from you since my regiment took the field in anticipation of the annexation of Texas. Since that time the 4th Infantry has experienced but little of that ease and luxury of which the Hon. Mr. Black speaks so much. Besides hard marching, a great part of the time we have not even been blessed with a good tent as a protection against wind and weather.

At Corpus Christi our troops were much exposed last winter, which the citizens say was the severest season they have had for many years. From Corpus Christi to this place (a distance of about 180 miles) they had to march through a long sandy desert covered with salt ponds, and in one or two instances ponds of drinkable water were separated by a whole day's march. The troops suffered much, but stood it like men who were able to fight many such battles as those of the 8th and 9th of May; that is, without a murmur.

On our arrival at the Rio Grande we found Matamoras occupied by a force superior to ours (in numbers), who might have made our march very uncomfortable if they had have had the spirit and courage to attempt it. But they confined their hostilities (except their paper ones) to small detached parties and single individuals, as in the cases you mention in your letter, until they had their force augmented to thrible or quadruple ours, and then they made the bold efforts of which the papers are full. About the last of April we got word of the enemy crossing the river, no doubt with the intention of cutting us off from our supplies at Point Isabel. On the 1st of April at three o'clock General Taylor started with about 2000 men to go after and escort the wagon train from Point Isabel,

\* Longstreet's "Story of the War."

† This valuable letter is here published for the first time. John W. Lowe, to whom it was written, acted upon his friend Grant's suggestion and entered the Mexican War himself, as captain of a volunteer company from Ohio; and in letters written to his family, he speaks of meeting Grant in the City of Mexico. He afterwards entered the Civil War, as Colonel of the Twelfth Ohio Infantry, and was killed in the battle of Carnifex Ferry, West Virginia, September 10, 1861. The original letter is now in the possession of his grandson, John W. Lowe of Chicago.

\* Longstreet's "Story of the War."

† "Personal Memoirs."

and with the determination to cut his way, no matter how superior their numbers.

Our march on this occasion was as severe as could be made. Until three o'clock at night we scarcely halted; then we laid down in the grass and took a little sleep, and marched the balance of the way the next morning. Our march was mostly through grass up to the waist with a wet and uneven bottom, yet we made thirty miles in much less than a day. I consider my march on that occasion equal to a walk of sixty miles in one day on good roads and unencumbered with troops. The next morning after our arrival at Point Isabel we heard the enemy's artillery playing upon the little field work which we had left garrisoned by the 7th Infantry and two companies of artillery. This bombardment was kept up for seven days, with a loss of but two killed and four or five wounded on our side. The loss of the enemy was much greater, though not serious.

On the 7th of May General Taylor started from Point Isabel with his little force, encumbered with a train of about 250 wagons loaded with provisions and ammunition. Although we knew the enemy was between us and Matamoras, and in large numbers too, yet I did not believe, I was not able to appreciate, the possibility of an attack from them. We had heard so much bombast and so many threats from the Mexicans that I began to believe that they were good for paper wars alone, but they stood up to their work manfully.

On the 8th, when within about fourteen miles of Matamoras, we found the enemy drawn up in line of battle on the edge of the prairie, next a piece of woods called Palo Alto (which is the Spanish for tall trees). Even then I did not believe they were going to give battle. Our troops were halted out of range of artillery, and the wagons parked, and the men allowed to fill their canteens with water. All preparations being made, we marched forward in line of battle until we received a few shots from the enemy, and then we halted, and our artillery commenced.

The first shot was fired about three o'clock P.M. and was kept up pretty equally on both sides until sundown or after; we then encamped on our own ground, and the enemy on theirs. We supposed that the loss of the enemy had not been much greater than our own, and expected of course that the fight would be renewed in the morning. During that night I believe all slept as soundly on the ground at Palo Alto as if they had been in a palace. For my part, I don't think I even dreamed of battles.

During the day's fight I scarcely thought of the probability or possibility of being touched myself (although 9-pound shots were whistling all round) until near the close of the evening a shot struck the ranks a little ways in front of me and knocked one man's head off, knocked the under jaw of Capt. Page entirely away, and brought several others to the ground. Although Capt. Page received so terrible a wound, he is recovering from it. The under jaw is gone to the windpipe, and the tongue hangs down upon the throat. He will never be able to speak or to eat.

The next morning we found to our surprise that the last rear guard of the enemy was just leaving their ground, the main body having left during the night. From Palo Alto to Matamoras there is for a great part of the way a dense forest of undergrowth, here called chaparral. The Mexicans, after having marched a few miles through this, were reinforced by a considerable body of troops. They chose a place on the opposite side from us of a long but narrow pond (called Resaca de la Palma), which gave them greatly the advantage of position. Here they

made a stand. The fight was a pell-mell affair, everybody for himself. The chaparral is so dense that you may be within five feet of a person and not know it. Our troops rushed forward with shouts of victory, and would kill and drive away the Mexicans from every piece of artillery they could get their eyes upon. The Mexicans stood this hot work for over two hours, but with a great loss. When they did retreat there was such a panic among them that they only thought of safety in flight. They made the best of their way for the river, and wherever they struck it they would rush in. Many of them no doubt were drowned.

Our loss in the two days was 182 killed and wounded. What the loss of the enemy was cannot be certainly ascertained, but I know acres of ground were strewn with the bodies of the dead and wounded. I think it would not be an over-estimate to say that their loss from killed, wounded, taken prisoners, and missing was over 2,000, and of the remainder nothing now scarcely remains. So precipitate was their flight when they found that we were going to cross the river and take the town, that sickness broke out among them, and as we have understood, they have but little effective force left. News has been received that Parades is about taking the field with a very large force. Daily, volunteers are arriving to reinforce us, and soon we will be able to meet them in whatever force they choose to come. What will be our course has not been announced in orders, but no doubt we will carry the war into the interior.

Monterey, distant about 300 miles from here, will no doubt be the first place where difficulties with an enemy await us. You want to know what my feelings were on the field of battle! I do not know that I felt any peculiar sensation. War seems much less terrible to persons engaged in it than to those who read of the battles.

I forgot to tell you in the proper place the amount of property taken. We took on the 9th eight pieces of artillery with all their ammunition; something like 2000 stand of arms, muskets, pistols, swords, sabres, lances, &c.; 500 mules with their packs; camp equipage and provisions, and in fact everything they had. When we got into the camp of the enemy everything showed the great confidence they had of success. They were actually cooking their meal during the fight, and as we have since learned, the women of Matamoras were making preparations for a great festival upon the return of their victorious army.

The people of Mexico are a very different race of people from ours. The better class are very proud, and tyrannize over the lower and much more numerous class as much as a hard master does over his negroes, and they submit to it quite as humbly. The great majority [of the] inhabitants are either pure or more than half-blooded Indians, and show but little more signs of neatness or comfort in their miserable dwellings than the uncivilized Indian. Matamoras contains probably about 7,000 inhabitants, a great majority of them of the lower order. It is not a place of as much business importance as our little towns of 1,000. But no doubt I will have an opportunity of knowing more of Mexico and the Mexicans before I leave the country, and I will take another occasion of telling you more of them.

Don't you think Mr. Polk has done the officers of the army injustice by filling up the new regiment of riflemen from citizens? \* It is plain to be seen that we have but little to expect from him. I have now

\* Grant had applied for a command in this regiment. For political reasons the bill authorizing the equipment of the regiment specified that it should be officered from civilian ranks.



written you a long letter ; as soon as anything more is done I will write again. If you have an opportunity, I wish you would let them know at home that I am well. I don't think I have written in the last four weeks. I should like very much to see you here in command of a volunteer company. I think you would not be affected by the climate. So far our troops have had their health remarkably well.

Remember me to your own and Judge Fishback's family. I suppose Tom [Mr. Lowe's son] has grown so much that he almost thinks of volunteering for the Mexican wars himself. I shall be pleased to hear from you as often as you will make it convenient to write, and will answer all your letters.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT, 4th Infy.

J. W. LOWE, Esq., Batavia, O.

#### GRANT AS A QUARTERMASTER.

The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were hardly more than skirmishes in comparison with the more important



COLONEL DENT, FATHER OF MRS. U. S. GRANT.

From a photograph loaned by Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr.



MRS. DENT, MOTHER OF MRS. U. S. GRANT.

From a photograph loaned by Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr.

operations soon begun against Monterey. At Camargo, Grant, now full second lieutenant, was made regimental quartermaster, a position requiring activity, resource, and regularity of habit, and one which cannot be well filled by sleepy or dull-witted men. An army must be fed. Its supplies must not go astray or fall behind. Its ammunition must be ready, and its ambulances on hand. To always have these necessities of an army in readiness is no small duty. It means early rising, methodical habits, and careful scrutiny of details. This appointment is important, therefore, as showing how Grant was regarded by his superiors at this time. It must not be forgotten that he was a mere

stripling—a small, smooth-faced youth, of slight boyish figure, with rather long, square-cut hair, depending from a gig-top cap. He must have been considered trusty, energetic, and of good administrative ability to be so chosen. Certainly he was a popular officer. There are many complaints of cruelty on the part of young officers toward their men, but no such complaint was ever made of Grant. He was kind and just to all men. And nowhere did he show his equable temper, his command over himself, more convincingly, than in his service as quartermaster in that land of burning sun and scant grass. He has himself indicated one of the peculiar difficulties when he said: "I am not aware of ever having used a profane expletive in my life; but I would have the charity to excuse those who may have done so, if they were in charge of a train of Mexican pack-mules of the time." His old comrades say he was active, patient, resourceful, and prompt. He was learning a great lesson those days. He brought his command through in good order.

Monterey was the principal town in northern Mexico at that time. In 1846 it possessed fifteen or twenty thousand people. It was, in fact, a fortified town of Mexican Indians, governed by a few Mexican-Spanish priests and soldiers. It was situated in a magnificent, wide, flat valley, with noble mountains from three to seven thousand feet in altitude, walling it in.

General Taylor approached it from the east, and camped about three miles from the city, at a fine group of springs, shaded then as now by noble pecan and walnut trees. The plain is quite level and covered with mesquite and other forms of chaparral.

Apparently nothing hindered marching directly upon the town. Taylor soon discovered, however, that the citizens had made careful preparation for receiving him. General Ampudia, with ten or eleven thousand men, was in command.

Ulysses Grant now watched to see what General Taylor, who had already become his hero, would do. Here was a town with complete defences. It had no weak spot, apparently. How would Taylor attack? He resorted to the familiar and primitive method—he prepared to flank the enemy. On the morning of the 20th, General Taylor said, "General Worth, you will take your division and make the attempt to dislodge the enemy to the north and west. I shall consider your attack the main movement."

Lieutenant Grant remained with the eastern division of the army, and all day he watched with eager eyes to see the inexorable advance of the northern army. Guns were run forward to a ravine before the "black fort," and planted where they could shell the enemy, while reconnoitring parties were out to the east.

As regimental quartermaster, Lieutenant Grant had no business to leave camp,\* but the excitement grew too great for his young blood, and when the cannonading thickened, he mounted a horse and rode to the front. He reached the line just in time to hear the thrilling order, "Charge!" which meant death to many brave fellows. Hitherto the fighting had been done by cannon shots. At once the men were under the fire of the terrible "black fort," and also of the batteries at the eastern end of the town. As they drew nearer, the musketry from the housetops joined the din.

Grant plunged into the charge, and being the only man mounted, became a special target for bullets, but escaped unhurt. He was with the command when it forced the Mexicans across the bridge and back into the city.

Every housetop was manned by gunners lying behind low parapets of sand-

bags or blocks of adobe, and the Americans paused, after crossing the Bridge of the Saint, and scattered out into the side streets. Every avenue leading west was swept by guns in the plaza, and by the muskets of the men on the housetops.

#### GRANT'S BOLD RIDE IN FRONT OF THE ENEMY AT MONTEREY.

Nevertheless ten companies under command of Colonel Garland forced their way, by successive rushes from street to street, up almost to the plaza itself. But thence they could go neither forward nor back; they could only pop away at any Mexican head they sighted. So the battle hung poised till Colonel Garland discovered his ammunition to be running low. It then became necessary to get word to General Twiggs, his division commander, calling for ammunition or reinforcements.

"Boys," said Colonel Garland, "I've got to send some one back to General Twiggs. It's a dangerous job, and I don't like to order any man to do it. Who'll volunteer?"

"I will," said Quartermaster Grant promptly. "I've got a horse."

"Good. You're just the man to do it. Keep on the side streets and ride hard."

Grant needed no instructions. He was the best horseman in the command. He had the resource of an Indian. He flung himself on his horse, with one heel behind the saddle's cantle, and one hand wound in his horse's mane, with the other guiding his course. Amid cheers from his comrades he dashed down a side street leading to the north, a street which looked like a dry canal. At every crossing he was exposed to view, and the enemy, getting his range, sent a slash of bullets down each street as he flashed past. Hanging thus he forced his horse to leap a four-foot wall. He rode to the north till out of fire, then turned to the east, and in a few moments' time drew rein before General Twiggs, and breathlessly uttered his message. General Twiggs gave the order to collect the ammunition, but before it could be done the troops came pouring back.\*

That night ended the fighting; for while the demonstrations at the east ended thus unsuccessfully, General Worth with his Texas troops was making way inexorably toward the plaza from the west. The houses were all built on the street, with

\* In a letter to his parents he said: "I do not mean that you shall ever hear of my shirking my duty in battle. My new post of quartermaster is considered to afford an officer an opportunity to be relieved from fighting, but I do not and can not see it in that light. You have always taught me that the post of danger is the post of duty."

\* Richardson's "Life of Grant," "Personal Memoirs," etc.

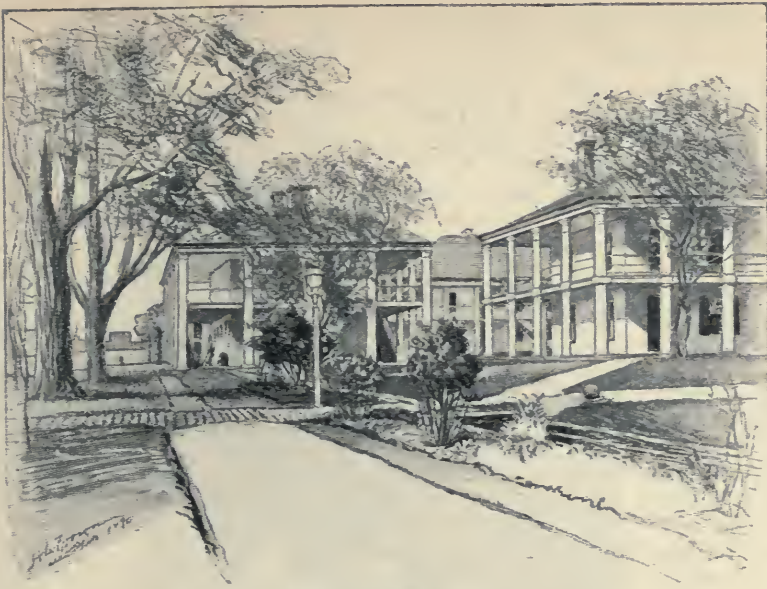






THE PORT OF VERA CRUZ AND THE CASTLE OF SAN JUAN D'ULLOA.

(See page 448.)



NEW ORLEANS BARRACKS.

From a photograph taken expressly for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*. Grant spent several weeks in New Orleans Barracks on his way to Mexico, and his regiment returned there at the close of the war.

the gardens behind, and these gardens were separated from each other by walls of adobe. Worth's men, accustomed to Mexican towns, battered down the doors, and with picks and axes cut through these soft walls, and thus under cover advanced steadily from house to house. The army ate its way like some monster worm, rod by rod, until General Ampudia felt the prolongation of the struggle to be useless, and on the morning of September 24, 1846, the garrison surrendered.

"Though behaving with such gallantry," says General Longstreet, "Grant's name does not appear in the reports. In those days it was hard for a young officer to get mention unless he did something of very conspicuous bravery. After a man got to be captain or colonel a brevet was more easily obtained. They were sometimes obtained for merely looking at a battle."

The victories of "Old Rough and Ready" Taylor were already resounding through the North; the victor of Monterey and Matamoras was rapidly mounting to the position of a popular hero, and the administration determined to cripple him if possible. It was decided, at length, to discredit his line of attack, and to put General Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief of the army, into the field in person.

Scott's plan of campaign was quite at

variance with Taylor's. He had all along insisted that the City of Mexico should be attacked directly from the east, with Vera Cruz as a landing point, and thitherward he pushed his way with reinforcements. Lieutenant Grant was transferred with his regiment from General David Twiggs's division, under Taylor's command, to the division of General William Worth, under Scott. He therefore retraced the severe journey to Camargo and Matamoras, whence, by much over-loaded transports, he and his comrades were carried to Vera Cruz, where Scott was assembling his little army of invasion like Cortes of the sixteenth century.

The city of Vera Cruz, lying nearly due east of the City of Mexico, was an old town, built then, as now, of stone and adobe, in the one-storied Spanish fashion, with several superb churches, and with flat-roofed, unimposing buildings. It is a place of tropical heat and extreme humidity, yet it was and is the main port of entry to the City of Mexico.

On Lobos Island, just below the city, Scott made a landing, March 9, 1847, with no little pomp, the bands playing "Yankee Doodle," and the French, Spanish, and English looking on. The site of Vera Cruz is quite level, but back of it, in a half circle, runs a series of low sand-hills. On these hills Scott encamped and planted his siege guns. Quartermaster Grant is said



to have unofficially supervised this siege, in pursuance of his policy to see all that went on. It was all a battle of cannon, and the infantry had little to do but swelter on the sand and fight flies and fleas. The town of Vera Cruz soon capitulated, and Scott, aware of the danger to his men of longer stay in this land of yellow fever, marched in imposing review in at the south gate and out of the north gate, and started for Jalapa, the next considerable town on the main highway to the City of Mexico. A few days later, in the strong mountain pass of Cerro Gordo, he encountered the Mexican army under Santa Anna.

GRANT'S OWN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO — AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

Grant has left an interesting account of the famous battle of Cerro Gordo, and of the subsequent movements of the army, in the following letter, written, like the preceding one, to John W. Lowe, of Batavia, Ohio, only fifteen days after the battle, and never before published.\*

TIPLING AHUALCO, MEXICO,

May 3, 1847.

DEAR LOWE:

Just as the troops were leaving Vera Cruz I received a letter from my young friend Tom and yourself. Now that we will probably be stationary for four or five days, I avail myself of the opportunity of answering. I see that you have written me several letters which you have not received answers to. I always make it a point to answer all your letters and am only sorry I don't get more of them. You say you would like to hear more about the war. If you

had seen as much of it as I have you would be tired of the subject. Of our success at Vera Cruz you have read everything. The strength of the town, its forts and castle, the papers are full, and they do not exaggerate. On the 13th of April the rear division of General Scott's army left Vera Cruz to ascend the mountains and drive Santa Anna from his strong position in one of the passes.

On the night of the 15th, General Worth arrived at Plana del Rio, three miles from the battle-ground.

General Twiggs, with his division, had been there several days preparing for an attack. By the morning of the 17th the way was completed to go around the pass, Cerro Gordo, and make the attack in the rear as well as in the front. The difficulties to surmount made the undertaking almost equal to Bonaparte's crossing the Alps. Cerro Gordo is a long, narrow pass, the mountains towering far above the road on either side. Some five of the peaks were fortified and armed with artillery and infantry.

At the outlet of the mountain gorge a strong breastwork was thrown up, and five pieces placed in embrasure, sweeping the road so that it would have been impossible for any force in the world to have advanced. Immediately behind this is a peak of the mountains several hundred feet higher than any of the others and commanding them. It was on this height that General Twiggs made his attack. As soon as the Mexicans saw this height taken they knew the day was up with them. Santa Anna vanished with a small part of his force, leaving

about 6000 to be taken prisoners with all their arms, supplies, etc. Santa Anna's loss could not have been less than 8000 killed, wounded, taken prisoners, and missing. The pursuit was so close upon the retreating few that Santa Anna's carriage and mules were taken, and with them his wooden leg and some twenty or thirty thousand dollars in money.

Between the thrashing the Mexicans have got at Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, and Cerro Gordo, they are so completely broken up that if we only had transportation we could go to the City of Mexico and wherever else we liked without resistance. Garrisons could be established in all the important towns, and the Mexicans prevented from ever raising another army. Santa Anna is said to be at Orizaba, at the foot of a mountain always covered with snow and of the same name. He has but a small force.

Orizaba looks from here as if you could almost



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT AT THE TIME OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

Drawn by T. V. Chominski after a painting by Chappel.

\* The original letter is now in the possession of J. W. Lowe, of Chicago, a grandson of the recipient of it.





THE BRIDGE OF THE SAINT, MONTEREY.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine. It was across this bridge that the division in which Grant was fighting charged into the centre of the town. The shrine of the saint, from which the bridge derives its name, was destroyed in the battle, but was subsequently rebuilt.

throw a stone to it, but it looked the same from Jalapa, some fifty miles back, and was even visible from Vera Cruz. Since we left the seacoast the improvement in the appearance of the people and the style of buildings has been very visible over anything I had seen in Mexico before. The road is one of the best in the world. The scenery is beautiful, and a great deal of magnificent tableland spreads out above you and below you. Jalapa is the most beautiful place that I ever saw. It is about 4000 feet above sea, and being in the Torrid Zone, they have the everlasting spring fruit and vegetables the year around. I saw there a great many handsome ladies and more well-dressed men than I had ever seen before in the Republic.

From Jalapa we marched to Perote, and walked quietly into the Strong Castle that you no doubt have read about. It is a great work. One brigade, the one I belong to, is now twenty miles in advance of Perote. Soon, no doubt, we will advance upon Puebla. I am regimental quartermaster, appointed under the new law allowing one to each regiment and giving extra allowances.

Remember me to all your family and Judge Fishback's. Tell Tom he must write to me again. I will be much pleased to receive all the letters you will write to me, and all that Tom will write too. I will write to Tom from Puebla. I suppose we will be there in a few days. If you see any of the Bethel people, please remember me to them. Tell them I am heartily tired of the wars. If you were to see me now, you would never recognize me in the world. I

have a beard more than four inches long, and it is red.

Your Friend,

U. S. GRANT, 4th Infy.

The battle of Cerro Gordo, like the battle of Buena Vista on the north, opened the way to the capital. The army of victory moved steadily on toward the heart of the nation. In a letter to his parents, written in May, 1847, about the same time as the letter above, Grant furnishes a further view into his situation and employments. "We are progressing steadily," he wrote, "towards the Mexican capital. Since I last wrote you my position has been rendered more responsible and laborious. . . . But I must not talk to you all the time about the war. I shall try to give you a few descriptions of what I see in this country. It has in it many wonderful things. . . . It is very mountainous. Its hillsides are covered with tall palms whose waving leaves present a splendid appearance. They toss to and fro in the wind like plumes in a helmet, their deep green glistening in the sunshine or glittering in the moonbeams in the most beautiful way. I have been much delighted with the Mexican birds. . . . Many have a plumage that is superlatively splendid, but the display of their music does not equal that of their colors. . . .



A STREET IN MONTEREY.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine. It was probably through this very street that Grant made his perilous ride to order ammunition for Colonel Garland.

They beat ours in show, but do not equal them in harmony. . . . But I hear the 'taps' as I write and must be on the move. I have written this letter with my

sword fastened on my side and my pistol within reach, not knowing but that the next moment I may be called into battle again." \*

Clearly nothing was lost upon this young lieutenant wrestling with the stubborn mules of the wagon train in a most difficult country. He mused deeply upon General Scott's audacity in cutting loose from all supplies, and as quartermaster he aided the army in living off the country. He came to believe also in the manifest destiny of the American Republic.

Puebla fell into the hands of the invaders without resistance. It was a fine city,



ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA, COMMANDER OF THE MEXICAN ARMY.

the finest in the country, excepting only the capital. Directly before it, and separating it from the valley and City of Mexico, is the mightiest range of mountains on the American continent. The Mexicans have a proverb, "Puebla is the first heaven, Mexico is the second." The City of Mexico lies in a wide, flat valley at an altitude of seven thousand feet above the sea. It is semi-arid and semi-tropic in character, with a rainy season which begins in July or August and lasts for several weeks. It was in August that Scott's army first looked down upon the beautiful valley with its lakes filled with water, shining like mirrors, and its green everywhere meshed with streams. It was a beautiful sight, and the army raised a cheer.

On the shore of Lake Chalco, at a little Indian village called Ayotla, Scott col-

\* Balch's "Life of Grant." Grant took sufficient interest in the birds to count nearly two hundred different kinds.



GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

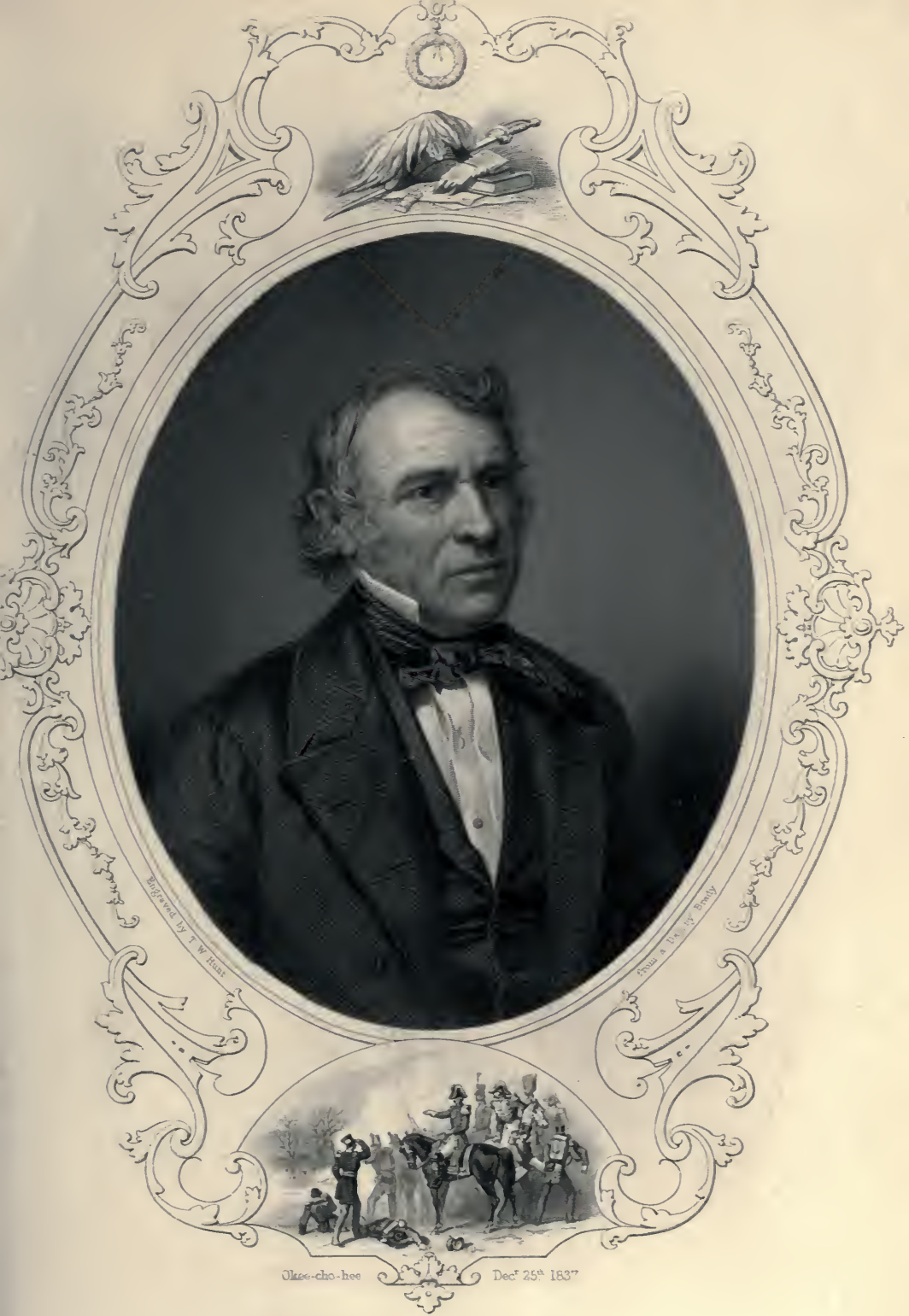
From a daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., of New York.

lected his army and began to reconnoitre. His guides explained to him that there were eight gates to the city. Directly in front was the ancient thoroughfare between Lake Chalco and Lake Xochimilco. This was strongly fortified. The gates to the west were less strongly fortified, and Scott, after hearing the report of his engineers and guides, decided to move round the lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, and attack the city in the rear.

The Americans fell upon Valencia's forces at Contreras, a town four miles from Tlalpan, upon the morning of the twentieth of August. The assault, made in the early light, had all the appalling elements of a surprise in battle. It was a matter of not more than ten or fifteen minutes, but it took the fighting heart out of the Mexican army. Men and officers alike were appalled at the power and fierceness of these Northerners. Valencia's army broke into flight and streamed back into the city, crying as they ran: "Here come the Yankees! Here come the Yankees!"

Grant was with Colonel Garland's division, which was meanwhile confronting the Hacienda San Antonio; but when Contreras was taken, San Antonio was evacuated, and the two armies advanced on the two parallel roads which skirt the Pedregal and lead directly toward Mexico. The next stronghold, a most formidable point, was the church and convent in the little village of Churubusco, which stood on the level plain, surrounded by tilled fields marked out by ditches. In this land every cabin has the wall of a fortress,





Z Taylor.



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THE BATTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC, SHOWING GRANT'S REGIMENT, THE FOURTH INFANTRY, IN THE FOREGROUND ON THE RIGHT.

incredibly short time sent the stars and stripes like a crimson flower soaring up the flag-pole. So great was the demoralization in the ranks of the Mexicans, that the Americans could have entered the City of Mexico upon the heels of the fugitives.

There now intervened a truce, during which neither army was to strengthen its position or secure reinforcements, though Scott was allowed to procure supplies for his army. Mr. Trist, on the part of the United States, worked zealously to secure

and every church is a castle. The Churubusco convent was a low structure of almost impregnable walls, having but two entrances. It looked unassailable, but at the word the American soldiers started across the open fields, impetuous, unwavering as so many bulldogs. They went over the earthworks, silenced the cannon, raised ladders against the wall, and in an

a treaty of peace. While this was going on, Scott, with Worth's division, occupied Tacubaya, a little Indian town on the edge of the high ground, and about four miles from Mexico. From near Tacubaya a low cape of rocky, wooded land extends irregularly into the flat land and ends abruptly in a high rocky knob. This knob forms a magnificent natural fortress,

which at this time was crowned with a castle, Chapultepec, a long, low, thick-walled structure covering almost the entire top. On the sides and at the base were other fortifications, and to the west and north a fine stone aqueduct made a formidable wall, for its arches had been filled in with blocks of adobe. Back of this fortress, and also enclosed by the aqueduct, was an old mill (Molino del Rey—"the king's mill"), which was reported to Scott to be Santa Anna's cannon foundry. It was a plain, square structure, with a wide wall enclosing it. In the wall were sheds and houses. It was heavily garrisoned, and seemed to be highly valued by the enemy.

A FELLOW-OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF GRANT'S  
BRAVERY AT MOLINO DEL REY.

The truce had been violated by the Mexicans, Scott claimed; and on the 4th of September he declared the armistice at an end and marched upon Molino del Rey from Tacubaya. During the night of the 7th he got within striking distance, and at daylight an impetuous charge was made, and the enemy driven out of the mill.

In this battle Quartermaster Grant was, as usual, in the forefront: "You could not keep Grant out of battle," says General Longstreet. "The duties of quartermaster could not keep him out of his command." While pursuing the Mexicans, who were crowding into the mill for safety,

Grant stumbled over his friend Dent, who was lying on the floor with a wound in the thigh. Just as he was stooping to examine his friend, Grant came face to face with a Mexican who was about to finish Dent. The Mexican wheeled to escape, and seeing Lieutenant Thorne standing between him and the door, was about to fire, when Grant shouted a warning. The Mexican was killed by Thorne; then all the squad rushed through into the enclosure of the mill, hot on the track of the fleeing Mexicans.\* The charge had been so impetuous that those who were behind the parapets on the roof of the mill could not escape. They were treed like wildcats on the walls. Grant was with the earliest of the troops to enter the mill. "He was on staff duty that day, and was everywhere on the field of battle. Grant was always cool, swift, and unhurried in battle," General Longstreet goes on to say. "He was as unconcerned, apparently, as if it were a hail-storm instead of a storm of bullets. I had occasion to observe his superb courage under fire. So remarkable was his bravery that mention was made of it in the official reports, and I heard his colonel say, 'There goes a man of fire.'"

Four days later volunteers were called for to make an attack upon Chapultepec. It seemed a desperate undertaking, but so confident had the Americans become that two volunteer columns of 250 men each were made up instantly. They were led

\* Richardson's "Life of Grant."



AQUEDUCT VERONICA, NEAR THE CITY OF MEXICO.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine. It was from arch to arch of this aqueduct that Grant, with a small band of soldiers, fought his way to the San Cosme gate, and finally into the city.



by Captain Silas Casey and Captain Samuel McKenzie. One division dug through the filled-up arches of the aqueduct on the north, and assaulted that way. The other went up the south side, over defences, earthworks, and ditches, and scaled the walls in the very shadow of the thunderous cannon; and the citizens of Mexico, now completely disheartened, saw the gay flag of the Americans flame over their last fortress. Pell-mell down the aqueduct leading to the Belen gate, and along the aqueduct Veronica, leading toward Tlaxpanna, the Mexicans retreated. General Quitman commanded the column moving toward Belen, and General Worth directed the advance toward Tlaxpanna and San Cosme. Grant was in the latter command, and from arch to arch of the aqueduct he scudded with his companions. They met with little serious resistance till they came within gunshot of Tlaxpanna, where the aqueduct turns at right angles toward the city through the San Cosme gate. Grant's impetuous but cool and determined advance kept him with the hardest of the private soldiers, and there was but a squad of privates and few commissioned officers with him when the cannon of Tlaxpanna were reached.

#### GRANT'S FINE WORK AT THE GATES OF MEXICO.

As usual the flat roofs of the houses were manned and fortified. While waiting for reinforcements, Grant did a little reconnoitring on his own account, and finding a way to the San Cosme road in the rear of the men serving the cannon, he led a small force there, and drove the enemy from his position to a second defence about half way to the Garita de San

Cosme. At a later hour in the day he reconnoitred on the south side of the San Cosme road, and came to the conclusion that he could use a small howitzer to good effect from the steeple of the church of San Cosme, which stood about three hundred yards outside the Garita de San Cosme.

This church had at its eastern end and front a bell-tower of moderate proportions, with a very narrow flight of steps leading to it. Up these steps the resourceful lieutenant and his squad tugged a small mountain howitzer, and putting it together beneath the bells, began to shell the houses just inside the gates, to the amazement and scandal of the Mexicans, who seemed not to understand that they might easily sally out and capture this audacious Yankee. This bold and ingenious exploit was seen by General Worth, and he sent Lieutenant Pemberton to bring the quartermaster to him.

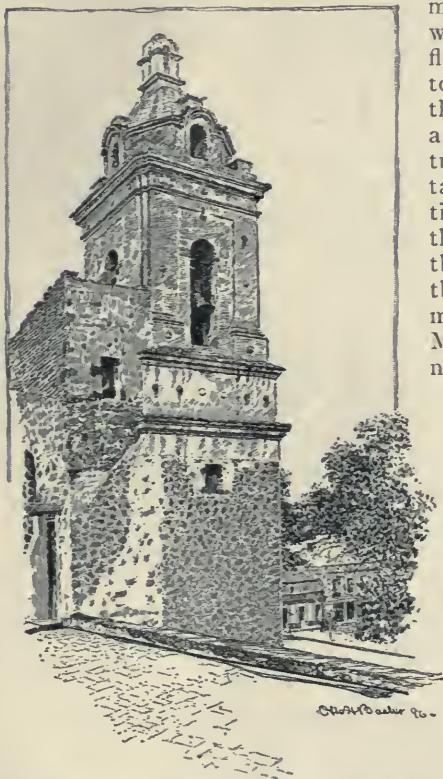
"This is mighty fine work, sir; every shot tells. I'll send you another gun."

Grant saluted, "Thank you, General," and took the additional gun. He knew, however, that there was not room

for it in the belfry; but he also knew that a lieutenant must not by any chance know more than a general.

One day, after Scott's final entry into the City of Mexico, a squad of American soldiers, in passing a church, were assailed from the roof. They rushed into a shop near by, and asked for chisels and axes with which to hew down the door. The owner of the store, a sturdy Englishman, Peter Green, said: "I am a resident here. I can't *give* you the tools, but I can't help your *taking* them." So they "took" the tools and soon captured their assailants.

This Peter Green and his wife became



THE TOWER OF THE CHURCH OF SAN COSME, WHENCE GRANT TRAINED THE HOWITZER ON THE MEXICANS.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

friends of Quartermaster Grant, and during the following months he was a constant visitor at their house. They lived in San Francisco Street, and Grant was for a time quartered in the San Francisco church and convent opposite. He found in them and their household a fine, wholesome family, somewhat like his own people in Ohio. The daughter Sarah remembers him well, though she was but a child. "We thought the world of him," she said, "he was so good-natured and full of his jokes. He wore a long beard then, which seemed out of place on such a boy. I suppose he wanted to look old. He was a daily visitor at our house, and my people talked of him a great deal. John C. Hill used to come to see us, too—he that was educated by Santa Anna."

Grant is also well remembered by Mr. Hill, now Dr. Hill, who recalls him as a boyish fellow fond of jokes and frolic, but one who laughed little himself. "He was of most excellent habits," adds Dr. Hill; "a good soldier and a good man. He was an active, sturdy little fellow, much liked by all his companions."

Grant proved himself in Mexico not only bold and faithful, but ingenious and full of resources. While quartered at Tacubaya, for example, he rented a bakery and operated it for the benefit of the regiment. "In two months I made more money for the regimental funds than my pay amounted to during the entire war," he says. "While stationed at Monterey I had relieved the post in the very same way."

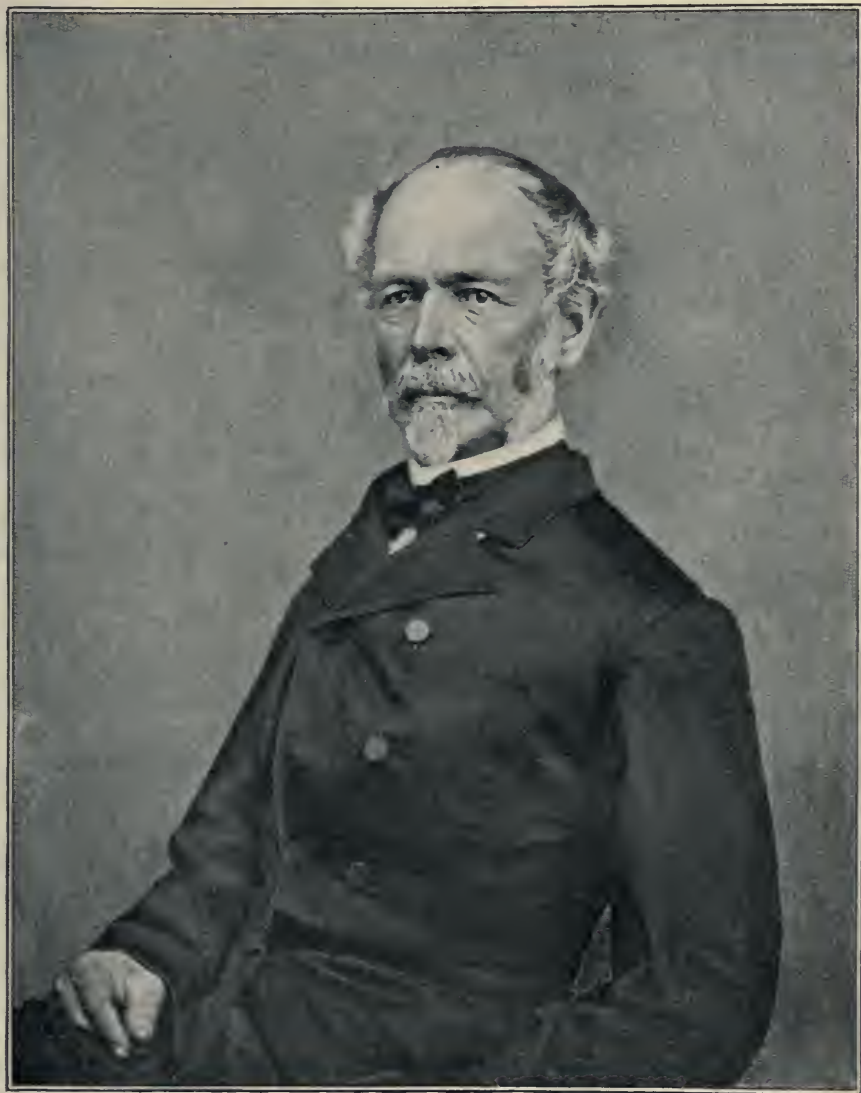
In May, 1848, the evacuation of Mexico was ordered, Mexico having conceded all the demands of the United States. Grant was eager to return, for he felt free now to marry the faithful little woman in far-off St. Louis. He had distinguished himself by brave deeds and sagacious plans well carried out. He had been twice promoted for gallantry, and he was returning to his bride-elect a brevet captain. Considering the large number of officers and the small number of men, his record was a distinguished one. For a young man who had no love of guns, or trainings, or Fourth of July anvils, to win honorable mention and two brevets for gallant conduct was genuine achievement.\* He was not afraid of bullets, and no noise or hurly-burly could confuse him. Of his bravery, his activity, and his discretion there can be no question.

From a military point of view these years of active service in Mexico were of incalculable value to Grant. They formed his post-graduate course; they made all the theories of his instruction at West Point realities. Jomini and Mahan on "Fortifications" and Benton on "Gun-nery" were solved in practice. He saw two really great commanders work out military manœuvres of great brilliancy. He saw General Scott cut loose from his base of supplies and subsist on the country. He saw him parole prisoners as the cheapest and best way to be rid of them. He saw General Taylor flank the enemy at Monterey, and watched him under fire, cool, unhurried. He observed Scott coöperating with gunboats and directing artillery. From Taylor he learned simplicity in army regulation; from Scott, rigorous discipline. As quartermaster he acquired ideas upon feeding and clothing an army; he wrestled hand to hand with the difficulties of transportation. He perceived the difference between disciplined troops moving under one man's direction and many troops operating on lines not converging to a common purpose. And all these things sank deep into his impressionable mind. He was perhaps not conscious of it at the time, but, as one of his fellow-officers said, "all along he was massing facts in the storehouse of his great memory."

There is another service that the Mexican War rendered Grant. It brought him in contact with a number of young officers whom it was afterwards of the greatest value to him to have known under such conditions. Jefferson Davis was there, and Robert E. Lee, both serving with great distinction. There were also Joseph E. Johnston, A. S. Johnston, Thomas Holmes, Paul O. Hebert, John C. Pemberton, Simon B. Buckner, and James Longstreet, the latter a particularly gallant and powerful young soldier. Grant met these officers as equals, not as war-gods. He came to know their mental habits and their personal ideas of warfare; and such things he never forgot. He had a marvellous capacity for remembering men and their words and deeds. He also had the capability of being profoundly instructed by small things. Thus the importance of the Mexican War to him cannot be over-estimated. Its influence reached far. He had gone into it from the quiet routine of West Point and Jefferson Barracks, at an age when the poetic side of his nature was uppermost. He was but twenty-six years of age when the war closed.

\* General Worth made his "acknowledgments to Lieutenant Grant for distinguished services."





GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON.







Albert Sidney Johnston.







# GRANT'S QUIET YEARS AT NORTHERN POSTS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

SURVIVING RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANT AT SACKETT'S HARBOR AND DETROIT.—NOTED AS A DRIVER AND A CHECKER-PLAYER.—MODEST LIFE AND GREAT RESERVE.—CONDUCTS A CHOLERA-STRICKEN REGIMENT ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.—BARRACKS LIFE ON THE PACIFIC.—UNFORTUNATE BUSINESS VENTURES.—RESIGNATION FROM THE ARMY.



AT the close of the Mexican War, Grant's regiment, the Fourth Infantry, returned to the beautiful barracks of New Orleans for a short stay, and then took ship for New York; but Grant, procuring a leave of absence, took steamer up the Mississippi River on the most important business of his life—which was to marry Miss Julia Dent. "The small lieutenant with the big epaulettes" was returning a bronzed veteran of many battles and with merited promotions. He was now brevet captain, and felt in position to marry.

An excessively modest marriage notice appeared in the newspapers of St. Louis on the 2d of July, 1848, and that was the only public recognition of this mighty event. Privately tales circulated, describing the shy young soldier who found his sword in his way, and who trembled more than at Molino del Rey or Monterey. If these tales are true, then we have two things which Ulysses Grant could not handsomely and coolly do: make a speech or get married. However, he did not think at the time to be ever again called upon to do either.

Immediately after the marriage the young people went to visit the Grants at Bethel, Ohio, and old friends of the young lieutenant at Georgetown. Old residents in these towns recall the very fair-skinned, petite, and vivacious little lady who accompanied "Ulyss," as they still continued to call the rising soldier, on this visit. After a few care-free weeks spent thus, Grant took his bride and went to join his regiment, which, from New York, had moved to Detroit, arriving there November 17, 1848. Four days later (November 21) Grant himself was ordered to Sackett's Harbor. "I well

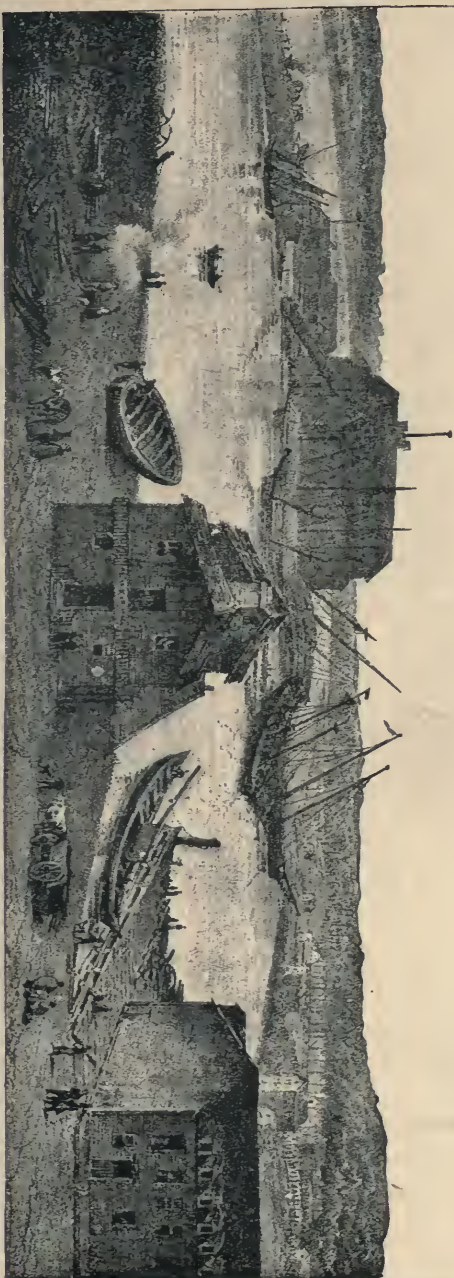
remember," remarks one who was his fellow-officer at this time, "the day Grant came to Detroit with his young bride and his sister. He was regimental quartermaster, and, after his hard campaigns in Mexico, entitled to rest; but a fellow-officer who, I believe, did it for purely selfish reasons, got Grant ordered to the bleak and undesirable post of Sackett's Harbor. Although Grant's proper place as quartermaster was at Detroit with the regimental headquarters, he uncomplainingly obeyed the orders. He laid his grievance before brevet Colonel Francis Lee, commander of the regiment, and it was forwarded to General Scott. Scott decided in Grant's favor, and as soon as navigation on the lakes was open Grant returned to Detroit."

## GRANT'S MANNER OF LIFE AT SACKETT'S HARBOR AND DETROIT.

There are not many people living in Sackett's Harbor who remember Lieutenant Grant, but it happens that one or two credible witnesses remain\* to supply a pleasant and lifelike glimpse of the young man, and also to give the lie to several absurd and foolish stories. Grant settled to his work in his quiet way, and made friends at once by his modest demeanor and gentle habit of command. Major Elderkin, drum-major of Grant's regiment, remembers him also with especial clearness at this and a rather earlier time, for Grant did him many favors.† "My first acquaintance with Lieutenant Grant," says Major Elderkin, "was at Corpus Christi, at the beginning of the Mexican War.

\* One of these, Mr. Walter Camp, is president of the Jefferson County Historical Society, and a man of repute with his fellow-townsmen.

† Major Elderkin still lives in Detroit, a hale and hearty old soldier, tall and straight and buoyant of bearing.



MILITARY POST, SACKETT'S HARBOR.  
[From J. Millier's *Picturesque Sketches in America*. Published in Paris in 1826.]





He was a very mild-spoken man—spoke like a lady almost. He always asked his men to do their duty; he never ordered them in an offensive way. He was about as nice a man as I ever saw. He was wonderfully cool and quick in battle. Nothing ever 'rattled' him. He took an active part in every battle, and was quartermaster besides. I saw a great deal of him all through the Mexican War, and then at Detroit and Sackett's Harbor after the war.\* He was very sociable, always talked to a man freely and without putting on the airs of a superior officer.

"I remember him very well at Detroit. I also remember his wife very well; she was very fair and a charming woman. I used to carry the mail, sometimes twice a day, to their house on Fort Street. I think Lieutenant Grant at that time wore his hair rather long, but had shaved off his beard. He used to ride and drive a great deal. At Sackett's Harbor I remember he used to practice with clubs. Some said he punched a sand-bag. I never saw him do that, but he was a strong little man, and could take care of himself if necessary. He and Mrs. Grant used to go to little dancing parties, but I don't think he ever danced.

"He lived very modestly—he couldn't afford to do anything else on his pay. His only dissipation was in owning a fast horse; he always liked to have a fine nag, and he paid high prices to get one."

Major Elderkin's recollections are borne out and supplemented by those of Mr. Walter Camp of Sackett's Harbor. "Lieutenant Grant and his wife came here," says Mr. Camp, "in the fall of 1848. Few knew him, for he lived very quietly with his young bride. He came again in 1851. He was an earnest advocate of temperance while here the second time. He organized the Sons of Temperance at the barracks, and gave hearty encouragement to the order in the village by his presence. He marched once in the procession, wearing the regalia of the lodge. I heard him refuse to join in a drinking bout once. It pleased me, and I spoke to him about it next day. He explained his action by saying: 'I heard John B. Gough lecture in Detroit the other night, and I have become convinced that there is no safety from ruin by drink except from abstaining from liquor altogether.'

"It took courage in those days to wear the white apron of the Sons of Temperance, but Lieutenant Grant was prepared

to show his character. He attended church while here, and lived a quiet, uneventful life. He was a great checker-player, and he generally worsted his opponent. There is a story that he rode over to Watertown once to meet a champion player. It was ten miles over there, and he rode it in forty-five minutes; he couldn't abide a slow horse. He met the champion, a shoemaker, and they settled upon a series of games and the wager. They agreed that if the result was a draw they would decide the supremacy by a foot-race. The result was a draw, and the players got out into the street and laid out the course. Grant was small, but lively on foot. He wore a linen duster, and he made it snap in the wind as he scurried up the hill and back. He won the race.

"He was a modest, quiet, sociable young fellow, of whom we knew little at the time. Mrs. Grant attended the Methodist Church, but Grant had a pew in the Episcopal Church, just to show his 'friendliness,' he said. This may have been a sentiment leading back to his life at West Point. There was a strong military feeling here during those days. Old army forms were rigidly maintained; but Grant was always simple and kindly in his manner."\*

Grant had been in Sackett's Harbor but a few months when he received orders to return to Detroit. He was very glad to do this, for Sackett's Harbor at that time was far separated from the outside world even in summer. In fact, it was a cold, bleak, and inhospitable port at the edge of a vast, wind-swept lake of ice and snow. Youth and love had made it a habitable spot; but, nevertheless, the world counts for something even in the honeymoon, and as soon as the lakes were open to navigation, Lieutenant Grant and his wife returned to his rightful post.

They set to work at once to find a home of their own outside of the barracks, which were hardly habitable for a woman. The modest little frame cottage in which they made their home is still standing, and is about such as a well-to-do carpenter would occupy. At that time it stood on the outskirts of the town, and had some trees growing about it, and some vines were in the yard. There was nothing distinctive in it. It was indeed small, but it was all that the pay of a lieutenant at that time warranted. The neighbors were ordinary citizens of the workingman's condition. The officers who were unmarried

\*From an interview held especially for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.

lived at the hotel in the town, and walked to and fro for their meals, passing near Grant's house.

#### GRANT'S FAMOUS "CICOTTE MARE."

Grant settled quietly into place as quartermaster of the regiment, and it was not long before he had another horse, and "a clipper to go." A French-Canadian of the town, named David Cicotte, owned a small and speedy mare which Grant's keen eyes had observed and coveted, and which he bought as soon as his means allowed. This "Cicotte mare," as she is called by Grant's old neighbors, became so swift of foot under Grant's driving that he could show the back of his cutter to almost any turn-out on the river, which was the racing place in midwinter. His swift driving caused him to be observed and remembered far beyond any other deed or characteristic. Everybody knew Lieutenant Grant and his "Cicotte mare" at least by sight. One day he overtook a certain Mr. Trowbridge, so the story runs, and invited him to get in. "I'll drive you home," he said.

Mr. Trowbridge doubtfully climbed in, and Grant chirruped to the mare, and away they went, whizzing. An hour or two later, when Mr. Trowbridge returned home, his brother asked, "Well, how do you like riding with Grant?"

"Grant's all right," replied he, "but that beast of a horse only hit the ground three times in going up the avenue. I thought I was going to lose all my whiskers. But Grant kept saying: 'It's all right; she isn't feeling well to-day; wait till the weather gets a little cooler, and I'll give you a ride that is a ride.'"

Mr. Trowbridge was never known to try it again.

"Lieutenant Grant lived inconspicuously here," says an old Detroiter, General Palmer, then a clerk in the District Quartermaster Department. "I saw him almost daily in the course of our business. He was a little, inoffensive-looking fellow. I remember saying that it was very queer their putting quartermaster's work into his hands, and one of his fellow-officers said, 'He may be no good with papers, but he's great with a regiment.'"

"He was boyish, said little, and always kept in the background. If it had not been for his fine horsemanship most people would not have noticed him. He loved horses, no doubt of that. He used to race Saturdays way out on Fort Avenue,

which was then a first-rate racing ground for the citizens. On bright midwinter days the whole town would be there. Every man who had a horse took part, and Grant was always there with his little pony which he bought of Dave Cicotte.

"Grant was social, but he showed it in the way of being where people were rather than by entertaining people." Mrs. Grant was a lively little woman, and loved company. She went out to parties, and dances a good deal. Grant never danced, but he used to bring his wife and then stand around looking on. He was very inconspicuous by reason of his retiring ways.

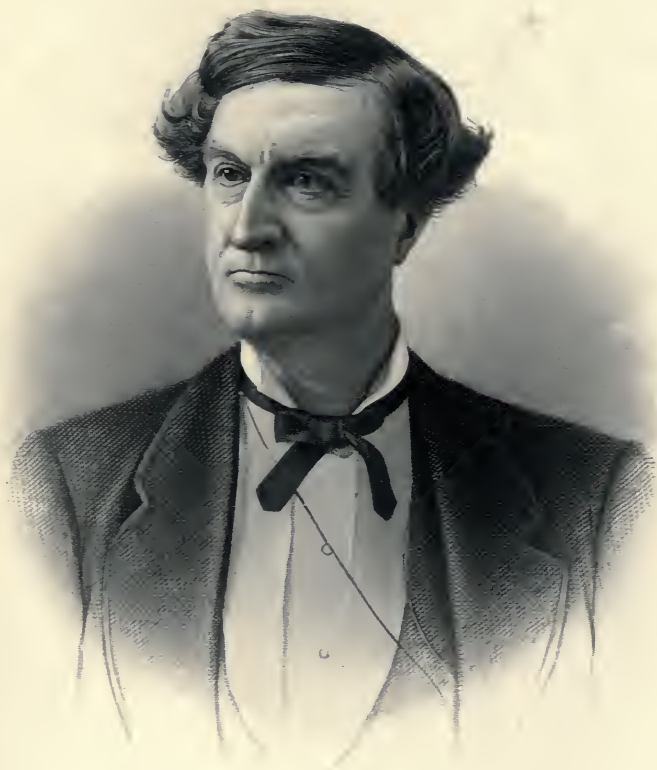
"I knew him as well as any one here at that time, probably. I met him socially, and also officially in the daily routine of business. He was a gentleman in his habits and instincts; quiet, unobtrusive. The stories which circulated at one time about his social habits here are untrue. He wasn't that kind of a man. He took his glass of liquor with the rest of us, but he was noticeable for his domestic habits. He was considered one of the best officers in his regiment."

Grant took a pew in the Methodist Church in Detroit also, and often attended the services. While stationed at Detroit he had a rather amusing set-to with Zachariah Chandler, afterwards the well-known representative of Michigan in the United States Senate. At this time Chandler was a young merchant in Detroit, and the army officers were obliged to pass his premises on their way to and from the barracks. They often found the snow and ice lying there deep across the path. They grumbled a good deal, but Chandler was a big, burly fellow, rather proud of his strength, and no one was eager to make complaint against him. At last Grant, who knew no fear, volunteered to "bell the cat." He filed a legal complaint against Chandler.

Chandler brought the matter to trial with voluble ferocity. He accused the officers of being drunken and disorderly. Grant held to his cause, and however, and Chandler was fined for obstructing the walk. Everybody expected him to make a personal assault on Grant, but he did not. Possibly something in the lines of the quiet little man's lips informed him that he could not safely do so.

At a dinner given to Colonel Grayson while he was in Detroit, Grant was called on for a toast. In noticeable tremor he rose and said, "I can face the music, but I can't make a speech." However, he gave this succinct sentiment—"The Gray-





*Magazine of Western History*

*J. Chandler*





LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT AND LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER HAYS IN 1845, WHEN THEY WERE STARTING FOR THE MEXICAN WAR.

A photographic copy of the Grant portrait in this picture was redrawn for McClure's Magazine and published in the January number. Since then the original daguerreotype has been kindly placed at our disposal by its present owner, Mrs. Agnes M. Hays Gormly, the daughter of Alexander Hays, and the present reproduction is from that original. The original picture was taken at Camp Salubrity, Louisiana, in 1845. Beside Grant (the figure in the background) is his racing pony "Dandy," and beside Lieutenant Hays is his pony "Sunshine." The two men had been fellow-cadets at West Point, and served in the same regiment in the Mexican War. Afterwards Hays, like Grant, retired from the army, to re-enter it at the breaking out of the Civil War as a colonel of volunteers. He became a brigadier-general, and was killed in the battle of the Wilderness. Grant, on learning of his death, said: "I am not surprised that he met his death at the head of his troops; it was just like him. He was a man who would never follow, but would always lead, in battle."

son Guards. Should their services be required, may they be rendered in proportion to the confidence placed in them and their worthy commander."

In the Detroit "Advertiser" of June 11, 1851, appears the following: "Captain Grant and Lieutenant McConnell, United States Army, left the city yesterday to form the command at Sackett's Harbor, accompanied by the band of the Fourth Infantry." This fixes the date of Grant's return to Sackett's Harbor.

It was a dull life there on the edge of Ontario after the little round of possible gayeties had been traversed a dozen times. Grant transacted his duties promptly and well each day, and formed a reticent member of all meetings of the officers. He was considered a good fellow, but a little slow as a companion. He talked a good deal of the Mexican War, however, and at such times grew very earnest and interested, and impressed others with his power to present in orderly way his conception of





HOUSE IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT WAS MARRIED, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

From a recent photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

the campaigns. Rufus Ingalls, Grant's old room-mate at West Point, afterwards said: "There was one thing which should have impressed me with the man's power, and it did in some degree; he gave the clearest account of the Mexican War I ever heard."

While Grant did not dance, he played cards occasionally, and checkers also. He read whatever he could find to read, and read aloud to Mrs. Grant; and in this quiet way, a tender though undemonstrative husband and a good citizen, he lived during the autumn of 1851 and the spring of 1852. He was living safely, comfortably, happily; but he became aware of a certain futility in all this. He was getting nowhere. It was merely dozing in a snug corner. Beneath his quiet exterior his companions—the more discerning of them—saw in him a "restless, energetic man."

Pacific coast, which was almost equivalent to a removal to-day to Africa. He faced here the question of a soldier's life in a new fashion. He had developed no special love for the army, though he had ceased apparently to plan to get out of it. This order brought up again the problem of resigning and going into something else. He had those moments of profound thought which marked him at West Point, and in his face the care of a man and father had begun to write its lines. It is said he meditated seriously resigning at this time.

It was out of the question to think of taking his wife with him on the long and dangerous trip across the Isthmus; and so with great reluctance and in marked depression he left Sackett's Harbor for the Pacific coast, while Mrs. Grant returned to the home of Jesse Grant in Bethel, where her second child was born. The oldest child, named Frederick Dent Grant, was now nearly two years old.

The Fourth Infantry assembled at Governor's Island, New York Bay, and thence took ship for the Isthmus. The steamer "Ohio" was in command of Admiral Schenck, and from him we get a picture of Grant's manner and habits during the voyage.\*

"In July, 1852, I took a regiment on my ship from New York to the Isthmus. Major Bonneville† was in command, and Grant was quartermaster. For the first week I did not have much to say to him. He was then a quiet, undemonstrative man, and took matters just as they came, without comment, though when called upon he never seemed to be at a loss for an opinion and a good reason to back it. Bonneville was hasty and uncertain in his action, and gave cause for disagreements, and it was a customary practice to refer these disputes to Grant as arbitrator. His

#### TRANSFERRED TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

But a change came into his quiet life. An order arrived transferring him to the

\* In an interview first published in the New York "Herald."

† This was the Bonneville whose journal had been edited and amplified by Washington Irving, and published (1837) under the title "Adventures of Capt. Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains of the Far West."

rulings were distinguished by particular good sense.

"He was accustomed to walk the deck late at night, and so at last we came to walk up and down the deck, discussing such matters as came up from time to time. He seemed to me to be a man of an uncommon order of intelligence. He had a good education, and what his mind took hold of it grasped strongly and thoroughly digested."

Nothing which the young soldier had ever done surpassed in energy, resource, coolness, and daring the crossing of the

was prepared for the worst. The "Ohio" delivered her freight at Aspinwall, letting loose a swarm of gold-seekers as well as soldiery. The heat was of course terrific, and Quartermaster Grant was sleeplessly active to get his charges out of the low-lying town at once. All was confusion. The town of Aspinwall had sprung up since the beginning of the gold excitement, and had scarcely any law and certainly no order. The railway was completed only to the Chagres River, eighteen miles away. The steamship company had contracted with the government to take



OFFICERS' BARRACKS, SACKETT'S HARBOR, NEW YORK.

From a photograph owned by Colonel Walter B. Camp.

Isthmus. It was equal to a campaign against a foreign foe. It was a fight against fever, cholera, poisonous plants, bad water, inefficient labor, and insubordinate soldiery. As quartermaster, Grant was forced to take the brunt of all shortcomings in transportation and all complaints concerning supplies.

#### GRANT'S CARE OF A PLAGUE-STRICKEN REGIMENT AT PANAMA.

It was a perilous time of year to attempt such a passage, but that made little difference to the authorities in Washington. Quartermaster Grant, luckily, was experienced in the tropical summer, and

the troops across the Isthmus; but when they arrived at Chagres, Quartermaster Grant found everything lacking. No mules had been provided by the agent of the company, and in the rush it seemed really impossible to secure any. The agent was supine and lifeless in the matter, and Grant was forced to take charge of affairs.

The regiment marched directly toward Panama, while the regimental band and the officers' wives, accompanied by Quartermaster Grant, went down the river toward Cruces. In his report at the time Grant said: "Upon arriving at Cruces I found the agent of the contracting parties had entered into a contract with Mr. Duckworth for the transportation of baggage,



etc., from there to Panama. After waiting three days for Mr. Duckworth to furnish transportation, I found that at the terms he had agreed upon he was entirely unable to comply with his engagement."

This threw upon the young quartermaster the entire responsibility of moving the people in his charge and the regimental baggage safely on to Panama, and tested his energy and his practical experience as severely as any campaign in which he had ever been engaged. To make the situation worse, cholera had broken out in Cruces. At last he got his heterogeneous cavalcade in motion, the ladies riding astride mules, the men on foot laden with bundles, and in the midst some sisters of charity borne in hammocks by the natives. Drum-Major Elderkin, already referred to, had his bride with him, and Quartermaster Grant did all in his power to protect her from discomfort and danger. He gave the drum-major a twenty-dollar gold piece, and said: "Get a mule, if you can, to carry your wife over; but if you can't, use the money as you wish. You had better start at once. Your wife can't go safely in skirts, however; she had better dress in man's clothing."

The major, in recalling this incident recently, said: "So I dressed my wife in a pair of my white trousers and a white shirt. I had everything but a coat. I told Grant how I stood, and he said, 'I've got one that will just fit her,' and he went to his trunk and took out a jacket, which she put on. It fit very well. Then she buckled on my sword-belt. We all laughed, for she looked like a handsome boy. Then Grant said, 'Now don't drink any water while you are on the way. Get some wine, and use it sparingly.'

"When we got near Panama the natives noticed my wife and said, 'This is a handsome boy.' But some of them saw her ear-rings and said, 'This is not a boy, it is a lovely señorita.' When we got near the city the consul came out on a horse and met us, and said: 'The cholera is in Panama. When you get in, go immediately out to the ship "The Golden Gate"; don't stay in the town.' Grant stayed behind to attend to the stores. He took care of the health of the soldiers and everybody else. He had to look after the stores and pay all the bills. His position was very hard, and at one time everything seemed to depend upon him."

Cholera broke out in the ship which they took at Panama. More than one hundred and fifty men died of it, thirty-seven in

one day, among the rest Major J. H. Gore, with whom Grant had been most intimately associated in Mexico and Detroit. The passengers were panic-stricken, and the men, appalled at their new foe, muttered with fear and wrath. In the midst of all the confusion and dread, which amounted to frenzy, Quartermaster Grant remained cool, resolute, watchful, and sympathetic. Nothing could flurry him or anger him or make him afraid.

"Captain Grant had a tremendous responsibility on his hands," says Mrs. Elderkin, who as the bride wife of the drum-major was the object at this time of Grant's special care. "He had hospital facilities, medicinal supplies, and the disposal of the dead to look after; but he did the work with as much system as though he had been quartered at Detroit. There we were, with from fifty to sixty dangerously sick people on our hands all the time, with twelve or fifteen of them dying daily, and with only a ship's deck to take care of them on. Grant seemed to be a man of iron, so far as endurance went, seldom sleeping, and then only two or three hours at a time, while at the same time his medicinal supplies were always ample and at hand. He seemed to take a personal interest in each case, and when one considers the matter, the hospital accommodations he provided were simply wonderful. He was like a ministering angel to us all."

The captain of "The Golden Gate" was a man of decision and character also, and an officer of wide experience in the treatment of Asiatic cholera. He refused to sail until all the passengers had been landed and all clothing fumigated and the ship thoroughly overhauled. These vigorous measures put an end to the plague, and "The Golden Gate" passed on her way to San Francisco without further mishap.

"We established a camp at Benicia," Major Elderkin relates, "which was a short distance out of San Francisco, where we stayed several weeks till we got a steamer to take us to Oregon."

#### GRANT'S BARRACKS LIFE ON THE PACIFIC.

Columbia Barracks, as it was then called, was a post on the Columbia River not far from the site of the present city of Portland, which was at that time a small settlement of woodsmen. The buildings of the post were erected by Grant's friend and room-mate, Rufus Ingalls. It consisted of a number of rudely and hastily con-





WEST FRONT OF FORTIFICATION AND BARRACKS, FORT WAYNE, DETROIT.

From a photograph loaned by Captain E. D. Smith of the Fifteenth Infantry. The building shown was erected in 1848, the year Grant first went to Detroit, and is the only one now standing at Fort Wayne that could have been in existence when Grant was stationed there.

structed log-houses. "Like all frontier posts of the period, it is best described by the word improvised," writes Colonel Thomas Anderson.\* "Nearly everything was improvised. The houses, furniture, and fixtures were all made out of green wood with that *vade mecum* of the pioneer, the axe. Two companies of artillery had cleared a few acres of ground and put up a few buildings in the spring of 1849. In the fall of that year the Mounted Rifles came across the plains, and stopping at Vancouver began to carry on the work begun by the artillery. But early in the spring of 1850 about half of the regiment deserted to go to the California gold 'diggins.' Those that remained became so unruly that it was decided to send them to another department.

"It was under these discouraging conditions that Grant began to perform the duties of quartermaster here. The surrounding country was a wilderness, peopled,

where it was settled at all, by savage Indians or whites of the rough-and-ready frontier type. The few manufactured articles in use were brought around the Horn in sailing vessels or across the plains and mountains in wagons. The records of the post show that Grant performed all his duties as quartermaster faithfully and well; that he built houses, repaired wagons, and fitted out expeditions. Under this last head I find that in July, 1853, he supplied Captain George B. McClellan with transportation and all things needful for the first survey of the Northern Pacific railway.

"Grant served just one year at Fort Vancouver. During this time he lived and messed with his lifelong friend and West Point classmate, Rufus Ingalls, who was stationed there as depot quartermaster. He has given me many interesting incidents in his friend's early career. It seems that they kept a pair of horses on the south bank of the Columbia, opposite the post, and when they wished a little social diversion would cross the river and ride on horseback to Oregon City, twenty miles up the Willamette. Portland was then too unimportant to attract their attention."

\* From an account written specially for McClure's Magazine. Colonel Thomas Anderson is the present commandant of the fort. In a subsequent letter he adds: "General Ingalls, Grant's most devoted friend, passed the later years of his life here, and I saw him nearly every day. He always claimed that Grant while here was always dignified and a gentleman; but he had few intimates. He was very quiet and reserved, but not unsocial."

It was a dull and dreary year to the young soldier. The routine of an army post is the same everywhere, no matter how the social conditions may differ. Oregon at that time was a wilderness, and a gloomy wilderness in winter time. West of the Cascade range the vegetation is gigantic and oppressive. For six months of the year it is a land of rain, of dank moss, of dripping trees. The mists rise from the warm sea, float inward, break against the Cascade range of mountains, and fall in unending torrents over the steaming earth. There are weeks when the sun is scarcely felt, the glorious mountains are hidden, and the world is of the color of gray—green leaves and falling rain. But when the rains cease, then the dazzling crests of great mountains loom into the sky, the sun falls warm upon the earth, and vegetation leaps to maturity.

Grant did his duties and carried himself with his usual quiet dignity, but he was unusually silent and grave. He had not the careless nature which makes light of such a situation, although he was never a man to complain. He afterward spoke in warm praise of the land and the people he met there. How deeply he felt the separation from his wife and his two little sons will never be known, but the memory of an old artillery sergeant holds one revealing incident.

Captain Grant had procured for the sergeant a position as agent of the United States Ordnance Department, and on the morning after the arrival of the mail which

brought the commission, the captain dropped into the sergeant's little cottage to witness and enjoy his delight. "When about to leave," the sergeant himself relates, "he said: 'Oh, I, too, had a letter last night,' and drawing one from his pocket he opened it out. He did not read it to us, but showed us the last page, where his wife had laid baby Fred's hand on the paper and traced with a pencil to show the size of it. He folded the letter and left without speaking a word; but his form shook and his eyes grew moist."\*

He received few letters. There was a period of several months after leaving New York during which he was cut off from all news of his wife, and this at a time when his anxiety was peculiarly intense, and yet he uttered no complaint and was always mindful of others. He secured an appointment for Eckerson and helped Elderkin and his wife to make a home in the post. Beneath his impassive exterior he was known to be sympathetic to all need and suffering in others. Nobody ever went to him for help who did not get it readily and ungrudgingly. It seemed his greatest pleasure to aid others. Louis Sohns, a member of the Fourth Infantry band, says in a recent letter: "I saw Captain Grant almost daily while he was stationed here at Vancouver. He carried himself with dignity, and was highly respected by the garrison." And Drum-Major Elderkin adds of this same time: "I used to see Captain Grant almost every day. He used to ride up to our house almost every morning and

say 'Good morning,' and ride off into the woods. He took great interest in the theatre which the officers established. His habits were very regular. He drank considerably, but not to excess. I never saw him intoxicated in my life. He was one of the kindest and best men I ever knew, but he seemed to be always sad. He never seemed jovial and hearty, like most of the officers. I thought him a very active man and a thorough soldier."

The winter dragged slowly on, and Grant began to plan diversion. He



THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT LIVED AT FORT VANCOUVER IN 1852 AND 1853.

Redrawn from a photograph loaned by Colonel Thomas M. Anderson, present commandant of Fort Vancouver.

\* Recollections of Major Theo. Eckerson, written specially for McClure's MAGAZINE.





FORT VANCOUVER.

Redrawn from a painting by Dr. Covington, now owned by Captain James A. Buchanan of the Eleventh Infantry.

felt the necessity of doing something outside his camp, not merely because he knew he would be the better for it physically and mentally, but also because he hoped to make money enough to enable him to send for his family. He looked about for something which he could engage in without interfering with his duties at the post. He naturally turned to the employment of his boyhood; he determined to farm. He purchased a team, rented a piece of land, and set to work valorously.

The account of this disastrous experiment is furnished by Lieutenant Wallen, who took a partnership in the enterprise. "When we got to Vancouver," says he, "we found that Irish potatoes were worth eight or nine dollars a bushel. So Grant and I agreed to go into a potato speculation. We rented a piece of ground from the Hudson Bay Company, and, as Grant had been a farmer, he was to plow it. I was to cut and drop the potatoes, and we were to tend them together. Our capital was joined to buy the seed, as neither of us had much money. We planted a large patch, and in the fall we reaped a large harvest; but everyone had raised potatoes, and they were worth nothing. We finally had to pay some of the farmers to haul the potatoes away out of the magazine that was borrowed from the commandant of the post and in which we stored them."

Grant himself says of the venture that the gray old *Columbia* swept over the field in June and killed part of the young plants. "However," he adds, "it saved us the trouble of digging them in the fall."

Grant also went into a partnership with Rufus Ingalls to cut and ship ice to San Francisco. This, too, ended in disaster. Adverse winds held the brig back till some ships from Sitka unloaded their cargoes on the market and ice was of no great value. He then tried buying cattle and hogs and shipping them to San Francisco. "We continued this business," said his partner, "until both of us lost all the money we had. He was the perfect soul of honor and truth, and believed everyone as artless as himself. I never knew a stronger or better man."\*

In August, 1853, Grant was promoted to a full captaincy and ordered to Fort Humboldt to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Captain Bliss, famous as General Taylor's adjutant in the Mexican War. He started for his new post in October. "The post," says Richardson, "was two hundred and forty miles north of San Francisco, and the buildings stood on a plateau affording a splendid view of Humboldt Bay. The only town in the vicinity was Eureka, which contained but a saw-mill and twenty houses. Communication with

\* Quoted in Burr's "Life of General Grant."



San Francisco was solely by water, and mails were very irregular. The officers looked out anxiously every morning for a sail, and when one appeared galloped down to Eureka for their letters or a stray newspaper. The line captain's duties were less onerous than the quartermaster's had been, and the discipline was far more rigid and irksome."

Grant had little work to occupy his time, he was far separated—hopelessly separated from his family, and had an uncongenial commander in Colonel Buchanan. He took little interest in the dancing, hunting, fishing, and other diversions of the officers; and, above all, the futility of the whole life weighed upon him. He saw nothing ahead worth doing. He seemed to be indefinitely settled at a dull post. He was not a man of small things and dull routine. He had been at Fort Humboldt scarcely six months when he took a leave of absence and soon after resigned his commission. The immediate cause of his resignation has been the subject of much gossip and speculation. Grant's own explanation, in his "Personal Memoirs," is as follows: "My family, all this while, was at the East. It consisted now of a wife and two children. I saw no chance of supporting them on the Pacific coast out of my pay as an army officer. I concluded, therefore, to resign, and in March applied for a leave of absence until the end of the July following, tendering my resignation to take effect at the end of that time. I left the Pacific coast very much attached to it, and with the full expectation of making it my future home."

This is brief, but it is reasonable and sufficient. If there were other causes than the one assigned, they cannot now be certainly ascertained. None of the officers who served at Fort Humboldt with Grant are now living, and of his life there the positive information is very slight. The resignation took effect July 31, 1854. The change came when he was least prepared for it. Unlucky speculations had left him with little ready money, and he knew not which way to turn. To read his own account of this time one would think all his acts were commonplace, the time a gray day and nothing more. As a matter of fact it had all the elements of a tragedy to the gallant young soldier and to his ambitious father. Up to this moment there had been a faint hope of being transferred back to some Eastern post, where he might gather his family about him; but

now the future was a shoreless, gray sea. The prospect plunged him into the deepest despair. What could he do? He had no money; everything seemed to go against him. The sullen old Columbia swept away his crop. Adverse winds held his ship from port. A rascally debtor had defaulted. Everything had failed. And now he was a private citizen once more, under a ban, and penniless. In such condition he walked the streets of San Francisco, not knowing which way to set his face.

Robert Allen, chief quartermaster of the coast, heard some men talking of him and was made aware of his presence in San Francisco. He set forth to find him, for he loved him, as did everyone who knew him. "He found him at last in a miner's hotel called the 'What Cheer House.' Grant was up in a little garret room which contained only a small cot, a pine table, and one chair.

"'Why, Grant, what are you doing here?' asked Allen.

"'Nothing,' he replied. 'I've resigned from the army. I'm out of money, and I have no means of getting home.'

"'Well,' said Allen, 'I can arrange for your transportation without trouble, and I guess we can raise some money for you.'

"'He took hold of the matter vigorously, and through him Grant procured transportation to New York and money enough to meet his daily needs.'

He reached New York still forlorn and practically penniless. He had enough to carry him to Sackett's Harbor, where one of his recreant debtors lived, from whom he expected to extract some money. He failed to do so, and returned to New York in worse condition than ever. There he applied to Simon B. Buckner, who was stationed as a recruiting officer in Brooklyn, and received fifty dollars, which enabled him to reach Covington, Kentucky, where his father now lived.

It was a sad blow to the proud old father. He turned away from his eldest son to his younger sons, Simpson and Orvil. They were to uphold the honor of the family. The mother, on the contrary, was glad that he was out of the service. She seemed to understand the dangers and temptations of a soldier's life in barracks, and was relieved to know he was returning to civil life and a home. Her serene, steadfast, and gentle spirit helped him to get his bearings once more.





"WHITEHAVEN," THE DENT HOMESTEAD NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

Redrawn from an old drawing owned by Mrs. U. S. Grant.

## GRANT'S LIFE IN MISSOURI.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

GRANT AS A PIONEER FARMER IN MISSOURI AND REAL ESTATE BROKER IN ST. LOUIS.—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF HIM BY THE WIFE OF HIS OLD PARTNER IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS.—REMOVAL TO GALENA.

WHEN Ulysses Grant, having resigned from the army and left his post on the Pacific slope, returned to St. Louis in the autumn of 1854, he found the city and country much the same as when he had last seen them. Colonel Dent, his father-in-law, still lived at "Whitehaven," and through the autumn and the following winter Grant had his residence there too, taking a hand in everything which needed to be done about the place. Probably it was during this winter that Colonel Dent set aside some sixty or eighty acres of land for Mrs. Grant and the captain; and together they began to plan the campaign of 1855.

Grant began at the bottom, as a laborer, for he had nothing to start with—no money, no tools, no horses. He and young Jefferson Sappington bound wheat side by side, in the good old fashion, behind stalwart, shining negro cradlers. The people were more markedly Southern in character than those of Grant's native county, and many were slaveholders. Their houses were modifications of the backwoodsman's cabin, like those in the Ohio valley, with the wide galleries of the South added. Some of them are standing to-day, picturesque and hospitable in appearance, consistent and dignified as types of native architecture. Around many of









MRS. U. S. GRANT AND HER TWO ELDEST CHILDREN, FREDERICK D. AND ULYSSES S. JR., ABOUT 1854.

From a daguerreotype taken at St. Louis, now owned by Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr., and reproduced here with his permission.

them stood little shanties of hewn logs in which the slaves lived in careless squalor. The abolition movement was at its height at this time, and had affected some of the advanced thinkers to the point of liberating their black men; but Colonel Dent and most of his immediate neighbors remained slaveholders to the last.

#### GRANT CLEARS A FARM AND BUILDS A CABIN FOR HIS FAMILY.

Grant lived one year under his father-in-law's roof, and then, in the early fall of 1855, he set forth to build a home of his own upon the land which Colonel Dent had set aside for his use, and to that end he felled trees and hewed logs. At last the logs were ready to put into place, and invitations were sent out for "the raising."

The calls were cheerily answered, for Captain Grant had already made a favorable impression upon the neighbors by his hard work and by his unassuming manners. The helpers swarmed in like bees. The Sappingtons, the Longs, and the Wrights sent in hands, both white and black. Fenton Long took a corner position, Captain Grant another, and at a third intersection was stationed one of Colonel Dent's negroes, a powerful axman, for the notching and fitting where the logs intersected required men who were quick on their feet and strong and true with the ax. "I remember it all very well," says Henry Clay Wright.\* "The building was a big, two-room cabin of hewn logs, with a hall in

\* Captain Henry Clay Wright, provost marshal during the war. Grant afterwards made him Appraiser of the Port at St. Louis.





"HARDSCRABBLE," THE FARM-HOUSE BUILT BY CAPTAIN U. S. GRANT IN 1855, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

the middle. It had also an upper story with two large rooms. It was a very comfortable place to live in." It is still standing, but has been removed to a nearby village as a relic.

Grant having in mind the conditions under which the house was built, and foreseeing the conditions under which he must continue to live, immediately called his residence "Hardscrabble." It was, as a matter of fact, more ambitious than the first homes of many young married people of the neighborhood, and though the furniture was scanty and plain, a rude sort of comfort was possible within its walls. Grant is said to have put in the windows and doors himself. Frederick Dent, Grant's West Point comrade and brother-in-law, helped him to other necessities in the way of tools and furniture.

Charles Ford, the manager of the United States Express at St. Louis, was an old-time acquaintance of Grant's from Sackett's Harbor, and through his aid, according to Walter Camp and Captain Wright, Captain Grant acquired on easy terms a very fine span of express horses which became at once the wonder of the neighborhood. The acquirement of a span of horses set him up in business, and he at once began hauling wood to St. Louis and

props to the coal mines near by, and was able also to do teaming for his father-in-law. The tradition is that he was the first man to carry into St. Louis a full cord of wood at one load with two horses. His horses not merely helped him to earn money, they were a pleasure to him. He never forgot Ford's kindness.

#### GRANT'S RELATIONS WITH HIS NEIGHBORS, AND THEIR RECOLLECTIONS OF HIM.

Henry Wright at this time owned a grist mill not far from the Dent farm, and recalls a few scenes connected with Grant's life in Gravois. "Captain Grant used to come almost every week to my mill," says Mr. Wright, "to get corn and wheat ground. The first time I ever saw him was at a sale. He was a small, thin man then, with a close-cropped, brown beard. He had no overcoat, I remember, and he wore tall boots, quite unlike any others in the neighborhood. He was living with Colonel Dent at that time, and his cabin had not been built. I think he was at the sale to buy some hogs."

A second winter was spent in teaming to St. Louis, the barracks, and the mines, and in the spring Grant began to clear the land for a crop. There was little money to be

had by the wealthiest farmers, and none at all by Captain Grant, except by means of prop-hauling and wood-selling. "We all spent a good deal of time clearing land," says Jefferson Sappington, an old neighbor. "We burned a great deal of timber, but Grant burned none. He made everything count. There was a lot of young timber on his land, and that he made into props. He worked very hard, and raised wheat, corn, and garden stuff. There wasn't a lazy bone in his body. His tools were always in order. He was always a gentleman, and a kind, indulgent father. He loved horses and cattle, and every animal about his farm was a pet. He hadn't an enemy that I ever knew of, and I never knew him to have any trouble."

"We all liked him," says Captain Wright. "We knew him to be a man of education and a veteran of the Mexican War, and nobody ever presumed to be familiar with him. He had a quiet way of keeping people at arm's length." He took part in many of the neighborhood entertainments, at least to the point of accompanying Mrs. Grant to the quiltings or socials and looking on. He sometimes took a hand at cards with mild interest. "I remember his coming to my house once," continues Captain Wright, "and bringing Mrs. Grant to a quilting. They came on horseback, each with a child on behind. I used to see them often at dances, but of course Grant took no part in that." Oswald Sturdy recollects seeing him at the shooting matches in the early fall when they met to compete for the quarters of a bullock. "He was a fairly good shot at a mark, and sometimes carried off a quarter of beef," says Mr. Sturdy.

It was a laborious life, but had, after all, its peculiar pleasures. Once, long after, in walking over the old farm, Grant pointed out some stumps, and said: "I moistened the ground around those stumps with many a drop of sweat." He paused a little, and then added, "But they were happy days."

When they had lived perhaps a year in the new cabin, Mrs. Grant's brother Lewis moved away to the farther West, and the Grants took his house, a Gothic cottage, named "Wish-ton-Wish," which stood on the edge of a beautiful forest, across the creek from Whitehaven, about a mile distant, and overlooking the Gravois road, which was the main thoroughfare to St. Louis. In 1856 Mrs. Dent died, and Colonel Dent returned to St. Louis to live,

and Captain Grant took charge of Whitehaven and assumed control of the slaves, tools, and teams, such as they were.

As to what Grant thought of slavery at that time there is no available record, except that his neighbors all considered him a Northern man and not a slavery man. Doubtless he felt slavery to be wrong, but acquiesced in it to the extent of making use of the negroes left in his charge. His teaming to St. Louis and the barracks, where he sold firewood, still continued, and "he unloaded many a cord of wood in the back yards of St. Louis aristocrats of that time."\*

Fellow-officers remember meeting him on the street during this period, "a man with an all-pervading air of hard luck and vain regrets," dressed in farmer fashion, with his trousers tucked into his old military boots. General Longstreet recalls a day in St. Louis when Grant was invited to be a party once more to an old-time game of "brag" with Longstreet and two other army comrades. "He seemed quite the same as when I saw him last, just after the Mexican War," says Longstreet; "a little older, and a little graver perhaps. He was dressed plainly but neatly. He talked very little about himself, merely answered questions, but seemed to enjoy the references to old times in the Mexican War."

#### GRANT'S POLITICAL OPINIONS AT THIS TIME.

A Northern man, married into a slave-owning family, and surrounded by slave-owning neighbors upon whom he was in a sense dependent, it would be interesting to know what were Grant's political sentiments and opinions at this time. But he rarely talked politics outside of his most intimate circle of friends. This much is certain, he voted for Buchanan in 1858; and George W. Fishback, the editor of the old "Missouri Democrat," intimates that Grant expressed to him a foreboding of trouble, and that he voted for Buchanan in the hope that Buchanan's election "would put the struggle four years farther off."

Captain H. C. Wright, who was running for the legislature on the Whig ticket that year, and met Grant at the polling place, says: "He came up to me and said, 'Mr. Wright, I have voted for you to-day, not on the ground of politics, for I am a

\* He said, at a later date: "I barked a tree in driving into Congressman Blow's yard, and Mrs. Blow came out and gave me a valuable rating."



Democrat, but because I think you are the best man for the place.' He never talked politics with me afterward. We were all slaveholding farmers in that day, and Grant's wife had a couple of slaves, and yet we felt that he was not exactly one of us.\*

Grant toiled hard, but gained little. This can hardly be counted against him, for the West was passing through a money panic, and the impending struggle between North and South was affecting everything bought and sold. The whole nation was in an uneasy condition. In spite of all drawbacks, however, up to a time when he fell ill of fever and ague, Grant steadily though slowly pulled ahead, so that when, in 1858, he determined to leave the farm, he had some little property to sell at public sale.

In the midst of his own trouble and poverty he still never forgot others. "I was appointed one of three road commissioners to lay off a road," Captain Wright relates, "and we met over near Grant's farm, at a blacksmith shop kept by a man named Wise. When I got there Wise was telling Fent Long about the burning down of a widow's house the night before. He said he was going to get up a subscription for her. Some of us offered to contribute what we could spare, and while we were talking about it, Grant came up and wanted to know what it was all about. Wise told him. 'Well,' said Grant, 'it certainly is a sad story; here are five dollars for her.' We all knew it was the pay for a load of props, and probably it was all the money he had; but that's the kind of a man he was."

#### REMOVAL TO ST. LOUIS.—MRS. BOGGS'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Of the next phase of Grant's life, we derive an intimate and very interesting view from the reminiscences of Mrs. Louisa Boggs, now living, a widow, in St. Louis. With her husband, Harry Boggs, Grant formed a partnership in the real estate business on giving up his farm and removing into the town of St. Louis.

"The proposition [for the partnership] came through the Dents, who were related

to Mr. Boggs," says Mrs. Boggs.\* "Mrs. Grant was always ambitious for her husband, and it seemed a rise in affairs to come into town. Captain Grant had not done very well on the farm, partly because he was no hand to manage negroes. He couldn't drive them to work, and so took the brunt of it himself. I know he worked hard and faithfully; but he gave it up at last, and tried to get something to do in town. He walked the streets for some time, trying to get work, and at last Colonel Dent asked Mr. Boggs if he could not employ him. It never was in Ulysses Grant to push himself forward. Mr. Boggs was doing a good business then, and really needed somebody; so Captain Grant came into the firm, practically as a clerk, for he had no money to invest. He was to pay a bonus for the privilege, and afterwards did pay it, I believe. He did clerical work, and wrote a good clear hand, but wasn't of much use. He hadn't the push of a business man.

"He couldn't bring his family into town that winter, so he lived with us. We gave him an unfurnished, back room, and told him to fit it up as he pleased. It contained very little during the winter he lived there. He had a bed, and a bowl and a pitcher on a chair; and, as he had no stove, he used to sit at our fire almost every evening. On Saturdays he went home. He lived in this way all winter, for it was spring before he got his Lynch Street house and moved his little family into it. I can see him now as he used to sit so humbly at our fireside. He had no exalted opinion of himself at any time, but in those days he seemed almost in despair. He was not fitted for civilian life. We thought him a man of ability, but in the wrong place. His mind was not of business matters. His intentions were good, but he hadn't the faculty to solicit, or to keep small affairs in order.

"I don't recall that he was ill when he lived with us, but he seemed to me much depressed. He would smile at times, but I never heard him laugh aloud. He was a sad man. He was always a gentleman, and everybody loved him, for he was so gentle and considerate; but we didn't see what he could do in the world. He had resigned from the army, and had failed at farming, and so, after trying him in busi-

\* A curious incident of this time was the appointment of U. S. Grant as an appraiser of the negroes of the estate of Richard Wells. The report to the Honorable Probate Court is signed by U. S. Grant, Thaddeus Lovejoy, and James L. Kennerly. "It was simply a neighborly act," says Captain Wright, "such as any man would do for a friend."

\* In an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine, Mrs. Boggs was for many years a teacher in the public schools of St. Louis. The author of the present paper, in his conversations with her, found her a thoughtful and cultivated woman, with a very clear memory of those antebellum days to which her reminiscences relate.



ness, what could we think but that he was a man without a vocation? He did not blame us for thinking poorly of his powers; he thought poorly of himself. I don't think he saw any light ahead at that time, not a particle. I don't believe he had any ambition other than to educate his children and take care of his family.

"His mind was always somewhere else. He said very little unless some war topic came up. If you mentioned Napoleon's battles or the Mexican War or the question of secession, he was fluent enough. He used to talk politics with us very well, but at that time it was not generally known where he stood, though we never doubted his position. He was Northern, while Mr. Boggs and I were both Southern in sentiment.

"He was always a very domestic man, and extremely homelike in his ways. His wife had very great influence over him, and he had the highest regard for her. Mrs. Dent was always friendly. She believed in him. She was a very imaginative woman, and used to have wonderful dreams. She had a dream once of Ulysses wherein she saw everybody bowing down to him, and she persisted in thinking her dream a prophecy of future greatness for Ulysses, though the rest of us gave it little thought.

"The partnership with Mr. Boggs continued nearly a year, but at last hard times came on, and all business grew 'panicky,' and there was not enough in the venture for two families to live on. So Grant drew out, and tried, without success, to get into something else."

J. G. McClelland, of the firm of McClelland, Hilyer, and Moody, St. Louis, supplies some additional information with regard to the partnership of Boggs and Grant. "Our firm," says he, "had the parlors of an old French mansion on Pine Street between Second and Third. Moody had the back room, and Hilyer and I the front. We allowed Harry Boggs to have a desk there, and Grant and Boggs had some kind of a partnership in the real estate business. Grant didn't seem to be just calculated for business, but a more honest, more generous man never lived. I don't believe he knew what dishonor was."

#### AN APPLICANT FOR THE OFFICE OF COUNTY ENGINEER.

The firm announced itself by a card as prepared to buy and sell real estate, collect loans and rents, and also to buy and

sell negotiable paper. This business demands a persuasive and tireless talker, and again Ulysses Grant found himself at a disadvantage. "He had no power to banter or beguile or persuade," says his old friend George W. Fishback. In August, 1859, the discouraged but still struggling man tried for a new position. The office of county engineer was about to be vacant, and immediately upon hearing of this, Grant wrote the following letter to the Board of County Commissioners, which had the power of appointing to this office:

ST. LOUIS, *August 15, 1859.*

HON. COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,  
ST. LOUIS CO., MO.

*Gentlemen:* I beg leave to submit myself as an applicant for County Engineer should the office be rendered vacant, and at the same time to submit the names of a few citizens who have been kind enough to recommend me for the office. I have made no effort to get a large number of names, nor the names of persons with whom I am not personally acquainted.

I enclose herewith, also, a statement from Professor Reynolds, who was a classmate of mine at West Point, as to qualifications.

Should your honorable body see proper to give me the appointment, I pledge myself to give the office my entire attention, and shall hope to give general satisfaction.

Very respectfully,

Your Ob't Sv't,

U. S. GRANT.

Appended to the application was the following endorsement from J. J. Reynolds, then Professor of Mechanics and Engineering in Washington University, St. Louis, and afterwards a Union general in the Civil War:

"Captain U. S. Grant was a member of the class at the Military Academy at West Point which graduated in 1843. He always maintained a high standing, and graduated with great credit, especially in mathematics and engineering. From my personal knowledge of his capacity and acquirement, as well as of his strict integrity and unremitting industry, I consider him in an eminent degree qualified for the office of County Engineer."

To this a hearty endorsement was added by D. M. Frost, afterwards the well-known Confederate general, who begins his endorsement by saying: "I was for three years in the corps of cadets at West Point with Captain Grant, and afterwards served with him for some eight or nine years in the army."

In addition to these testimonials, the names of nearly forty very well-known citizens were appended to the letter; so that Grant must have been at this time a man of fair standing and influence in the

city. He did not get the appointment, for two reasons: the rival applicant was well known in his capacity as an engineer; and Grant was a Democrat, while three of the five commissioners were Republicans.

A little later Grant secured a position in the custom house, but within a month the collector died, and Grant was again out of a place. It seemed as if there was nothing in the world for him to do. He again walked the streets in search of employment, but nothing offered. He had now been a year or more in St. Louis without earning anything considerable, and his small store of savings was gone. He had been forced to leave the house in Lynch Street where he had first established his family on bringing them into town, and take a humbler one in Barton Street, though the first seemed humble enough. He was obliged also to borrow money, and by the following spring his affairs were in a deplorable state.

The most vivid account of Grant's condition in these trying, hopeless days is given by Mr. George W. Fishback, a well-known citizen of St. Louis, and at that time editor of the "Missouri Democrat." Mr. Fishback had known Grant and his family previously in Ohio. He himself removed to St. Louis the same year in which Grant resigned from the army and rejoined his family at the Dent farm. "All of Captain Grant's associations and (apparent) sympathies at that time," says Mr. Fishback,\* "were pro-slavery in character. He said he was a Democrat, and had voted for Buchanan for President, but his father-in-law was a slave-owner, and his wife and her whole family were intensely Southern. It is quite probable that in the midst of all his discouragements he came to a clear comprehension of the condition of things in all the border States, and held the fiery and sectional sentiments of the Southern people at their proper valuation. He no doubt foresaw the threatened civil war, and felt that as an old defender of the flag he had better take his chances among his own people of the Northern States. In the winter of 1859 and 1860 he resumed his calls at the office of the 'Democrat' and spoke freely of the folly and dangers of secession, but at the same time declared his opposition to the principles and tendencies of the Republican party.

"After his decision to remove to Galena I met him on Main Street one day, in the spring of 1860. He greeted me kindly, but seemed to be in a very distressed and disconsolate frame of mind. I had never before seen him so depressed. He was shabbily dressed, his beard was unshorn, his face anxious, the whole exterior of the man denoting a profound discouragement at the result of his experiment to maintain himself in St. Louis. He said: 'I know something of the leather business, and I think I can do better up in Galena with my brothers.' He then asked me if I would buy or hire one of his house servants. She was an excellent woman, he said, and had been in the family some time, but as she was a slave he could not take her North. 'I must leave,' he said; 'I can't make a go of it here.' I declined to buy the slave woman, and I did not see him again until he entered the State as colonel of an Illinois regiment."

It will thus be seen that life in St. Louis had become very difficult for Captain Grant. He had made a brave fight, but it was against too great odds. As the heat of political discussion waxed, it became more difficult to maintain friendly relations with his neighbors, for he was at heart a lover of liberty. He was in a false position, an intolerable position. He had in his household at this time two servants given to his wife by Colonel Dent, and what to do with them became a problem. He at last turned them over to John F. Long in security for a small indebtedness, and the slaves finally fell back into the possession of Colonel Dent. It was a time of being despised of men and of lesser men. His father-in-law was a grievance with his invectives against the "Yankees." Even his friends Mr. and Mrs. Boggs shared in the growing bitterness of sectional hate, and his surroundings grew each day more intolerable. Undoubtedly, regard for the wishes of his wife had led him to remain near her parents longer than he otherwise might have done. Now he told her that he must leave St. Louis, and, with a brave resolution to share his fortunes to the end, Mrs. Grant consented.

Perhaps it was the quiet mother who softened the disappointed father's heart; at any rate, Jesse Grant "took hold of Ulysses's affairs" once more, and offered him a place in his leather store at Galena, Illinois, the Western branch of his business, which was then in charge of his two sons, Orville and Simpson.

\* From a paper written by Mr. Fishback expressly for the use of *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*. Mr. Fishback's testimony is of the highest value.







DESIGNED BY C. WILKES

ENGRAVED BY J. C. MCRAE

*Departure for the War*

# GRANT AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.

By HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

GRANT AS A MERCHANT AT GALENA.—PRESIDES AT A WAR MEETING AND HELPS TO RECRUIT, UNIFORM, AND DRILL A COMPANY.—HIS DISHEARTENING WAIT FOR A COMMAND.—APPOINTED A COLONEL.—QUICK PROOF OF HIS SKILL AS A COMMANDER.

THERE are men yet living who stood one April day in 1860 watching the steamer "Itasca" while she nosed her way up the tortuous current of the Galena River. As she swung up to the wharf at the town of Galena attention was attracted to a passenger on deck wearing a blue cape overcoat. When the boat was made fast, he rose and gathered a number of chairs together, evidently part of his household furniture.

"Who is that?" asked one man of a friend.

"That's Captain Grant, Jesse Grant's oldest son. He was in the Mexican War. He's moving here," was the reply.

No one thereafter gave particular attention to the stranger except some boys who were attracted by his soldier overcoat, the like of which they had never before seen. Captain Grant took a couple of chairs in each hand and came ashore. His wife, a small, alert woman, followed with four children, three boys and a girl, all plainly but carefully dressed; the hand of the mother showing in all things.

Jesse Grant, the father of Ulysses, had prospered. He had removed his household and tannery from Bethel, Ohio, to Covington, Kentucky, and had established in Galena, Illinois, as a branch of his business, a wholesale leather store, at that time one of the largest in the Northwest. Of this store his second son Simpson was the nominal manager, with the youngest

son Orvil and M. T. Burke, Orvil Grant's brother-in-law, as clerks. Ulysses, the eldest son, had now removed to Galena from St. Louis to be associated with his brothers in conducting the store. The terms and conditions of the association we learn from Mr. Burke. "Nominally," says he, "we all were to get \$600 per year, but, as a matter of fact, we were all working for a common fund, and we had what we needed. We were not really upon

salaries in the ordinary sense at all. Captain Grant came into the firm on the same terms. There was no 'bossing' by Simpson or Orvil. I had as much to do with the management as anybody and no more. There was no feeling against Ulysses coming in, and no looking down on him as a failure. We all looked up to him as an older man and a soldier. He knew much more than we in matters of the world, and we recognized it."

Captain Grant established his family in a small brick house which stood high on the bluff to the north of the main street, and required, in order to reach it, a climb up several hundred wooden steps. The rent was one hundred dollars a year. His brother Simpson lived with him there.

Grant at once turned his hand to everything needful to be done. He was nominally bill-clerk and collection agent, but in fact he sold stock, bought hides, and made out bills for goods all in the same day. In



E. B. WASHBURNE ABOUT 1861.

From a photograph by M. B. Brady & Co., Washington, District of Columbia. Mr. Washburne was a member of Congress from the Galena (Illinois) district at the outbreak of the war.



1860 exchange was high, and to save eight or ten per cent., the firm bought dressed pork on the streets and shipped it to Cincinnati to be turned into money there. Captain Grant climbed upon farmers' sleighs as they came laden into town, and bid upon the stiff and stark yellow carcasses. Richard Barrett, one of his competitors in this traffic, recalls him as "a mighty shrewd buyer." One day the clerk of the court sent word that a desk needed covering, and Captain Grant took a breadth of leather to the court-house and, with the help of the clerk, a young man named Rowley, cut and tacked it on. This began a friendship which lasted long. Rowley was a man of brains and pluck, and this Captain Grant quickly apprehended.

On all days when an overcoat was necessary, this stranger wore his blue coat; and Lewis Rowley, Clerk Rowley's little son, was much impressed by it. "He always seemed to me," says Mr. Rowley, "about eight feet tall. I was in much awe of him because he was a soldier and because he wore the blue coat. His son Fred was about my age, and I was in and out of the house almost every day. I used to see Captain Grant come home climbing up the hill, and then in the evenings he used to sit and read to Mrs. Grant, or read by himself and smoke a clay pipe. He was seldom away."

At the foot of the bluff stood a little Methodist church, where Captain Grant and his wife and children were to be seen almost as regularly as the deacons themselves. During the eleven months of his stay in Galena he lived so quietly, so inconspicuously, that no one outside his customers and his neighbors on the hill met him. He had few acquaintances, and no intimates. The quiet routine of his life was broken but once, when he made a business trip of a week or ten days up among the small towns of Wisconsin and over into Iowa.

In December, 1860, Grant wrote to a friend: "In my new employment I have become pretty conversant and am much pleased with it. I hope to be a partner pretty soon." But already the political situation had grown grave, and was interesting Grant. In the course of this same letter he said: "How do you feel on the subject of secession in St. Louis? . . . It is hard to realize that a State or States should commit so suicidal an act as to secede from the Union, though, from all reports, I have no doubt but five of them

will do it. And then, with the present granny of an executive, some foolish policy will doubtless be pursued which will give the seceding States the support and sympathy of the Southern States that don't go out." A month or two later his friend Rowley said to him: "There's a great deal of bluster about these Southerners; but I don't think there's much fight in them."

"Rowley, you are mistaken," Grant replied, impressively. "There is a good deal of bluster—that's the result of their education—but if they ever get at it, they will make a strong fight. You are a good deal like them in one respect. Each side underestimates the other and overestimates itself."\*

#### GRANT'S FIRST SERVICE IN THE WAR.

Five days after the attack on Fort Sumter there was gathered into the court-house in Galena an excited throng of people.† Robert Brand, the mayor of the town, was chosen to preside, and in accepting the office said: "Fellow-citizens, I acknowledge the honor you confer upon me, but it will be well to state briefly and frankly the ground on which I stand in this present crisis. I am in favor of any honorable compromise." The word "compromise" was anything but agreeable to his auditors. Realizing as soon as he had pronounced it, that it was so, the Mayor went on haltingly, "I am in favor of sustaining the President,"—the heavy feet began to rumble on the floor,—“so long as his efforts are for the peace and harmony of the whole country.” The audience grew tumultuous. "I am in favor," continued the Mayor, "of a convention of the people, that an adjustment may be made sustaining alike the honor, interest, and safety of both sections of our country." Again a grumble of voices warned him that he was on the wrong track, and he added: "I am in favor of sustaining our flag, our Constitution, and our laws—right or wrong." Nobody felt quite sure what these words meant, but it grew clearer as the speaker ended, saying, "Yet I am opposed to warring on any portion of our beloved country if a compromise can be effected."

Men quivering with excitement leaped to their feet, but in a moment all gave way to a thin-lipped, transplanted New Englander, Elihu B. Washburne, then representing the Galena district in Congress.

\* Richardson's "Life of Grant."

† This account is based on accounts which appeared in the daily papers of the city at the time.



His big, rugged, smooth-shaven face was tense with emotion, as he said: "I do not approve of the spirit of the remarks of our chairman, and I never will submit to the idea that in this crisis, when war is upon us and when our flag is assailed by traitors and by conspirators, the government should be thus dealt with. We should have a chairman who more fully represents the patriotic feeling of this meeting. I, therefore, nominate George W. Campbell to preside over this meeting."

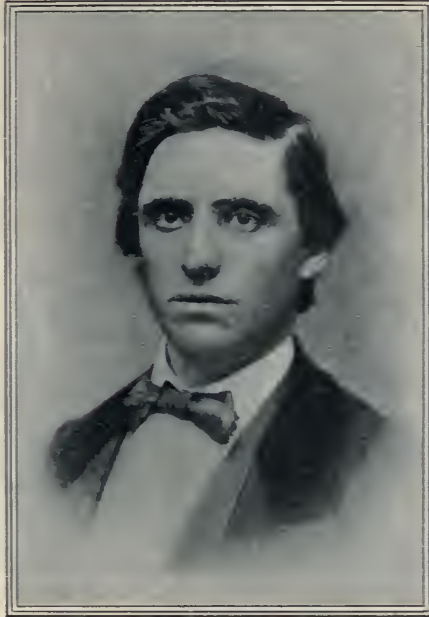
Amid great excitement Mr. Washburne's motion was put and defeated. He then said: "I withdraw the motion. I did not come here with the intention or desire to introduce any political questions whatsoever. I think, however, the chairman has gone out of his way to drag in such matters. In this crisis any man who would introduce party politics—be he Republican, Democrat, or American—such a man is a traitor." The applause at this frank declaration was such as to show the chairman that he must look elsewhere for sympathy. "But to test the sense of the meeting," added Mr. Washburne, "I will offer some resolutions." He then read a series of resolutions declaring the will of the citizens to "support the Government of the United States in the performance of all its constitutional duties in the great crisis," recommending the immediate formation of two military companies in the city of Galena, and urging the legislature to make provision for meeting the President's calls for troops. This he followed with a speech reviewing the situation of the country and urging all good citizens to rally to the support of the government.

Captain Howard, a Mexican War veteran, followed with a short speech, and then arose a young Democratic lawyer of the town, a swarthy fellow of rough-hewn, passionate face, with big eyes and wide

lips—the face of an orator, and the form of a laborer. Many knew him, for he had been a farmer and a charcoal-burner in the country near; had educated himself, been admitted to the bar, and had achieved the distinction of being a candidate for elector on the Democratic list. Every head now leaned to listen; and for nearly an hour, with voice like a lion, and with big work-widened hands reaching and threatening, John A. Rawlins pleaded and execrated and argued, amid wild shouts of applause and a rumble of boot-heels which seemed at times to predict the sullen rhythmic sound of marching feet. "The time of compromise is past," he said in closing, as the hall rang with cheers; "and we must appeal to the God of battles." When he sat down it seemed as if every man present was ready to enlist.

As the audience dispersed Grant's friend Rowley said to him, "It was a fine meeting after all."

"Yes, we're about ready to *do* something now," was the quiet answer. And this was the general feeling. The next day, therefore, notice was given that a meeting to raise a company of volunteers would be held, and a few nights later the court-room held another dense crowd. It was moved to choose "Captain U. S. Grant for chairman." Grant was sitting in grave silence on one of the hard benches outside the railing. Though he had been in Galena for a year, few of those present had ever before seen him with his hat off, and many of those who knew him by sight knew him simply because he wore the only soldier overcoat in the town. As he now left his seat, and with much embarrassment went through the crowd toward the desk, he was perceived to be a shortish man, slightly stooping in the neck, carrying his head a little on one side, and having the look of a serious, capable,



JOHN A. RAWLINS ABOUT 1861.

From a photograph by Henning, Galena, Illinois. General Rawlins was intimately associated with Grant from the first war meeting in Galena to the close of the war, and after. He became, under Grant, assistant adjutant-general, chief of staff, and, finally, Secretary of War.

sympathetic country doctor. Instead of mounting to the platform he stopped in front of it. "Go up, Captain!" "Platform! Platform!" shouted the audience. Grant smiled, shook his head, and stood for a moment with both hands resting on a desk. He was not without a certain impressiveness, seen thus. His head was large, and his face thoughtful and resolute. He wore a full beard, light brown in color, trimmed rather close, and the firm line of his lips could be seen. In manner he was almost timid as he turned and said, in substance: "Fellow-citizens: This meeting is called to organize a company of volunteers to serve the State of Illinois. Whom will you have for secretary?"

The bustle of electing a secretary seemed to give him time to recover himself a little, and he continued: "Before calling upon you to become volunteers, I wish to state just what will be required of you. First of all, unquestioning obedience to your superior officers. The army is not a picnicking party. Nor is it an excursion. You will have hard fare. You may be obliged to sleep on the ground after long marches in the rain and snow. Many of the orders of your superiors will seem to you unjust, and yet they must be borne. If an injustice is really done you, however, there are courts-martial where your wrongs can be investigated and offenders punished. If you put your name down here, it should be in full understanding of what the act means. In conclusion, let me say that so far as I can I will aid the company, and I intend to reenlist in the service myself."

The audience cheered at this, though a little dashed by the quiet, serious, almost fateful talk of the chairman. Somehow he took the bombast out of the evening's meeting, yet left it vital with genuine, resolute patriotism. In answer to questions concerning military organization, he

replied in a masterly manner. He seemed to know every detail.

Nearly two-score names were enrolled that night. The next day Grant wrote the following letter to his father-in-law:

MR. F. DENT.

*Dear Sir:* I have but little time to write. . . . The times are indeed starting; but now is the time, particularly in the border slave States, to show their love of country. . . . All party distinction should be lost sight of, and every true patriot be for maintaining the glorious old Stars and Stripes, the Constitution, and the Union. The North is responding to the President's call in such a manner that the Confederates may truly quake. I tell you there is no mistaking the feelings of the people. The government can call into the field 75,000 troops, and ten and twenty times 75,000, if it should be necessary, and find the means of maintaining them, too. It is all a mistake about the Northern pocket being so sensitive. In times like the present no people are more ready to give of their time or of their abundant means.

No impartial man can conceal from himself the fact that in all these troubles the Southerners have been the aggressors, and the administration has stood purely on the defensive, more on the defensive than it would have dared to have done but for its consciousness of right, and the certainty of right prevailing in the end.

The news to-day is that Virginia has gone out of the Union. But for the influence she will have on the border States, this is not much to be regretted. Her position, or rather that of eastern Virginia, has been more reprehensible from the beginning than that of South Carolina. She should be made to bear a heavy portion of the burden of the war for her guilt. *In all this I can but see the doom of slavery.\**

This letter, and one of similar tenor to his father, and another to his brother-in-law, disprove the stories concerning Grant's lack of patriotism. He was awake and eager. On Saturday of the same week he went with Mr. Rowley, John A. Rawlins, and Orvil Grant to Hanover, a neighboring village, and there he made his first set speech; "and it was a good one, too," says one who heard it, "short, and to the point."

In a few days the company of "Joe

\* Quoted by Burr in his "Life and Deeds of Grant."



MAJOR-GENERAL J. M. PALMER, NEAR THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

From a photograph loaned by J. E. Taylor, New York City.



Daviess Guards" was recruited, and Grant was offered the captaincy. He refused the office, saying, "I think I can serve the State better at Springfield." He explained to his friends: "I can't afford to reënter service as a captain of volunteers. I have served nine years in the regular army, and I am fitted to command a regiment." He added, though: "I will do anything that lies in my power to assist the company in getting into service. I will go down to Springfield, if necessary." Upon Grant's declination, A. L. Chetlain was made captain. He was a vigorous young man, and had been the first man in the company to volunteer.

Captain Grant was in hourly demand thereafter. He selected the cloth and superintended the making of the company's uniforms. He drilled the company as a whole and in squads. He instructed the officers, Captain Chetlain and Lieutenants Campbell and Dixon, and in one week from the date of the second war meeting, the company was organized, uniformed, and ready to proceed to the State capital. Its departure was made a great occasion in Galena. It was escorted to the train by the local fire company, the Masonic society, the order of Odd Fellows, the mayor, and other organizations and officials. As the procession moved through the streets, Captain Grant, with a lean carpet-bag in his hand, stood modestly in the crowd on the sidewalk and watched it pass. Then he fell in behind the column, and quietly, with head pensively drooping, followed on to the station, and also took the train to Springfield.

#### GRANT'S HARD SEARCH FOR MILITARY EMPLOYMENT.

During the month of May, 1861, Springfield, the capital of Illinois, seethed like a pot with orators and soldiers and place-seekers and glory-hunters. Lincoln's call for troops had been made; the volunteers were pouring in; the legislature was in extraordinary session, and nearly every public man in the State was at the seat of government to advise, instruct, and wheedle the governor and his staff. Nobody knew what to do or how to do it. The streets were filled with the snarl of drums and the wail of fifes; the whole State seemed marching. The governor's office was thronged twenty rows deep with people of importance or fancied importance, and the governor, Richard Yates, had no time to give to the modest and un-

impressive ex-soldier from Galena who came to tell him that the "Joe Daviess Guards" were ready to be mustered in, and also to say that he desired to aid the government in some fashion. The governor curtly said: "I'm sorry to say, captain, there is nothing for you now to do. Call again."

Captain Grant turned away much depressed. He had reached this interview only after days of waiting, and by aid of a letter from Congressman Washburne, and now he received only the polite phrase "Call again," which probably meant nothing.

Grant had left Galena with a very slender purse as well as a very lank carpet-bag, and was in poor condition for a long wait at the door of preferment. He knew no one save Captain Chetlain and a few of the privates in the "Joe Daviess Guards," and in all the martial preparation and the bustle of disordered troops he had no part. He saw the great need of him, but was powerless to put in a guiding hand. However, he concluded to stay a few days longer in Springfield; at least until the Galena company was mustered in.

In order to keep expenses as low as possible, he shared the rent of a room (three dollars and fifty cents per week) with Captain Chetlain, taking his meals at the Chenery House near by. In this way Chetlain came to see a great deal of him during these days of waiting. He slowly made some acquaintances. R. H. McClellan, a newly-elected member of the legislature from Galena, met him and became in some measure convinced of his value as a military leader. "He impressed every one he talked with," says Mr. McClellan,\* "as a man who knew military forms and regulations. I had not known him at Galena, except possibly by sight. He was a very retiring man, and had not secured the attention of any of the influential politicians of his county. He came into my room one night, saying abruptly: 'I'm going home. The politicians have got everything here, there's no chance for me. I came down because I felt it my duty. The government educated me, and I felt I ought to offer my services again. I have applied, to no result. I can't afford to stay here longer, and I'm going home.'"

Grant's own account of his discouraging experiences at Springfield differs in some points from other accounts. He says in his "Personal Memoirs": "I determined to leave on the evening train.

\* In an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine.





THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT LIVED AT GALENA.

Up to that time I do not think I had been introduced to Governor Yates. I knew him by sight, however, for he was living at the same hotel, and I often saw him at table. The evening I was to quit the capital I left the supper room before the governor, and was standing on the steps when he came out. He spoke to me, calling me by my old army title 'Captain,' and said he understood I was leaving the city. I answered that I was. He said he would be glad if I would remain over night and call at his office in the morning. I complied with his request, and was asked to go into the adjutant-general's office and render such assistance as I could."

The important thing is that at last, despite rebuffs and the jostlings of the crowd, he was in the employ of the State. For several days he made out blanks, sitting in the anteroom of the adjutant-general's office—a tedious task, but it had its uses. It enabled him to meet men and to answer questions. John M. Palmer, passing by, asked who he was, and was told he was Captain Grant, an old army officer. It became noised abroad that Grant was a West Point graduate, a veteran of the Mexican War, and, above all, it soon became known that any one could ask any military question whatsoever of him and receive a clear, concise, and unforgettable answer. His room-mate, Captain Chetlain, supplies this glimpse of him at his new employment: "One day I found Grant in the anteroom of the adjutant's office copying out the orders. He was seated at an old table with but three legs, which was shoved into

a corner in order to stand. He had his hat on, and his pipe in his mouth, and was writing busily. As I spoke he looked up, with an expression of disgust on his face, and said: 'I'm going to quit. This is no work for a man of my experience. Any boy could do this. I'm going home.'"

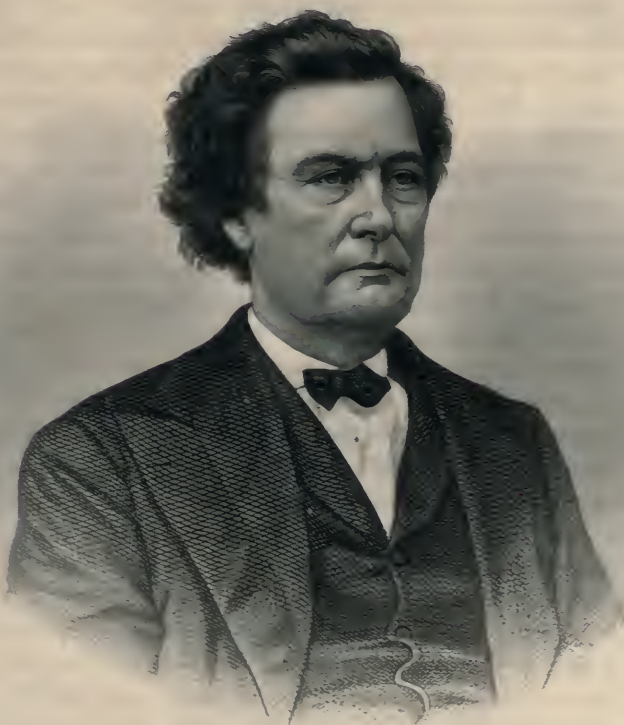
But better service came soon. Captain Pope, commandant at Camp Yates, went away for a few days, and Governor Yates sent Grant out to fill his place. A correspondent for the *Galena "Gazette,"* under date of May 10, 1861, said: "During the absence of Captain Pope, Captain Grant is in command of the camp. We are all under strict military law." Grant's skill as a disciplinarian evidently made

itself manifest at once. He was in command at Camp Yates about four days. Events moved at quickstep. A bill had passed authorizing the force of ten regiments then assembled to be held subject to the needs of the nation. The regiments had to be mustered in, and reports of Grant's efficiency encouraged Governor Yates to appoint him one of the five mustering officers. He was also made one of the governor's aides, at a salary of three dollars per day, and given the complimentary rank of colonel. In pursuance of his new duties he went, on the 14th of May, to Mattoon, to muster in a regiment recruited in the Seventh Congressional district.†

This regiment was made up of lusty young men from the farms, shops, and offices of the district, and, at the time Grant went to muster it in, the men had elected as colonel Simon S. Goode, who had led into it a company from Decatur. Grant spent two days with the regiment, and made so deep an impression upon the officers that they named their rendezvous "Camp Grant," the first camp of the name in America.

Grant's appearance and demeanor at this time are vividly recalled by Joseph W. Vance, a young man who had been two years at West Point and had entered the Seventh Regiment as a first lieutenant. "He made a strong impression on us,"

\* In an interview held expressly for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.  
† It is necessary to record at this point the loss of the faithful old blue overcoat. Grant left Springfield without it, and wrote to Chetlain from Mattoon asking him to look after it; but, alas! some one had taken it, and the faithful overcoat was seen no more.



Eng<sup>d</sup> by G.E. Perine & C<sup>o</sup>. N.York

*Rich. Yates.*

RICHARD YATES

SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS





says Vance in a recent interview. "There is no doubt of that. Part of this was due to the fact that he was the first officer to come to us clothed with authority from the State; but we also saw that he knew his business, for everything he did was done without hesitation. He was a little bit stooped at that time, and wore a cheap suit of clothes and a soft black hat. I remember very well the night he went away. I had been two years at West Point, and I felt that I might approach him along that line; so after supper I went up to the hotel. I found him sitting alone, smoking abstractedly. I introduced myself to him, and we had a long talk; at least I talked, and he listened, with a peculiar sidewise glance. It was a rainy night, and long until train time, so I felt that he was rather glad to have me keep him company. I hadn't talked long before I began to tell him about our colonel, with whom there was great dissatisfaction in the regiment.

"While I was relating our troubles with great freedom, I became aware that I was talking out of school to the mustering officer of the State; and not only that, there was something in this man's silence and in his strange glance which made the cold



*Handwritten:* 10  
*Stylized signature:* [illegible]

Col. L. Thomas,  
Adjt. Gen. U. S. A.,  
Washington D. C.

Galena, Ill.  
May 24<sup>th</sup> 1861

541

Sir,

*Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the Government expense to offer their services for the support of that Government, I have the honor, very respectfully, to tender my services, until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say that in view of my present age, and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a Regiment if the President, in his judgement, should see fit to entrust one to me.*

*Since the first call of the President I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State Militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield Ill. will reach me.*

*I am very respectfully,  
Yours Obedt. Svt.,  
U. S. Grant*

GRANT'S LETTER OFFERING HIS SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT.

In the original letter the last three lines and the signature are on a second page. The letter reads:

GALENA, ILL.,  
May 24th, 1861.

COL. L. THOMAS,  
ADJUT. GEN. U. S. A.,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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I am very Respectfully,

Your Obedt. Svt.,  
U. S. GRANT.

sweat break out all over me. I saw that I had committed a terrible breach of military discipline. However, I said nothing about it, and he made no further sign. A few days later I was made drill-master of the regiment upon his recommendation."

Grant now went to one or two other points to muster in regiments, and, on the 20th of May, or thereabouts, returned to Springfield and drew his pay, amounting to \$130. About this time Charles Lanphier, editor of the Springfield "Register," came upon him at the door of the Chenery House, and found him looking "fagged out, lonesome, poor, and dejected." "What are you doing here, Captain?" asked Lanphier. "Nothing—waiting," Grant replied.

Shortly after this he obtained a leave of absence and returned to Galena. His return is chronicled by the Galena "Daily Gazette," and he achieved the first editorial notice of his life on the following day. The editor made a call upon him, and after a long interview, returned to his office and wrote a remarkable paragraph concerning him:

We are now in want of just such soldiers as he is, and we hope the government will invite him to higher command. He is the very soul of honor, and no man breathes who has a more patriotic heart. We want among our young soldiers the influence of the rare leadership of men like Captain Grant.

Nevertheless, when, on May 24th, Grant wrote a letter to the general government proffering his services, it remained unanswered. And upon his return to Springfield he found himself no longer able even to serve as aide to the governor. The regiments were all mustered in, the clerks were beginning to get the run of military usages, and nothing remained for Captain Grant except enlistment as a private soldier—or command. Governor Yates did not, apparently, think of giving him a command.

Seeing no hope of appointment in Illinois, he made a visit to St. Louis, and applied for service under the State of Missouri. He could get nothing, however, and then he resolved to go to Ohio, where, at Cincinnati, George B. McClellan was already in command of the department of Ohio. "I was in hopes," says Grant in his "Personal Memoirs," "when he saw me he would offer me a position on his staff. I called on two successive days at his office, but failed to see him on either occasion."

#### HOW GRANT GOT HIS FIRST COMMAND.

While in Ohio he paid a visit to Georgetown, the village of his boyhood, and his old comrade, Carr B. White, suggested he go to Columbus, the State capital. He returned to Cincinnati, however, and there he met his old friend Chilton White, who was a member of the Legislature and then on his way to Columbus. Mr. White said to him that there ought to be a command for him somewhere, and asked him to stay in Cincinnati while he himself went on to Columbus. In a few days Mr. White returned with a commission as colonel of the Twelfth Ohio, but he found Grant much elated over a telegram which he had that day received from Governor Yates asking, "Will you accept the command of the Seventh District regiment?" Grant had already telegraphed an acceptance to Governor Yates's offer.

In the Seventh Illinois, still stationed at Mattoon, a bread riot had broken out, early in June; and a little later, the guard-house, having become intolerably infested with vermin, was burned by the men. Colonel Goode was either powerless to prevent disturbance or careless of it. The men foraged upon neighboring farms, stealing pigs and chickens, or howled drunkenly through the streets of the town. There was such complaint against the regiment that at last the governor ordered it to Springfield. Lieutenant Joseph Vance, already quoted, tells us how the change of colonels was effected. "Some time before this removal from Mattoon to Springfield," says he,\* "the men had become thoroughly dissatisfied with Colonel Goode, and there was a great deal of talk about it. We determined it would never do to enter service with him in command, and with the self-confidence of youth, I determined to let the governor know how we felt about the matter. I knew the secretary of state, O. M. Hatch, and, accordingly, soon after we reached the city, Lieutenant Armstrong and I went to call upon him. We stated the situation, and asked him to bring the matter to the governor's attention and ask him to either appoint a new colonel or let us elect one.

"Colonel John M. Palmer was walking up and down an inner room, and Hatch said: 'You'd better talk with Colonel Palmer about it.' We were alarmed, and I said: 'I don't think we had better do so; our coming to you is a breach of military

\* In an interview held expressly for McCLELLAN'S MAGAZINE.



Eng'd by Geo. E. Parme N.Y.

*Geo. B. McClellan*

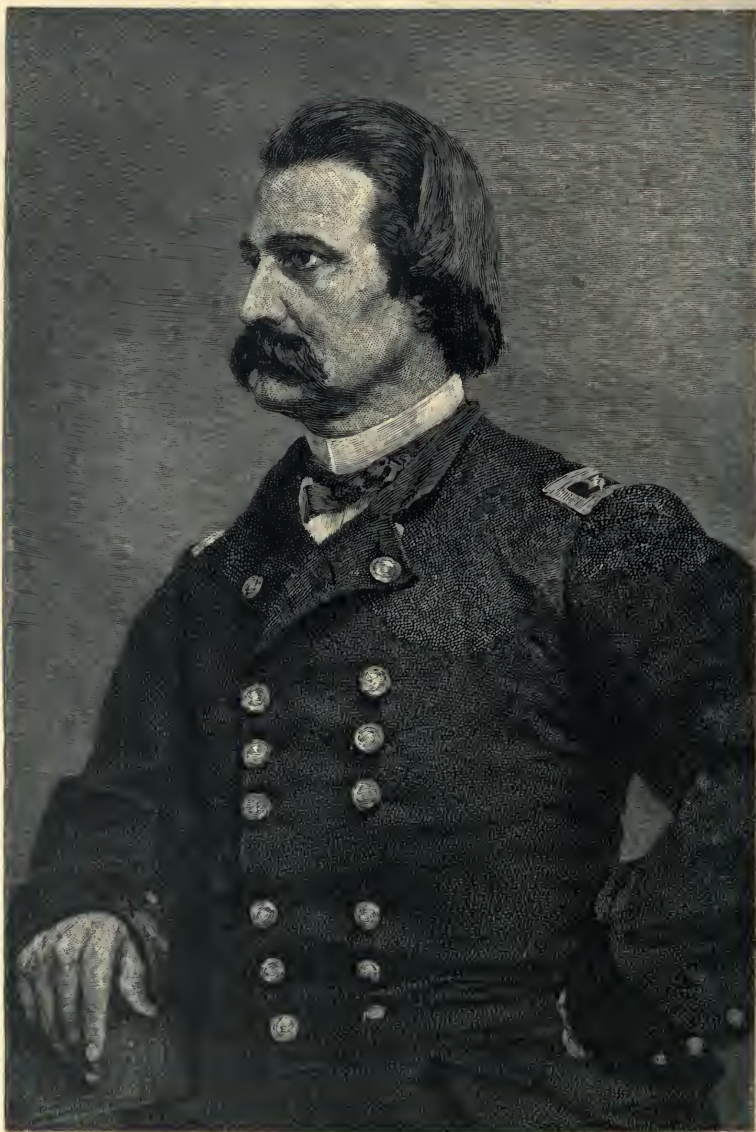
MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

*Engraved Expressly for Abbott's Civil War*









MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



discipline.' 'Oh! that won't matter; Palmer will understand. He's right here, and his advice will be better than mine.' He then took us back and introduced us. Colonel Palmer advised us to see the governor, and at once took us to Yates, saying: 'Governor, these young gentlemen want to talk with you about the condition of the Seventh District regiment.'

"We then stated the case to the governor, who listened in silence. At the end he simply remarked: 'The matter will be inquired into.' I afterward heard that Captain Harlan had seen the governor also, but at that time I did not know any one else was moving in the matter.

"Shortly after this the governor invited all the commissioned officers of the regiment to come to his office to confer upon the condition of the regiment. We took seats according to rank, I remember, thirty-two of us. The governor then said he had heard that a new colonel was asked for, and he wanted to get at the wishes of each man. He thought, however, that in place of beginning with the highest officer in rank, he would reverse the order and begin with the lowest. This was a delicate way of recognizing that Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander was a possible candidate for the position.

"The result of the poll was a strong expression of opinion in favor of Grant. I don't remember the exact proportion, but I am very clear that there was a majority for Grant."\*

Governor Yates turned to Jesse Dubois, the auditor of state, from whose district the regiment came, and said: "Dubois, here are the officers of your regiment asking for Captain Grant. Shall I appoint him?" And Dubois, who had seen something of Grant, said, "Yes, appoint him."

There was some ceremony attending the introduction of Grant to his new command. John A. McClernand and John A. Logan, members of Congress, being then in Springfield, were invited to speak to the men. Grant had never met either of these gentlemen before, though he knew of them by reputation as prominent politicians. It is related that on the way out to the camp Logan said: "Colonel, the regiment is a little unruly. Do you think you can manage them?"

"I think I can," Grant made answer, and Logan got his first impression of

Grant's strength from this quiet brief reply.

At Camp Yates they found the regiment assembled ready to enjoy the speeches of the famous orators, and incidentally to greet the new colonel. Congressman McClernand spoke first. After a vigorous and somewhat florid speech, teeming with historic allusions, he concluded: "Having said this much, allow me, Illinoisans, to present to you my friend and colleague in Congress, Hon. John A. Logan. He is gifted with eloquence, and will rouse you to feel as the Athenians felt under the eloquence of Demosthenes—they asked to be immediately led against Philip."

Mr. Logan made a thrilling address wherein he urged the duty of rallying to the defence of the flag. Then, leading forward Grant, who had remained at the back of the platform scarcely moving for nearly two hours, he said, "Allow me to present to you your new colonel, U. S. Grant."

The men cheered, and there were loud calls for a speech. Grant took a step or two forward; then stopped. It was a time when speeches, fervid harangues, were the order of every occasion. Visitors and soldiers stood expectant. At last Grant spoke, not loud, but clear and calm, and with a peculiar quality and inflection which thrilled the thoughtful officers and gave the whole regiment a new sensation: "*Men, go to your quarters.*"

That evening Grant met the regiment for the first time for dress parade. His glance was quiet, his bearded face immobile. "He wore nothing military save a pair of gray trousers with a stripe running down the outside seam, and, on his head, a queer cap, which looked like those the officers wore in the Mexican War." As he stepped to the center before them, the men looked at each other in amazement, and some were bold enough to jest in low voices concerning him.

It had been the habit of Colonel Goode to seize upon this hour of dress parade to make a speech, and he had been accustomed to end by saying, "I know this regiment, men and officers alike, would march with me to the cannon's mouth; but to renew and verify that pledge, the regiment will step two paces to the front." The regiment may have expected something like this from Colonel Grant. Having returned the salute of the adjutant, he said to the aligned officers: "A soldier's first duty is to obey his commander. I

\*To the substantial truth of this, Captain P. Welshamer and Captain Freeland subscribe. Captain Harlan does not remember that Grant was mentioned by any one but the governor.

shall expect my orders to be obeyed as exactly and instantly as if we were on the field of battle."

As the men turned back to quarters discussion broke forth. "What do they mean by sending down a little man like that to command this regiment?" they asked. "He can't pound sand in a straight hole," said one disgusted private. "He may be like a singed cat, more alive than he looks," a third man suggested. "Nonsense. He can't make a speech. Look at him! Look at the clothes he wears! Who is he, anyhow?" added others. "Boys, let me tell you something," said a sergeant. "I stood close enough to him to see his eyes, and the set of his jaw. I'll tell you *who* he is—he's the colonel of this regiment."

And so, indeed, Grant at once proved himself. He stopped all drinking. He made the picket line a reality. He put an end to foraging, and arrested every insubordinate, and made all understand that play was over.

Thus far the new colonel had neither horse, sword, nor uniform, and what was worse, he had no money to buy them. He secured leave of absence, and returned to Galena to see his family and to secure the necessary equipment. He borrowed \$300 from his father's former partner, E. A. Collins, in order to fit himself out.

Missouri was now developing into a battle-ground, and General John C. Frémont, the famous "path-finder," was in command of the department of the West. He made a call upon the governor of Illinois for aid, and Governor Yates ordered Grant's regiment to report at Quincy, Illinois, within ten days, preparatory to entering Missouri. Shortly after this, Adjutant-General Mather, seated at table in the Chenery House, one day remarked to an agent of the Great Western Railroad: "Colonel Grant's regiment will soon want some transportation to Quincy."

"All right; how much will he need?"

"I don't know; you had better go out and see Colonel Grant, and find out."

The agent at once took a carriage and drove out to Camp Yates. He found Colonel Grant busy over some papers. "Colonel Grant," said he, "I hear you are to move your regiment to Quincy soon. How much transportation do you want?"

"I don't want any," was the curt reply, and Grant went on with his work.

The agent returned to the adjutant-general's office angry at the rebuff, and

vented his disappointment at finding no transportation was wanted.

Colonel Mather replied, "I will see about that myself," and went out to Camp Yates to give Grant a lesson. He, too, found Grant busy. "I have come, Colonel Grant, to know why you are disobeying my orders."

"What do you mean?" asked Grant.

"You've been ordered to Quincy by railroad."

"Is not my regiment infantry?" Grant asked.

Colonel Mather admitted that it was.

"Where am I going after I reach Quincy?"

"I believe it is the plan to send you out into Missouri."

"Are you going to build a railroad to transport my regiment wherever I am to go in Missouri?"

Colonel Mather confessed that probably that would not be done.

"Very well; I prefer to do my first marching in a friendly, and not in an enemy's country," replied Colonel Grant, and the tones of his voice made his meaning very definite. The adjutant-general withdrew.

Colonel John Williams, commissary-general, told Governor Yates and others that Colonel Grant was the first commanding officer at Camp Yates who had known exactly what he wanted and how to get it. He said: "Colonel Grant's requisition upon me for supplies seemed to be complete in every detail, for nothing was added to or omitted from the requisition. He selected his horses, wagons, and camp equipage, and superintended the loading of the same into the wagons. He seemed to have just the right number of wagons, and the necessary amount of supplies to fill them."

"We knew we had a real soldier over us," says Lieutenant Vance. "He taught us how to mess, and how to take care of ourselves on the march. He put us to hard drill. He stopped all straggling, all skylarking of nights. He allowed no whisky in the camp. I've seen him personally inspect the canteens, and spill the liquor on the ground, and yet for all he was so strict a disciplinarian, he was never angry or vindictive. If he punished a man, he did it in a quiet way, and in a spirit which did not enrage the one punished. He was always approachable and without formality, and yet he kept everybody at proper distance. We knew we had the best commander and the best regiment in the State."





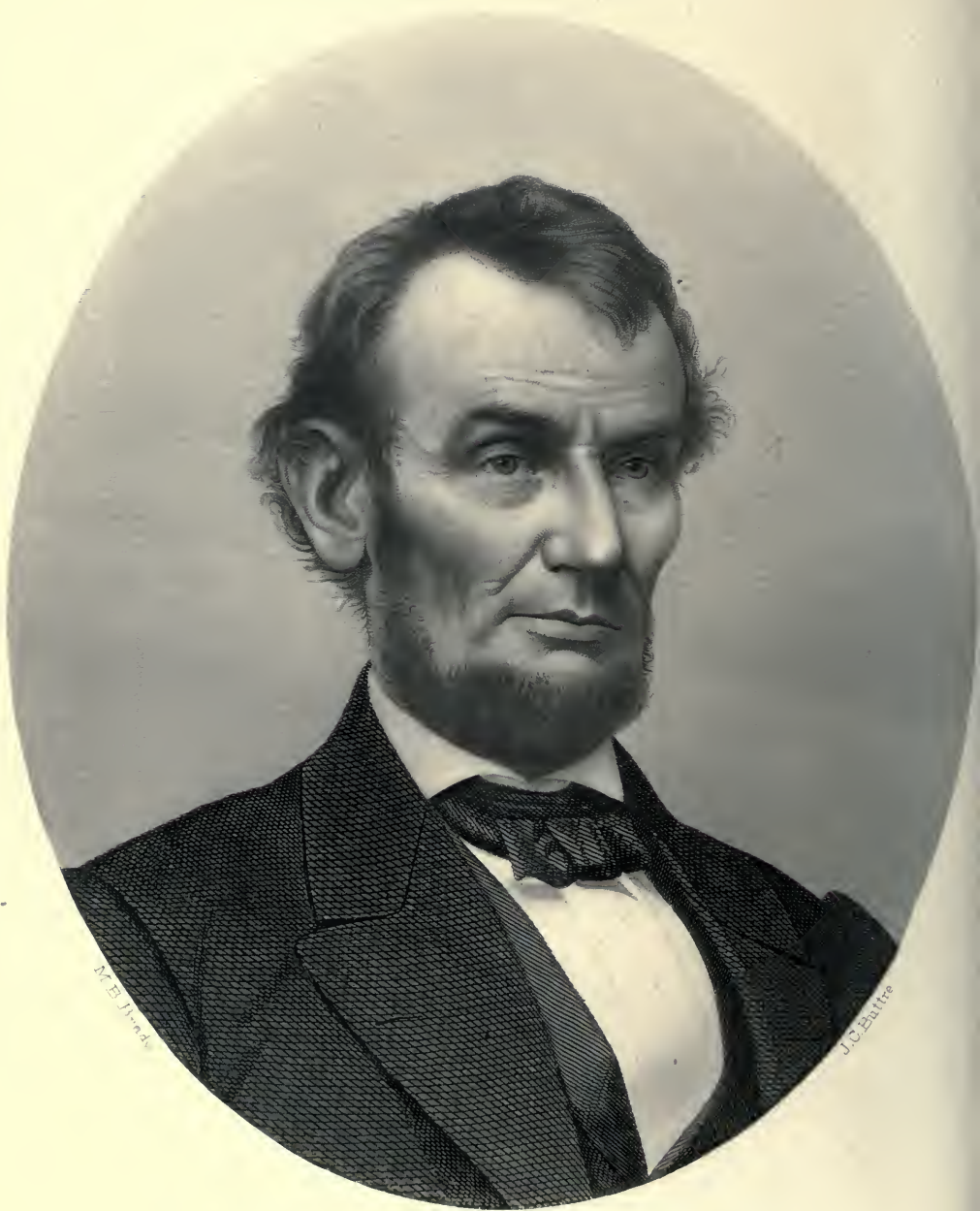
*J. C. Fremont*

*Painted by J. R. Carpenter, 1846*









*A. Lincoln*





## GRANT'S FIRST GREAT WORK IN THE WAR.\*

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

GRANT AT CAIRO.—THE QUICK CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY AND FORT DONELSON.—GRANT'S RELIEF FROM COMMAND IN THE HOUR OF HIS TRIUMPH.—PITTSBURG LANDING.—PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GRANT.

AFTER tendering his services for the defence of the Union unavailingly to the general government and four States, Grant at last found employment as colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois volunteers, by the appointment of Governor Yates. He immediately showed a rare capacity, and thereafter his rise was rapid. In less than two months, on August 7, 1861, President Lincoln promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers, the commission dating back to May 17th. He had already, under the rank of colonel, risen to the command of a sub-district in Missouri. Within twenty days, by order of General Frémont, then in command of the Western Department, he was given the command of all the troops of southeastern Missouri and southern Illinois, with headquarters at Cairo.

His headquarters consisted of a suite of rooms in a business block a short distance up the levee, with windows fronting on the wide river. There he spent his quiet hours smoking his long pipe and gazing abstractedly out upon the water, with a map on his knees, planning movements to open the Mississippi River. He was a great student of maps, and they formed a large part of his wall decorations. "He had not a single trained soldier or officer of the regular army under his command. Officers and men alike required instruction. He was busy from morning till night—and frequently from night till morning writing orders, endorsing papers, and doing other work that fell to him."

The second day after he had established himself at Cairo, a scout came in and reported a force of Confederates mov-

\* This series of papers will conclude in the July number with a paper on Grant in the Vicksburg campaign, where his military genius came to its full maturity and recognition. The aim here has necessarily been only to indicate the general course of Grant's progress as a great commander, and give some close glimpses of his character and personality at the important points in it. A detailed history of movements and battles would not have been practicable, though it will be so in the book form which the papers are ultimately to take.







ing northward to take Paducah, which was at the mouth of the Tennessee River, in Kentucky; only a short distance above Cairo. It was the gate to a great waterway, and Grant perceived at once the importance of possessing it. He telegraphed to Frémont for permission to take it. He received no reply, but, nevertheless, began to arrange for the movement. He telegraphed again later in the day, with all preparations made, saying, "Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall move on Paducah to-night." About 10:30 at night, having still had no word from Frémont, he said to his staff: "I will take Paducah if I lose my commission by it."

He took possession of the town early the next morning, without firing a gun. A force of the enemy, estimated at four thousand strong, was actually on the way, and within three hours' march of the place, when Grant's troops entered. They turned back at the news of Grant's approach, and Paducah was saved to the Union.

Grant returned to Cairo, leaving only a garrison at Paducah. His troops were eager to fight. Some of the officers were afraid the war would be over before they could distinguish themselves sufficiently to go to Congress on the strength of their military careers. They all remembered Jackson and Harrison and Taylor, and they desired to make war a means to political glory. The general was also quite ready to fight, and the chance came early in November. Frémont, in taking the field against Price in Missouri, felt it necessary to have Grant make a diversion to keep General Polk, who was at Columbus, Kentucky, from sending reinforcements to Price. This movement resulted in the battle of Belmont, which was successful from Grant's point of view, as it prevented Polk from reinforcing Price.

Returning to Cairo, Grant set himself to drilling and provisioning and otherwise preparing his army for further active service. He was eager to push on to the South. He wished to get possession of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers before the enemy had time to reinforce and fortify. He appealed to General Halleck, who had now succeeded General Frémont in command of the Western Department, to be at once allowed to advance on forts Henry and Donelson, the fortifications which commanded these rivers. But General Halleck did not reply, and little was done during December but prepare.

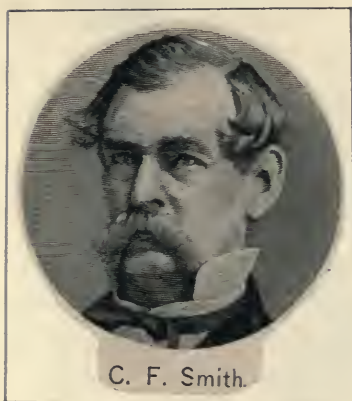
On January 6th Grant went to St. Louis to see General Halleck in person. His trip

was in a sense a failure. Halleck cut him short in the explanation of his plans and gave him no encouragement. Grant felt this deeply, for, though an undemonstrative man, he was, in fact, of a keen sensibility. But he was not a man to allow pique to stand in the way of a great enterprise. On his return to Cairo he laid the matter before Commodore Foote, who was in command of the flotilla of newly-finished gunboats then lying at Cairo. The commodore was much impressed both with Grant and his plans, and joined him in a new request to General Halleck for permission to make a joint attack on Fort Henry. At last Halleck consented. Immediately upon receiving the word, Grant began to move. On February 5th, he advanced against the fort; it capitulated on the 6th. He telegraphed to Halleck, "Fort Henry is ours. The gunboats silenced the batteries before the investment was completed;" and then, with a spirit which had not before appeared in the Northern army, he added: "I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th and return to Fort Henry."

But in place of a swift advance, which Grant had hoped to make across the twelve miles of land between the two rivers and forts, a period of annoying delay intervened, accompanied by much suffering on the part of the troops. Violent storms arose. Grant was in an agony of impatience, but nothing could be done but wait. The roads were swimming in water; "the infantry could hardly march, and to move artillery was impossible." He had only about 15,000 men, and had orders from General Halleck to hold Fort Henry and to intrench, though he felt that "15,000 men were worth more on the 12th than 50,000 men a little later."

At last he moved out of Fort Henry, calm and resolute, although he was approaching a battle before which all his Mexican campaigns and experiences were insignificant. Fort Henry had been a gunboat victory; but now his little army was marching against 21,000 men strongly intrenched. The unavoidable delay had allowed the enemy to reinforce by boat from Nashville.

When Grant invested Fort Donelson he had only General McClernand and General C. F. Smith with him—in all about 15,000 men. Commodore Foote had not arrived; nor General Lew Wallace, who was on the road with reinforcements. But Grant did not hesitate to assume the responsibility of besieging 21,000 Confederates strongly



C. F. Smith.







MAJOR-GENERAL LEW WALLACE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY  
BRADY.)









*A. H. Foote*

REAR ADM ANDREW H. FOOTE. U S N

intrenched. Gideon Pillow, the senior in command of the fort, was a Mexican War veteran, and Grant was aware of his constitutional timidity and counted upon it.

At the very time the army was closing relentlessly around Donelson under Grant's leadership, General Halleck telegraphed to Grant to "strengthen the land side of Fort Henry and transfer guns to resist a land attack." On the 13th there was some fighting as the besieging army moved into new and stronger positions, but the night was more terrible than the battle upon the troops. They were ordered to sleep upon their arms and without campfires. Sleet fell, and it grew bitterly cold toward morning. Grant was quartered in a farm-house at the left. He slept little, being apprehensive of an early attack, before reinforcements could arrive.

#### THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

During the night Commodore Foote's fleet steamed up, and General Lew Wallace came marching in from Fort Henry, and took position between Smith and McClelland, thus completing a semi-circular line from the river below to the bank above the fort. Grant was now confident. He ordered an attack from the gunboats while the army held the enemy within the lines, his hope being to capture the entire Confederate force. The gunboats failed to get above the batteries, however, and were forced to fall back disabled. On the night of the 14th Grant telegraphed to General Cullum, General Halleck's chief-of-staff, at Cairo, "Appearances indicate now that we will have a protracted siege."

It was well that the army did not know his thought, for the storm continued, and they were not merely cold, but hungry as well. They bore it all with such cheer as a freezing and starving soldier can muster to his comfort.

Before daylight on the 15th, Grant received a note from Commodore Foote, in command of the flotilla, asking him to come to the flag-ship, as he was too much injured to leave the boat. Grant at once mounted and rode away. The roads were very bad, and he could not move out of a walk. "He came on the boat with old hat battered, the muddiest man in the army. He was chewing a cigar, and was perfectly cool and self-possessed." He found the commodore and his boats about equally disabled. After a conference, Grant gave the commodore leave to re-

tire, and started upon his return to the front.

On his way he met an aide white with alarm and excitement. The enemy had made a fierce attack on the forces of McClelland. Grant set spurs to his horse, and left the aide far behind. He came upon the scene of action, his old "clay-bank" spattering the yellow mud in every direction—a most welcome figure. There was need of him. He rode rapidly along the lines. He saw no dismay in Smith's division; it was intact and eager for battle. Wallace's lines were in order. But McClelland on the right had sustained a heavy attack and was still threatened, and the brave but inexperienced commander was in consultation with General Wallace and asking for reinforcements. As Grant rode along he saw the men standing in knots talking in a most excited manner. "The soldiers had their muskets but no ammunition, while there were tons of it near at hand." They were disturbed and apprehensive: just at a point where retreat, even rout, was possible.

The general heard one discouraged man say, "Why, they have come out to fight all day; they have got their knapsacks full of grub." "Is that true?" said Grant. "Bring me one." He opened two or three, and found three days' rations in each. His trained eye read in all this a different story. He turned and said, "They are attempting to force their way out; the one who attacks first now will be victorious." Then to McClelland and Wallace he added, "Gentlemen, the position on our right must be retaken. I shall order an immediate assault on the left; be ready to advance at the sound of Smith's guns."

As he rode down the line his aide, at his direction, called out:

"Fill your cartridge boxes quick, and get into line! The enemy is trying to escape and must not be permitted to do so."

At once the Union forces lined up, responsive to the power of unhesitating leadership. The commander rode rapidly to the left, arranging a grand assault. He came upon General Smith standing with his troops in order, ready to advance. "General," said Grant, "the enemy has tried to force his way out on our right. I think you had better attack soon. He has undoubtedly weakened the line before you."

"Very well, sir," replied Smith, "I am ready to move at any time." Grant turned and rode toward the center again.



The assault became general all along the line, and the enemy was driven back. The conditions of the morning were restored, the enemy was again shut in, and night fell once more upon the Union forces, unsheltered and hungry, but as confident now of victory as their imperturbable commander.

On the night of the 15th, within the fort, the three Confederate generals, Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner, held an acrimonious council. General Floyd, who had but recently assumed command, begged leave to turn the command over to General Pillow, but Pillow declined it. Both were quite willing that General Buckner should take the command, and proceed as he thought best. General Buckner did not anticipate hanging, provided he surrendered, and was unwilling to shed the blood of his soldiers needlessly. He regarded the situation as one warranting surrender. He accepted the command, and sat down to write a letter to Grant. General Pillow begged to know if he were privileged to depart.

"Yes; provided you go before the terms of capitulation are agreed upon," was Buckner's curt reply.

Floyd seized two steamers and escaped with about 3,000 men. Pillow fled in a flat-boat, while Forrest, afterward a most redoubtable leader of cavalry, forded the river and got away with a regiment of horse.

General Buckner sturdily held his ground, but sent a messenger to sue for terms. Grant replied in the simplest and most direct manner: "No terms except immediate and unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

Buckner grumbled at these "unchivalrous terms," but yielded, and when he met Grant within the defenses, he said, with a bow and smile, "General, as they say in Mexico, this house and all it contains is yours."

Grant said, "I thought Pillow was in command."

"He was," replied Buckner.

"Where is he now?"

"Gone."

"Why did he go?"

"Well, he thought you'd rather get hold of him than any other man in the Southern Confederacy."

"Oh!" said Grant quickly, with a smile, "if I'd got him I'd let him go again. He would do us more good commanding you fellows." \*

\* From an interview with General Buckner himself, held expressly for McClure's Magazine.

General Buckner was the Captain Buckner who had come to Grant's relief so handsomely in New York in 1854, when Grant, having resigned from the army on the Pacific Slope, landed from his ship penniless and forlorn. Grant recalled the generous action, and while he did not allow his gratitude to interfere with his duty, yet, when the details of the surrender were finally arranged, he placed his private purse at General Buckner's disposal. "Our relations continued amicable to the last," says General Buckner. "He did everything he could to make us comfortable. He was a humane and magnanimous conqueror."

#### GRANT DEPRIVED OF HIS COMMAND.

With pardonable pride and with something more than his usual expression of emotion, Grant issued a congratulatory order to his troops, and sent a despatch of mathematical brevity to General Halleck announcing his capture of Fort Donelson. He then sat down to plan an immediate advance on Nashville, which was uncovered by the fall of Donelson. On the night of February 20th he was in counsel with Commodore Foote, with the plan fully matured to move upon Nashville the next day, when a telegram from General Halleck arrived, forbidding the gunboats to move above Clarksville. Grant read the message in silence, and passed it to Commodore Foote. Foote said, "Well, that ends our movement."

Being anxious, however, to know what had happened at Nashville, Grant proceeded thither himself in a single transport, to meet and confer with General Buell. He considered this entirely within his province. General McClellan had been asking General Halleck for returns of his troops, and Halleck in turn began at this time to call on Grant for records of the troops at Fort Donelson. He telegraphed several days without receiving an answer. Grant, upon his return from Nashville some days later, found this telegram from Halleck awaiting him: "You will place General C. F. Smith in command of expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and positions of your command?"

It was a most painful situation for Grant. Soon he saw the great army which he had lately led to victory marching away up the river toward the enemy, with another man in command. "I called to see him at Fort



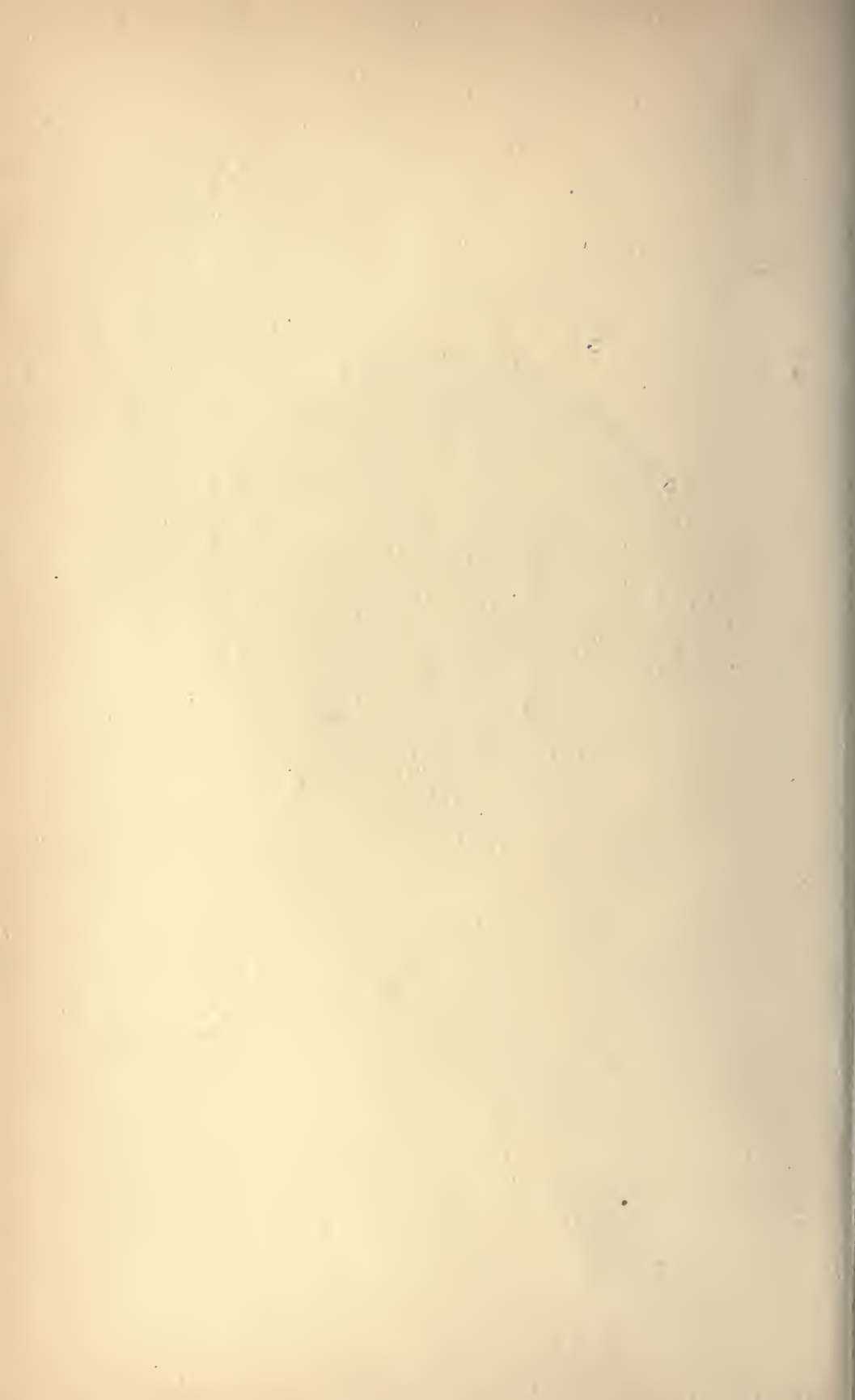


Simon B. Buckner.













PITTSBURG LANDING, VIEWED FROM THE FERRY LANDING ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)



Henry," says General John M. Thayer,\* "and I shall never forget the expression of deep sadness on his face. The army he had organized and led so splendidly was passing out of his hands. He alluded to his position; then took from his pocket Halleck's curt despatch. As I looked up from reading it I saw the tears on his face. He said mournfully, 'I don't know what they mean to do with me.' Then he added, with a sad cadence in his voice, 'What command have I now?'"

In the course of a few days, however, the entanglement got straightened out, and Grant at once took passage up the river to join his army. He made his headquarters at Savannah, a few miles below the place where the army had been disposed by General Smith. Pittsburg Landing was merely the terminus of a road at a wharf at which steamers could land. The road, an ordinary dirt road, came down a ravine and made a turning before the landing. Two or three log huts made up the settlement. The army was debarked on the southwest side of the river at this point, because of the nearness to Corinth, where the Confederate forces were again assembling. Grant had such loyal regard for General Smith's ability, that he made no great change in the disposition of the forces; they were, in fact, in a fairly strong position. There was a deep creek on either hand, and the river at the back. Attack was possible only from the front. Sherman was in advance.

Delay was dangerous, and Grant's disposition was to act; but under General Halleck's orders, he awaited reinforcements from General Buell, who commanded the Army of the Ohio. Meanwhile, the Confederate general, Albert Sidney Johnston, a brilliant and powerful leader, hurried his ranks together, and pushed forward to crush the Union army before Buell's troops could arrive. It was a bold and soldierly movement, and was not expected by the people of the North. Yet every indication of a great battle was in the reports between Grant, Halleck, and Sherman. Halleck had ordered Buell to join Grant, and he was on the road and his advance guard was expected any hour.

#### THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

On the 5th of April Grant received word from Sherman at the front, "All is quiet

\* From an interview held expressly for McClure's MAGAZINE. General Thayer, afterwards governor of Nebraska and representative of that State in the United States Senate, was an intimate friend of Grant's throughout the war and after.

along my lines now. . . . The enemy has cavalry on our front, and I think there are two regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery about two miles out." Later, the same day, Sherman wrote to him further, "I have no doubt nothing will occur to-day more than some picket firing. The enemy is saucy, but got the worst of it yesterday, and will not press our pickets far. I will not be drawn out far unless with certainty of advantage, and I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position." Yet at the time Sherman was writing these assuring notes, the entire Confederate army was encamped but a short distance away, ready to attack in force.

It was an ominous night, that of April 5th, dark, foggy, and windless. Grant was in great pain from an injured ankle. His horse, during a trip to the front, on the evening of the 4th, had slipped on a smooth log, and in falling had crushed the ankle. His boot had to be cut from his foot, so terribly had the ankle swollen, and he could not walk without crutches. He was early-astir on the morning of the 6th. It was a Sunday morning, and nature was tuned to nothing harsher than the songs of the birds and the ringing of church bells. The sun rose warm, but veiled in fog. While the general was at breakfast, however, through the soft, damp, fragrant air came a faint, far-off jarring sound. It was the noise of cannon. The battle was on. He wrote a quick note to General Buell: "Heavy firing is heard up the river, indicating plainly that an attack has been made upon our most advanced positions. I have been looking for this, but did not believe it would be made before Monday or Tuesday. This necessitates my joining the forces up the river instead of meeting you to-day as I had contemplated. I have directed General Nelson to move to the river with his division. He can march to opposite Pittsburg." Then he hobbled painfully to a boat, and started up the river.

At Crump's Landing, about half-way up the river to Pittsburg Landing, General Lew Wallace was stationed. To him Grant said in passing: "General, have your men ready to march at a moment's notice."

"They are all under arms," replied Wallace.

When the boat neared Pittsburg Landing, Grant, leaning on his chief-of-staff, hobbled to the side of his horse, and swung into the saddle, regardless of pain.

The moment the gang-plank fell, he was ashore. He rode at once to Sherman's lines. He found Sherman wounded, but calm and alert.

"How is it with you?" asked Grant.

"We've about held our own," replied Sherman, "but it has been a heavy attack."

"Things don't look so well on our left. I have left orders at Crump's Landing for Wallace's division to come up on your left. Look out for him."

All day Grant rode along the lines, exposing himself at times recklessly, encouraging his subordinates by promise of reinforcements, reforming stragglers, and giving helpful advice as well as definite orders. Something great and admirable came out in his character. His coolness, his alertness, his perfect clarity of vision under the appalling strain, evidenced the great commander of men. One of his old friends, who met him about 2 o'clock, says of his appearance at this time, "His face showed anxiety; I had never seen him look that way before." The Confederate forces outnumbered the Union forces till Wallace arrived, which was too late in the day for him to take any part in the battle. Buell also arrived too late for any share in the work of the day. To him, indeed, at his arrival, all seemed lost, but Grant said simply: "I have not despaired of whipping them yet."

As night came on, the Union line, crushed back close to the river, lay down in the rain and waited for the dawn, the men sleeping on their arms. Grant, though suffering great pain from his ankle, and worn with the work of the day, gave no thought to his own rest or comfort. The reforming of commands and the posting of the newly-arrived forces of Wallace and Buell continued all night. "Grant visited each division commander, including Nelson, after dark, directing the new position of each, and repeating in person the orders for an advance at early dawn. 'Attack with a heavy skirmish line as soon as it's light enough to see, then follow up with your entire command, leaving no reserves.'"

About midnight he returned to the landing, and lay down on the ground with his head against a tree. Toward morning, becoming chilled, he moved to the porch of one of the log huts, and tried to rest there. But the hut was filled with wounded men, and their moans and cries of anguish were unendurable, and drove him back to the shelter of his tree. It was a long,

long night. Before daylight (Monday, April 7th) he was again lifted into his saddle, lame, worn, and covered with mud. As he rode along the line, he said to his aide, "See that every division moves up to the attack; press the enemy hard the minute it is light enough to see."

Conditions had changed; Grant was now the aggressor. Buell and Wallace had given the Union forces preponderance; the stragglers reformed, and moved with the confidence which reinforcements give. But the Confederates withstood the attack with marvelous skill and bravery. At last, late in the afternoon, however, their guns on the left became silent. On the right the battle still continued in intermittent ferocity. Moments of comparative silence began to intervene like lulls in a gale—followed by volley after volley of musketry, until the guns grew hot and the gunners weary. Each returning wave of sullen savagery seemed weaker, and the firing became fainter and fainter, and, finally, almost died away. Grant sat on his clay-colored war horse, surrounded by his staff, looking intently in the direction of the firing. As the firing became thus intermittent, his face lighted up. The enemy was preparing to retreat! Now was the moment for a final charge. Gathering up two or three fragments of regiments, Grant led them in person against the enemy's last stand. The line broke, the gray-coated men fled. The field of Shiloh had taken its place in history as one of the great battlefields of the human race.

The battle of Shiloh showed Ulysses Grant to be a commander of a new type. His personal habits in conflict were now apparent to all his staff. He did not shout, vituperate, or rush aimlessly to and fro; he had no vindictiveness. His anxiety and intensity of mental action never passed beyond his perfect control. He fought best and thought best when pushed hard. No noise or confusion of line, no delay or mistake of commanders, no physical pain could weaken or affright him. A man of singular humanity, he still had the faculty of conceiving a body of soldiers in the mass. Considerate of individuals in private life to an uncommon degree, he was able in battle to regard a regiment as simply an implement, a hammer for breaking down a wall. He looked beyond the death of a thousand men to the good to spring from their blood. Without this dual constitution of mind no general can become a commander of the highest class.





Painted by



Alonzo Chaffee.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

# GRANT IN A GREAT CAMPAIGN.

## THE INVESTMENT AND CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

THE battle of Shiloh was a great victory, but it did not ring over the North with the same joyous clamor which followed upon Donelson. The holiday element had passed out of the war. There was an end of talk about "the boastful Southron." It was apparent that he could fight under leadership such as he had in Albert Sidney Johnston. The desolation of homes was terrible. Long lists of the dead filled the newspapers, and long trains wound and jolted their slow way to the North and to the South, carrying the wounded to their homes.

The nation was appalled, and, naturally, a large part of the bitterness and hate of war fell upon Grant. He had risen so suddenly to national fame that his private life and character were dark with mystery. Few knew how kind and gentle he really was, and a tumult of abuse arose. He was execrated as a man careless of human lives. He was accused of negligence and drunkenness, and of being unjustifiably off the field of battle. Great pressure was at once brought to bear on the President to have him relieved from duty. Lincoln listened patiently to all that men had to say pro and con; then, with a long sigh, he said: "I can't spare Grant; he fights!"

General Halleck, "cautiously energetic one," now took the field in person, and Grant became for the time little more than a spectator. Though nominally second in command, he had, in reality, almost no command at all. He was forced to trail after Halleck in the most humiliating of positions. Every suggestion he made to his chief was treated with contempt. The staff officers, taking their cue from Halleck, turned their backs when he came near. Orders to his troops were sent over his head, and movements were ordered in his department without consulting him or even notifying him. These things became unendurable at last, and in a letter stating his position, Grant asked to be relieved from duty altogether, or to have his command defined.

To this General Halleck replied in diplomatic and soothing words, saying: "You have precisely the position to which your rank entitles you," and disclaimed any attempt to injure Grant's feelings.

For six weeks, in hesitating timidity, General Halleck held his immense host in check before a retreating foe. When the truth could no longer be concealed, he ordered an advance on Corinth, and found an empty city. Lincoln, sorely disappointed with Pope in the Eastern campaign, now looked toward Halleck. Lee threatened Maryland. A panic set in at Washington, and on the 10th of July Halleck received an order to proceed to the capital.

Thus Grant was once more in command of his department, but under discouraging conditions. Buell's army had returned to Kentucky, and his own forces were heavily depleted. During July and August he could do nothing more than guard his lines. He held his command but insecurely, and felt that he might be removed at any moment. He was ordered to be in readiness to reinforce Buell, and had no freedom of action, though liable at any time to attack on his attenuated lines. Through weeks of weary waiting he endured in silence, watching Generals Price and Van Dorn, and knowing well he had but inadequate movable force to send against an enemy. But when the enemy attacked, in September, he fought skillfully, and won the battle of Iuka. A little later General Van Dorn, seeing the Union army weakened still further by the transfer of General Thomas to Buell's command, assaulted Corinth. Grant's headquarters were at Jackson, Tennessee, at this time, but he directed the battle, which was a marked and decisive defeat of the Confederates. Again, at the first opportunity, he had cheered the nation with a victory.

At this point General John A. McClelland appeared as a disturbing factor. He had been restive under Grant's command



from the first, and soon after the fall of Corinth he had obtained from President Lincoln a "confidential" order which authorized him to proceed to Illinois and Indiana and raise troops for an expedition down the Mississippi River to capture Vicksburg. Grant hearing of this, determined to give to Sherman the honor of the capture. He ordered Sherman to attack the city while he held Pemberton on the railway. Sherman failed. At the same time Grant's immense depot of supplies at Holly Springs was lost through the cowardice of a subordinate officer. McClermand appeared before Vicksburg, and assumed command over Sherman's troops. The desire to save Sherman from subordination to a man he distrusted, and the destruction of his supplies, decided Grant to take command of the river expedition in person and make of it his main attack. Halleck gave him full and complete command, and extended his department to cover all the territory he needed west of the river. Thus with supreme control at last of all needed territory, troops, and transportation, he began his movement on Vicksburg.

These discussions and harassments, however, had wasted golden moments. From Donelson the army should have marched at once on Corinth, and on down the valley upon Vicksburg before it could be reinforced or fortified. But instead, the enemy had been allowed to fully recuperate his forces and strengthen his position, and now a winter of enormous rains was upon the land. The Northern troops were mainly raw, and the army unorganized, and it was February before Grant was able to put himself personally upon the spot to see what could be done.

Now began one of the most extraordinary beleaguements in the history of warfare. Grant had long perceived, as every thinking soldier had, that Vicksburg was the gate which shut the Mississippi. It was of enormous importance to the Confederacy. After Columbus and Memphis, it occupied the only point of high land close to the river bank for hundreds of miles. At or near the city of Vicksburg, and extending some miles to the south, a line of low hills of glacial drift jutted upon the river, making the site a natural fortress. Upon these heights heavy batteries were planted.

Another element of great strength was in the river, which in those days made a big, graceful curve, in shape like an oxbow; so that to run the batteries the

Northern gunboats must pass twice within range, once on the outer curve and again, at closer gunshot, on the inner bow. A third and final and more formidable condition than all aided to make the siege of the city hopeless. There was a prodigious freshet upon the land, and all the low-lying country, through which the river flows (at high water) as in a mighty aqueduct above the level of the farms, was flooded, and Grant's soldiers had no place to pitch their tents save upon the narrow levees along the river's edge. No greater problem of warfare ever faced an American soldier.

Grant did not underestimate its difficulty. Late in January he arrived at Young's Point on his steamer "Magnolia," and began to look the ground over. There were but two ways to attack: from the north, with the Yazoo River as base of action; or get below the city and attack from the south. Grant sent an expedition at once to explore a passage to the Yazoo through the bayous of the eastern bank, and he set to work personally upon the problem of getting below.

The difficulties in the way of this plan were at the moment insurmountable. Grant could neither march his men down the western bank nor carry them in boats, such was the overflow. If he could find passage for the army and reach a safe point below Vicksburg, he would still be on the western shore, and without means to ferry his troops, and without supplies; and to every suggestion about running the batteries with transports arose the picture of those miles of cannon hurling their shells upon the frail woodwork of the unprotected vessels.

He set about to find a way through the bayous to the west, and prodigious things were done in the way of cutting channels through the swamps and widening streams for the passage of gunboats. While this was going on, he gave attention to a canal which he found partly excavated upon his arrival. It had been planned by General Thomas Williams, and crossed the narrow neck of land just out of range of the cannon. It was expected to start a cut-off which would soon deepen naturally into a broad stream through which the boats might pass. Grant, in a letter of the time, said: "I consider it of little practical use if completed;" but he allowed the work to go on, thinking it better for the soldiers to be occupied. He had almost as little faith in the bayou route to the west. In reality, he had settled upon





*L. Thomas.*

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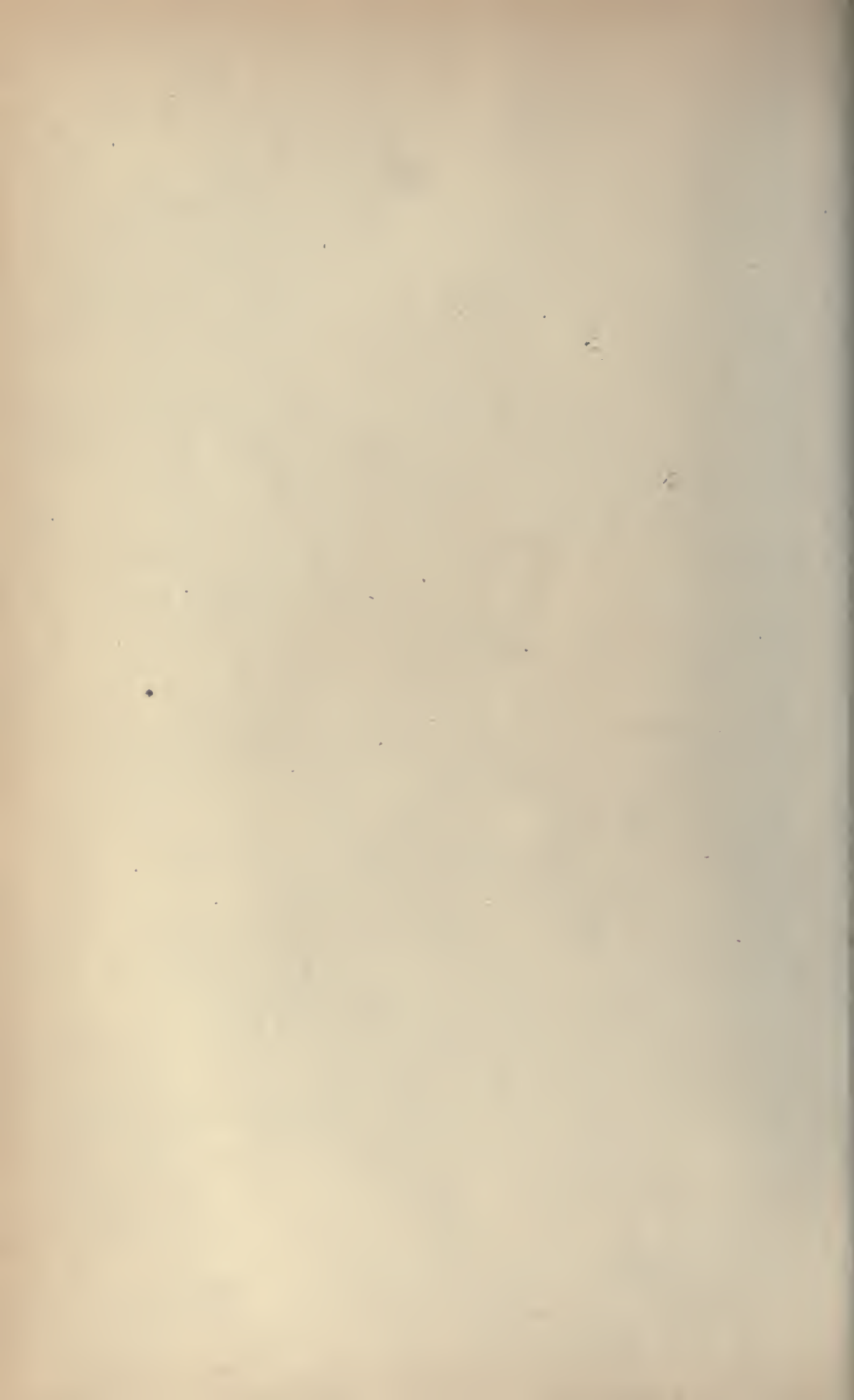


CHARLES A. DANA IN HIS OFFICE AT THE "SUN."

Painted from life by C. K. Linson ; engraved on wood by Henry Wolf.

This, probably the most characteristic portrait of Mr. Dana, was painted for illustration of Mr. Edward P. Mitchell's biographical article on Mr. Dana (McClure's Magazine, October, 1894). Mr. Wolf's new engraving of it reproduces the original with remarkable vigor and faithfulness.









David D. Porter



the plan of marching his men overland as soon as the water subsided, and running the batteries meanwhile with gunboats and transports. These weeks of waiting tested his patience sorely.

The North, in its anxiety and peril, began again to grumble, and finally to cry out. The mutter of criticism swelled to a roar as February and March went by. The soldiers were said to be dying like sheep in the trenches or useless canals. The cost of keeping such an army idle was constantly harped upon, and immense pressure was again brought to bear upon Lincoln to remove Grant from command. Disappointed tradesmen, jealous officers, "Copperheads," and non-combatants alike joined in the cry against him. McClelland wrote an impassioned letter to Governor Yates, asking him to join with the governors of Iowa and Indiana in demanding a competent commander. Many of Grant's friends deserted him, and added their voices to the clamor of criticism.

At last Lincoln himself became so doubtful of Grant's character and ability that he consented to allow the Secretary of War to send Charles A. Dana (who had been the managing editor of the New York "Tribune," and was a friend of the Secretary of War) to the front to report the condition of the army and study the whole situation, so that the War Department could determine whether Grant was a man to be trusted. General Lorenzo Thomas arrived at Commodore Porter's headquarters with an order relieving Grant of his command, if such an order should be found necessary. Porter told General Thomas that he would be tarred and feathered if news of the order got abroad. For various reasons, the order never saw the light. Halleck, however, stood manfully by Grant.

Grant betrayed his anxiety, but he did not express doubt or irritation. He knew he could do the work. He never boasted, never asked favors, and never answered charges. When he communicated with Lincoln or Stanton it was officially.

His plan was now mature. As soon as the roads emerged from the water he intended to run the batteries with gunboats and transports, marching his troops across the land meanwhile to a point below Vicksburg, and there, by means of the boats, transport a division across the river and storm Grand Gulf, the enemy's first outpost to the south. Thence, after co-operating with Banks in the capture of

Port Hudson, it was his purpose to swing by a mighty half wheel to the rear of Vicksburg, cutting off supplies from Central Mississippi and capturing General Pemberton's army.

He had all to gain and little to lose in this bold plan, which he first mentioned to Porter and Sherman. Porter agreed, and was ready to move; so also was McClelland; but the audacity of the campaign alarmed the other officers. Sherman did not believe in it and protested decidedly.\*

The running of the batteries took place on the 16th of April, and was one of the most dramatic and splendid actions of the war. The night was dark and perfectly still when brave Admiral Porter, on his flagship "Benton," dropped soundlessly into the current. Each boat was protected as well as possible by bales of cotton, and had no lights except small guiding lamps astern. They were ordered to follow each other at intervals of twenty minutes. Grant and his staff occupied a transport anchored in the middle of the river as far down as it was safe to go.

For a little time the silence of the beautiful night remained unbroken. The hush was painful in its foreboding intensity. Along the four miles of battery-planted heights there was no sound or light to indicate the wakefulness of the gunners, but they were awake! Suddenly a flame broke from one of the lower batteries—a watchdog cannon had sounded the warning. Then a rocket arose in the air with a shriek. The alarm was taken up, and each grim monster had his word, and from end to end of the line of hills, successive rosy flashes broke and roar joined roar. Flames leaped forth, bonfires flared aloft to light the river and betray the enemy to the gunners. Then the Union gunboats awoke, and from their sullenly silent hulks answering lightning streamed upward, and the whole fleet became visible to the awed army and to the terrified city.

The sky above the city was red with the glare of flaming buildings on the hills and burning boats and bales of cotton on the river, and the thunder of guns was incessant. It seemed as though every transport would be sunk. But the tumult died out at last. The gunboats swept on out of reach. The flames on the land sank to smoldering coals, and the stillness and

\* Admiral Porter relates that at a meeting of officers on board his flagship, the night before the running of the batteries was to be undertaken, all except himself and Grant argued against it. Grant listened to all they had to say; then replied: "I have considered your arguments, but continue in the same opinion. Be prepared to move to-morrow morning."

peace of an April night again settled over the river, and the frogs began timidly to trill once more in the marshes.

Porter's gunboats, almost uninjured, were now below Vicksburg; Grant's mighty host of footmen was ready to follow. On the 20th of April, having been over the route in person, Grant issued orders for his army to move. These orders hinted of great things. "Troops will be required to bivouac—one tent only will be allowed to each company. One wall tent to each brigade headquarters, and one to each division headquarters. . . . Commanders are authorized and empowered to collect all beef, cattle, corn, and other necessary supplies in the line of march, but wanton destruction of property, taking of articles useless for military purposes, insulting citizens, going into and searching houses without proper orders from division commanders, are positively prohibited. All such irregularities must be summarily punished."

And so, with cheers of elation, with renewed confidence in their leader, the army began to stretch and stream away in endless procession along the narrow and slippery roads on the levee top. McClernand's corps moved first. McPherson's troops followed, and Sherman kept the rear. The point of assault was to be Grand Gulf, the enemy's outpost to the south of Vicksburg. Grant himself took no personal baggage, not even a valise, and the army soon found this out. The new men did not need to be told that this was no parade soldier who led them. He had no attendants, no imported delicacies, no special accommodations. He was spattered with mud, grizzled of beard, and wherever he went "the boys" felt a twinge of singular emotion. They had admired him before, they began to love him now, and he became "the old man" to them. And yet he was as unostentatious of his camaraderie as he was of his command. He was his simple self in all this. He meant business, and spared himself not at all, and neglected no detail.

The attack on Grand Gulf failed, and Grant, ordering Porter to run the batteries as before, moved on down the river and landed at a point called De Schroon's, just above Bruinsburg, being led to do so by the information given by a negro, that a good road led inland to Port Gibson and Jackson from that point. Meanwhile, to keep Pemberton occupied with things above, Sherman had been ordered to make a great show of attack on Vicksburg itself

and then suddenly to silence his guns and hasten to join the forces below.

On the morning of the 30th of April McClernand's troops and part of McPherson's command were landed on the east bank of the river below Vicksburg, and Grant's spirits rose. "I felt a degree of relief scarcely ever equalled since. . . ." And yet one would say the outlook was not reassuring. He was "in the enemy's country, with a vast river and the stronghold of Vicksburg between him and his base of supplies." He had two armies to fight. One intrenched at Vicksburg, the other at Jackson, less than four days' march to the east, with the whole of the Confederacy back of it. But he was again on dry ground, out of the terrible swamps and bayous of the flat country. So much was gained.

He hurried McClernand forward toward Port Gibson, to prevent the destruction of an important bridge. Parts of McPherson's command arrived, but still the invading army was small, less than 20,000 men, with no pack-train, and with only two days' rations. On the second day the enemy was met in force, but defeated. Reinforcements kept arriving, and the chief was buoyant of spirits although for five days he had been on short rations and had not removed his clothing to sleep. Grand Gulf, being uncovered by the battle of Port Gibson, was evacuated, and on May 3d, Grant rode into the fortress, finding Porter before it with his fleet of gunboats.

Grant now heard from General Banks, who was in command on the lower Mississippi; and abandoning all idea of co-operation with him, he cut loose from Grand Gulf and the river, and moved into the interior, determined to get between Vicksburg and its supplies and to isolate it from the Confederacy. "I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more," he wrote to Halleck, "except as it becomes necessary to send a train with heavy escort. You may not hear from me for several days."

The next day after leaving Grand Gulf he learned through Colonel Wilson, his Inspector-General, and Rawlins, that the forces defeated by McPherson had fallen back, not toward Vicksburg, but toward Jackson. He instantly surmised that a considerable army was concentrating in that direction. "Simply asking one or two questions, and without rising from his chair, he wrote orders which turned his entire army toward Jackson." Then mounting his horse, he set his command





Alfred Chappé.

*Arthur P. Burns*





in motion, sweeping resistlessly into the interior. This moment when he turned his army towards Jackson is one of the greatest in his career. It showed the decision, boldness, and intrepidity of the man beyond dispute.

Jackson was carried on the 14th, the Union flag was raised on the State House, and Grant slept in the same room that General Johnston had occupied the night before. General Johnston sent a despatch to Pemberton which fell into Grant's hands, though he did not need it to tell him what to do. He hastened the movement of McClernand and McPherson toward Vicksburg, to head off Johnston's attempt to join Pemberton and to meet the Confederate troops. The armies met in a savage battle at Champion's Hill, and Pemberton was forced to retire, after four hours' hard fighting. He rapidly retreated to the Big Black River, where he made another feeble stand, and then withdrew into Vicksburg, leaving the victorious army of Grant directly between himself and Johnston. The game was in the bag, and Grant smiled in his slow, grim fashion, and closed round the city. This was on the 19th day of May. He had been on the road one month.

On this day Sherman, with Grant by his side, stood on Haines's Bluff and looked down on the very spot whence his baffled army had fallen back months before. He turned to Grant, saying: "General, up to this minute I had no positive assurance of success. This is the end of one of the greatest campaigns in history." Grant was deeply gratified, but he was not one to anticipate victory.

On the 19th of May, immediately after crossing the Big Black, Grant ordered a preliminary assault, which set the two armies face to face. On the 22d he ordered a grand assault. This order was a result of news of Johnston's advance. He was but fifty miles away, with a large army. To assault and win would set free a large force sufficient to defeat and possibly capture Johnston. Moreover, the officers and men were eager for a chance to "walk into Vicksburg." They believed they could storm and carry the works in an hour, and so Grant gave the word, and the 22d of May will forever remain memorable as a day of terrible slaughter. But it had this virtue: it convinced the soldiers that Vicksburg was to be taken only by determined siege, and made them patient of what followed.

Grant now called upon his engineers to

do their best. Suddenly the army disappeared. It sank beneath the earth, and like some subterranean monster ate its way inexorably towards the enemy's lines as Worth's little band approached the Central plaza of Monterey through the adobe walls of its gardens. "The soil lent itself to the most elaborate trenching," says Major John W. Powell, who had charge of a division of the entrenchments.\* "It was a huge deposit of glacial drift, and could be cut like cheese. Grant personally supervised this work every day, and his questions were always shrewd and pat. He knew more of the actual approaches than McPherson, who was my immediate commander. He came alone, quietly and keenly studying every detail of the work."

Foot by foot, the army closed round the doomed city, like the fabled room of the Inquisition whose walls contracted with every tick of the clock. The exploding of mines, as great as they were, is now seen to have been only an incident in the besieging process under Grant's persistent command. On foot, dusty, in plain clothes, with head drooping in thought, but with quick eyes seeing all that went on, "the old man" walked the ditches or stood upon the hills studying the situation, careless—criminally careless—of his person. The soldiers hardly discovered who he was before he was gone.

In this period, when success seemed sure, claimants for the honor of originating the plan of the campaign arose, and the discussion raged endlessly. Men who had been glad to shift responsibility when the issue was in doubt, now hastened to let the world know that it was their own plan. Grant never changed; as he had attempted no shift of responsibility, so now he troubled himself very little about the claims of others. He had done a better thing than originate the plan of campaign, he had executed it.

By the first of July the two armies were within pitch-and-toss distance of each other. A mighty host had turned moles. By day all was solitary. The heaps of red earth alone gave indication of activity. No living thing moved over the battle-ground, yet fifty thousand men were there ready to rise and fly at each other at a word from "the old commander." At night, low words, ghostly whispers, and subdued noises ran up and down the advanced lines, as the blue-coated sappers and miners pushed forward some trench, or some weary, thirsty "file" in

\* In an interview held expressly for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.

a rifle-pit gave place to a relief. Occasionally out of the blank darkness a rebel gun would crack, to be answered by a score of Union rifles aimed at the rosy flash. A feeling grew in each army that the end was near. On the night of the 2d the word was passed around that a final assault was to be made on the 4th. The batteries were to open with a salute of a hundred guns in honor of the day, and continue until further orders. The advance guard was told to let the enemy know this.

This order produced vast excitement within the gray lines. The news went to Pemberton. He knew his men could not stand an assault such as Grant could now make. His lines were pierced in a number of places. He was out of food, out of ammunition. His men were lean, weary, and dispirited. He despaired of any help from Johnston. On the morning of the 3d of July, a white flag appeared on the Confederate works. Again a Southern general asked for commissioners to arrange for terms of surrender. Again Grant replied, "I have no terms other than unconditional surrender," but added that the brave men within the works would be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war.

General Bowen, the blindfold messenger of peace, asked Grant to meet Pemberton between the lines, and supposing this to be General Pemberton's wish, he consented, and at mid-afternoon a wondrous scene unfolded. At about three P.M. General Grant rode forward to the extreme Union trenches, dismounted, and walked calmly and slowly toward the center of the lines. At about the same time General Pemberton left his lines and, accompanied by General Bowen and several of his staff, advanced to meet Grant.\*

Then from the hitherto silent, motionless, ridged, and ravaged hills, grimy heads and dusty shoulders rose, till every embankment bristled with bayonets. It was as if at some unheard signal an army of gnomes had suddenly risen from their secret run-ways. The under-ground suddenly became of the open air. The inexorable burrowing of the Northern army ceased.

A shiver of excitement ran over the men of both sides, and all eyes were fixed upon that fateful figure advancing toward the enemy, unexcitedly, with bent head, treading the ground so long traversed only by the wing of the bullet and the shadow

of the shell. What he felt could not be divined by any action of his. His visage was never more inscrutable in its stern, calm lines.

The man who advanced to meet him was an old comrade in arms, the same Pemberton, indeed, who had conveyed to Lieutenant Grant at San Cosme Gate the compliments of General Worth. He came to this conference laboring under profound excitement. Grant greeted him as an old acquaintance, but waited for him to begin. There was an awkward silence. Grant waited insistently, for his understanding was that Pemberton stood ready to make the first advance. Pemberton at last began arrogantly.

"General Grant, I was present at the surrender of many fortresses in Mexico, and in all cases the enemy was granted terms and conditions. I think my army as much entitled to these favors as a foreign foe."

"All the terms I have are stated in my letter of this morning," Grant replied.

Pemberton drew himself stiffly erect. "Then the conference may as well terminate and hostilities begin."

"Very well," replied Grant. "My army was never in better condition to prosecute the siege."

Pemberton's eyes flashed: "You'll bury a good many more men before you get into Vicksburg."

This seemed to end the meeting, but General Bowen intervened, urged a further conference, and while he and General A. J. Smith conversed apart, Grant and Pemberton went and sat down on a bank under a low oak tree. Pemberton was trembling with emotion, but Grant sat with bent head, one hand idly pulling up grass blades. Suddenly the boom of cannons began again from the gunboats.

Grant's face showed concern for the first time. He rose.

"This is a mistake. I will send to Admiral Porter and have that stopped."

"Oh, never mind. Let it go on," said Pemberton contemptuously. "It won't hurt anybody. The gunboats never hurt anybody."

"I'll go home and write out the terms," Grant finally said, as he rose to go.

The terms were exceedingly fair. Pemberton was to give possession at 8 A.M., July 4th; "and as soon as rolls are made out and paroles signed by officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them side-arms and clothing, and the field, staff,

\* Generalized from reports of eye-witnesses.







and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property." Perhaps Grant was moved to these generous terms by the recollection of Scott's treatment of Santa Anna's troops at Cerro Gordo. At any rate, they were criticised as being absurdly lenient.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July, the ragged, emaciated soldiers who had defended Vicksburg so stanchly "marched out of their intrenchments. With sad faces the men of each regiment stacked their arms, threw down upon them knapsacks, belts, cartridges, and cap-pouches, and then tenderly crowned the piles with their faded and riddled colors." Their stained clothing contrasted mournfully with the blue of the Union troops. For forty days they had lain in the pits, eating the scantiest fare, and to many of them it was a welcome relief to throw down their muskets. For two hours this movement went on, with no derisive cry or gesture on the part of the victors. They knew the quality of these lean and tattered men, who were mistaken, but who were fighters.

The victor allowed himself no indulgences. He was sleeplessly active. He had no thought of resting or going into summer quarters. He put McPherson in command of Vicksburg. He sent Sherman after Johnston the moment Pemberton capitulated. He despatched a messenger to Banks asking his needs. He forwarded the ninth army corps to Bear Creek, to be ready to reinforce Sherman if it were necessary; and providing for their return and movement to Kentucky, he ordered the boats to be in readiness to transport the troops. He ordered Herron's division to be in readiness to reinforce Banks. He brought all the remaining troops within the rebel lines, and gave orders to obliterate the works which the Union army had toiled so long to fashion, and sent his engineers to determine upon a shorter line if possible, in order that the garrison should be small. He advised Logan that, as soon as the rebel prisoners were out of the way, he intended to send him to the Tensas to clear out the Confederate troops there; and in the midst of this multiplex activity

he asked Dana to inquire of General Halleck whether he intended him to follow his own judgment in future movements or co-operate in some particular scheme of operations.

His army was now let loose for other campaigns, and this the Southern leaders thoroughly understood. The fall of Vicksburg was a disaster. The march of Grant's army foreboded the downfall of the Confederacy.

In all the correspondence of this strange conqueror there is scarcely a single word of exultation, not a single allusion to victory, even to his wife. He fought battles and won victories in the design of moving to other battles and other victories. His plan was to whip the enemy and win a lasting peace.

The Vicksburg campaign had the audacity of the common sense in opposition to the traditional. What the military authorities had settled he could not do, Grant did with astounding despatch, accuracy, and coherence of design. He kept his own counsel—a greater feat than the other—and it added to the mystery of his movements and the certainty of his results. It seemed as if all ill things stood aside to see him pass on to his larger life as a great commander. Belmont, Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg—all these were behind him and he had no scar. He would not have been human had not some feeling of foreordination assumed possession of him. He was now forty-one years of age, and at his fullest powers of command and endurance. He had reached the place where he now stood in the light of national fame, holding the full confidence of the government, without money, without political influence, after years of hardship, disappointment, and privation. Now all opposition was silenced, and his detractors were overborne. He had placed himself among the great generals of the world, and the nation waited to see what the Conqueror of Vicksburg would do next. On the 12th of October he received an order making him the commander-in-chief of the entire Western army from the Cumberland Mountains to the Brazos. This placed him in command of two hundred thousand men.

NOTE.—The capture of Vicksburg brought to its full development and recognition Grant's genius as a military commander, and marks a clear division in his career. With the present paper, therefore, Mr. Garland concludes his series of interesting studies in Grant's life, his design having been only to exhibit, by close personal presentations, the course and character of Grant's progress to his high destiny.—EDITOR.





## GEN. GRANT'S EARLY LIFE.

### FROM RUSTIC SIMPLICITY TO AN ELEGANT CITY MANSION.

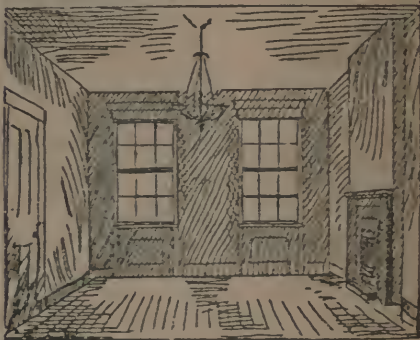
Views of the Western Homes which Have Been Inhabited by the Now Retired General of Our Armies—The Metropolitan House where the General is Dying.

The handsome house on Sixty-sixth street, one door from Fifth avenue, which the reporters of the press are now persistently haunting, more solicitous for the welfare of its distinguished occupant than ever was any family ghost, is as unlike and as superior to the house in which Gen. Grant and his devoted wife began their married life, or several of the residences which they afterwards occupied, as the General's fame is superior to that of the young lieutenant who, on the 22d of August, 1848, led Miss Julia Dent, now Mrs. U. S. Grant, to the marriage altar. It was not by any manner of means considered that the pretty daughter of Col. Dent, of St. Louis, was making a particularly brilliant match when she wedded the chunky, stolid-looking young army officer who had a few years before accompanied her brother from West Point, where the young men were fellow-students, to spend his vacation at her father's house. To be sure he was no longer a beardless boy, and had proved himself a hero by carrying her wounded brother in his arms from a Mexican battle-field; but he was only a Lieutenant notwithstanding, with no signs of war in the horizon to give promise of speedy promotion, and with moderate expectations at best from his father—a humble tanner at Galena, Ill. It was a marriage of love. The bridegroom being an army officer and the bride a descendant of military stock, the wedding was, as may be imagined, a brilliant affair, attended by the fashionable people of St. Louis and many officers from the barracks in full uniform. The house in which it took place is standing to-day, though there is very little in its dingy, begrimed appearance to suggest the residence of such a fastidious man as Col. Dent is known to have been.



HOUSE WHERE GRANT WAS MARRIED.

It is the corner house of the double building shown above in which Gen. U. S. Grant was married. It stands on the southwest corner of Fourth avenue and Certe street, in St. Louis. Horse cars, unknown in the days when the brave soldier went there a-courting, now jingle past its door, and there is tacked up on the spot which the old-fashioned brass knocker used to occupy a printed sign notifying passers by that "rooms" may be obtained within for \$4 a week, and that "table board" at \$3, or "single meals" at 25 cents, are to be had upon application. A Mrs. Patcher reigns supreme within, and "boarders" gossip about other "boarders," or roll afresh on slanderous tongues the tough steak or the bullet biscuit in the double parlors where Miss Julia Dent was made Mrs. Grant. The same chandelier which lighted the bridal festival hangs from the ceiling. It is one of several evidences left that the house was ever the home of an affluent and cultivated family. It is a bronze affair, trident shaped, the figure of a knight rising between its three supporting rods.



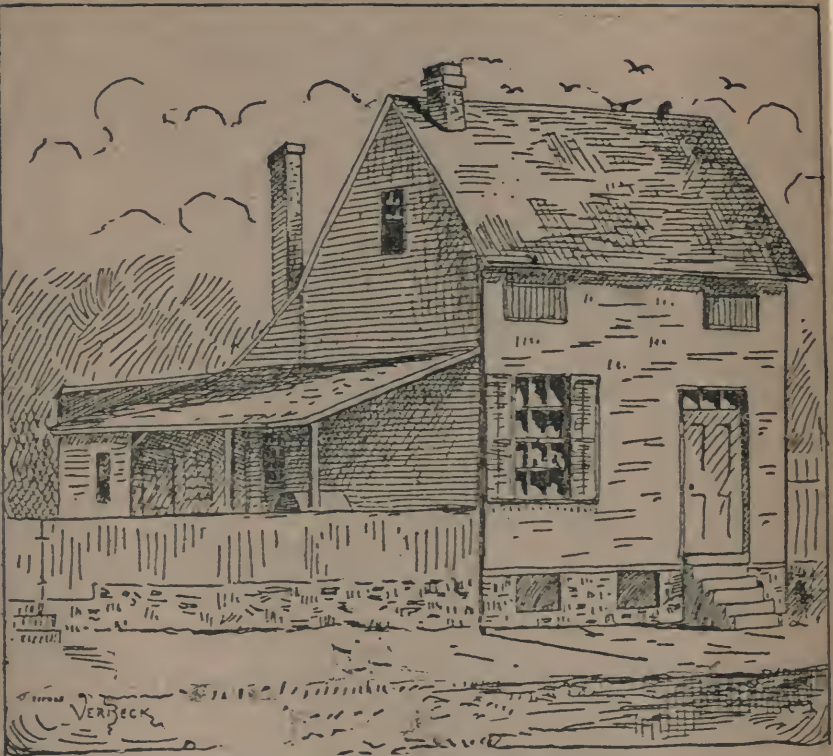
ROOM GRANT WAS MARRIED IN.

The front hall of the house is larger than one would look for on entering, and there rises from it an old-fashioned staircase, the balusters of which are of solid mahogany, the top of the mahogany newel post being inlaid with pearl. The door and window facings of the parlor are perfectly plain, devoid of all carving and moulding, and are painted white, as doubtless they were in the days of the Dents. The knobs of the doors are solid brass, and over a spacious fire-place is a wooden mantel upon which the elbow of the old soldier has, no doubt, many times rested, while its honest eyes beamed down upon the face of the girl who sat on an ottoman in front of the great crackling fire listening to tales of the Mexican war and little dreaming that the real battles in which her gallant lover was to show his courage and military genius were before him.

The house now rents for \$45 a month and is the property of Mrs. Walsh, of St. Louis. It lies directly in the path of a proposed elevated road and its days are doubtless numbered. But there exist in St. Louis to-day other houses which are even more intimately associated with the early married life of Gen. Grant. In fact, the young Lieutenant and his bride never occupied the Fourth avenue residence after their marriage, except as occasional visitors there. After their wedding tour they lived for some time at a farm-house owned by Col. Dent, on the Gravois road, and it was there that their daughter Nellie, now Mrs. Sartoris, was born, as were one or two of the boys. The place was known as the Wish-on-Wish, and its memory is doubtless very tender to the General to-day, for it was there he first settled immediately after his resignation from the army in 1854. Becoming dissatisfied with this existence, and having been woefully disappointed by a failure to obtain the position of County Surveyor, he moved his rapidly increasing family back to St. Louis and rented a house at the corner of Seventh and Lynch streets, which is standing to-day.







THE OLD COTTAGE HOUSE WHEN TIMES WERE HARD.





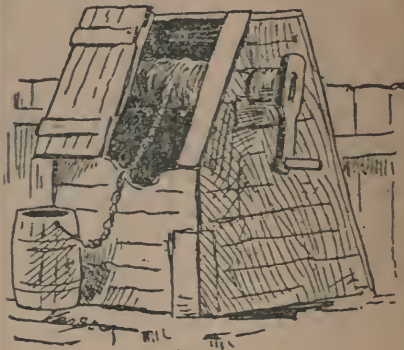
HOUSE CORNER SEVENTH AND LYNCH STREETS.

The life of the Grants during their occupation of this residence was none too bright. It was clouded by the fact that their funds were running low and that the young ex-soldier and ex-farmer was unable to find any employment. He was much too proud to accept any more pecuniary assistance from his father-in-law than was absolutely necessary and his spirit chafed under the restraint of enforced inactivity. His army life had entirely unfitted him for mercantile pursuits, and as his acquaintance was limited almost entirely to military people, his prospects of finding something suitable to his hand were small. Realizing the necessity of economy, the Grants gave up their house on Seventh street and removed to a little cottage which now bears the number 1008 Barton street, and which is shown in the accompanying picture.

This house, it will be admitted, is not what could be called a large mansion. Contrasted with the present residence of Gen. Grant (a picture of which will be found further on) it is a mere pigeon-house, but nevertheless it is considerably bigger to-day than it was when the Grants occupied it. In those days it consisted of a single room on each floor, and Mrs. Adolph Weckler, the present occupant, who with her husband has lived there for more than twelve years, declares that the interior of the front or main room is precisely the same as it was when Mrs. U. S. Grant superintended its dusting and sweeping. It is amazing to think of the great General of the Union forces having been confined in this cramped little place. The ceiling is so low that a Broadway policeman would have to lower his chin almost to the pit of his stomach to explore it. The front door opens directly into the stunted little apartment, and doubtless many callers upon the Grants in those days stumbled upon Miss Nellie and Fred while in the act of bulding block fortifications across the parlor floor in rumple aprons and with grimy hands. It is difficult to imagine where the General in those days found a place to enjoy his customary cigar. He must either have smoked in the nursery or the parlor, and by the way where was the kitchen? and where was the dining-room? When it is remembered that General Grant had at this time nearly reached the prime of life; was without occupation, and the head of a large family, the subsequent events in his marvellous history seem almost incredible. To-day this funny little Barton street

dwelling is flanked on either side by brick residences which, being very much taller than the cottage, give it a helpless and pathetic appearance, illustrative of the condition of the great man who for a time was imprisoned there, bursting with impatience for the lifting of the curtain which was to disclose his splendid destiny. It is strange that the march of the masons and hod-carriers of a growing city like St. Louis did not long ago trample out the existence of this little antiquated cottage. But it stands to-day, larger, by the addition of a kitchen wing than it was when the General was lord of the premises, and eloquent to all who know its history of the greatness of man's possibilities in this land of the free.

Rising from a corner of the lower room is a little flight of stairs which leads up to the garret chamber, which suggests a child's play-house more than the sleeping apartments of a military hero. The four walls are met by a ceiling which slants down on all sides to meet them at a point not more than four feet from the floor. A rude wooden railing still extends in front of two dangerous windows in the front wall of this upper room, which was placed there by Gen. Grant himself to prevent Miss Nellie and the younger children from falling out. On the east side of the cottage is this queer old-fashioned well.

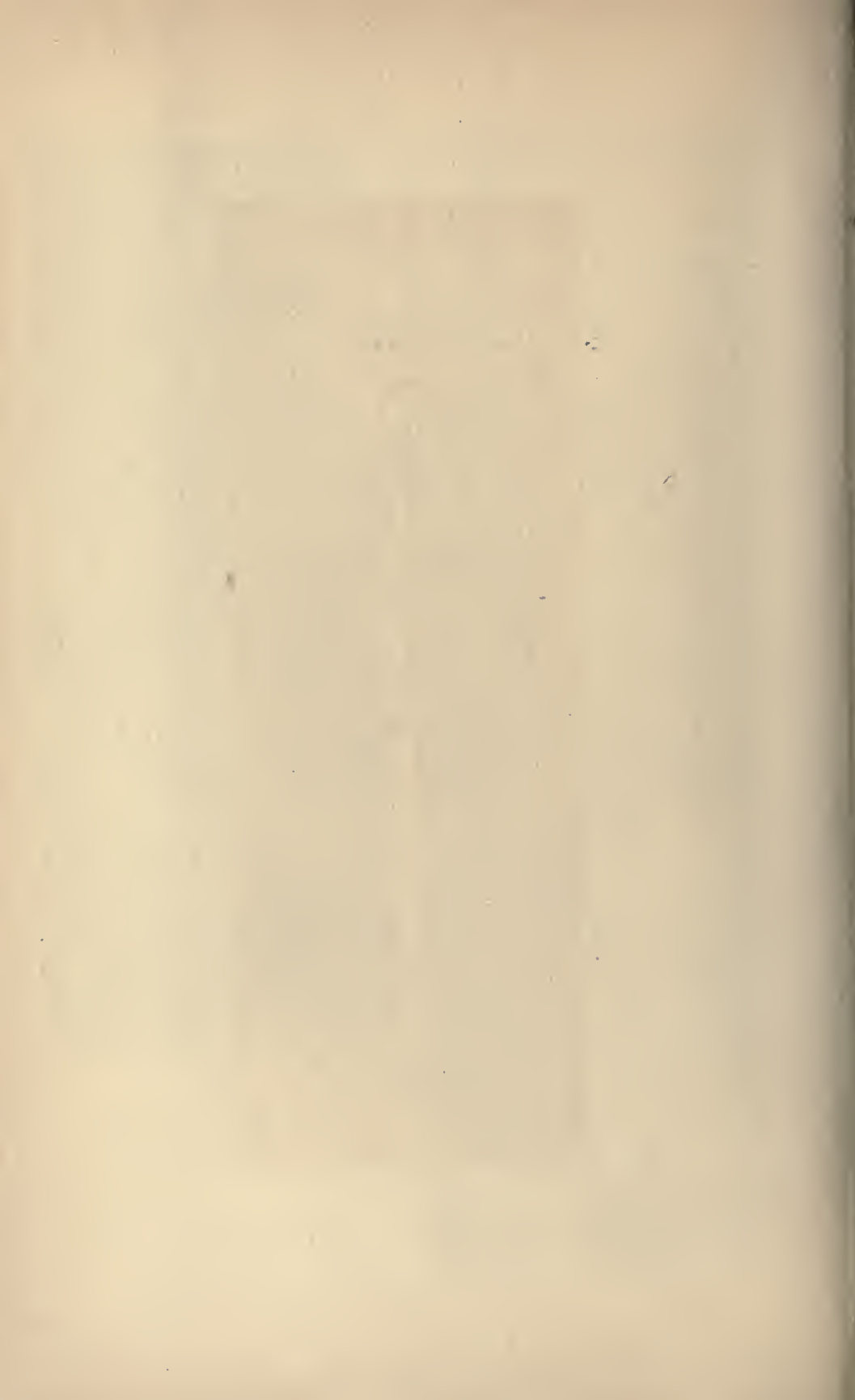


THE WATER FONT.

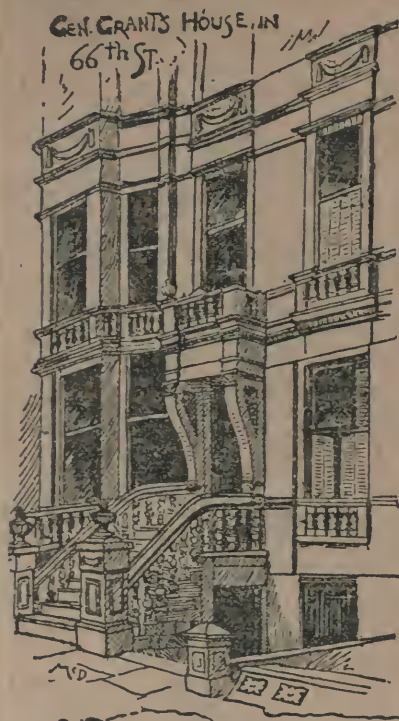
The curb and windlass are the same as in the days when the Grants occupied the premises, and the hand that has since held the sword of the General of all our armies and the pen of our Chief Magistrate has many times no doubt grasped the old wooden crank and drawn water from the depths below.

Soon after taking possession of this cottage Gen. Grant formed a copartnership with a Mr. Boggs in the real estate business, the firm being Grant & Boggs. The venture was a failure, and in course of time the General accepted an offer from his father to enter the latter's tannery at Galena. He presented his four slaves to Mr. John F. Long and removed his other chattels to Illinois. The summons of Grant from the Ga-





Iona tanyards to the battle-field and his subsequent history are familiar to all.  
The accompanying picture illustrates the New York residence of Gen. Grant:

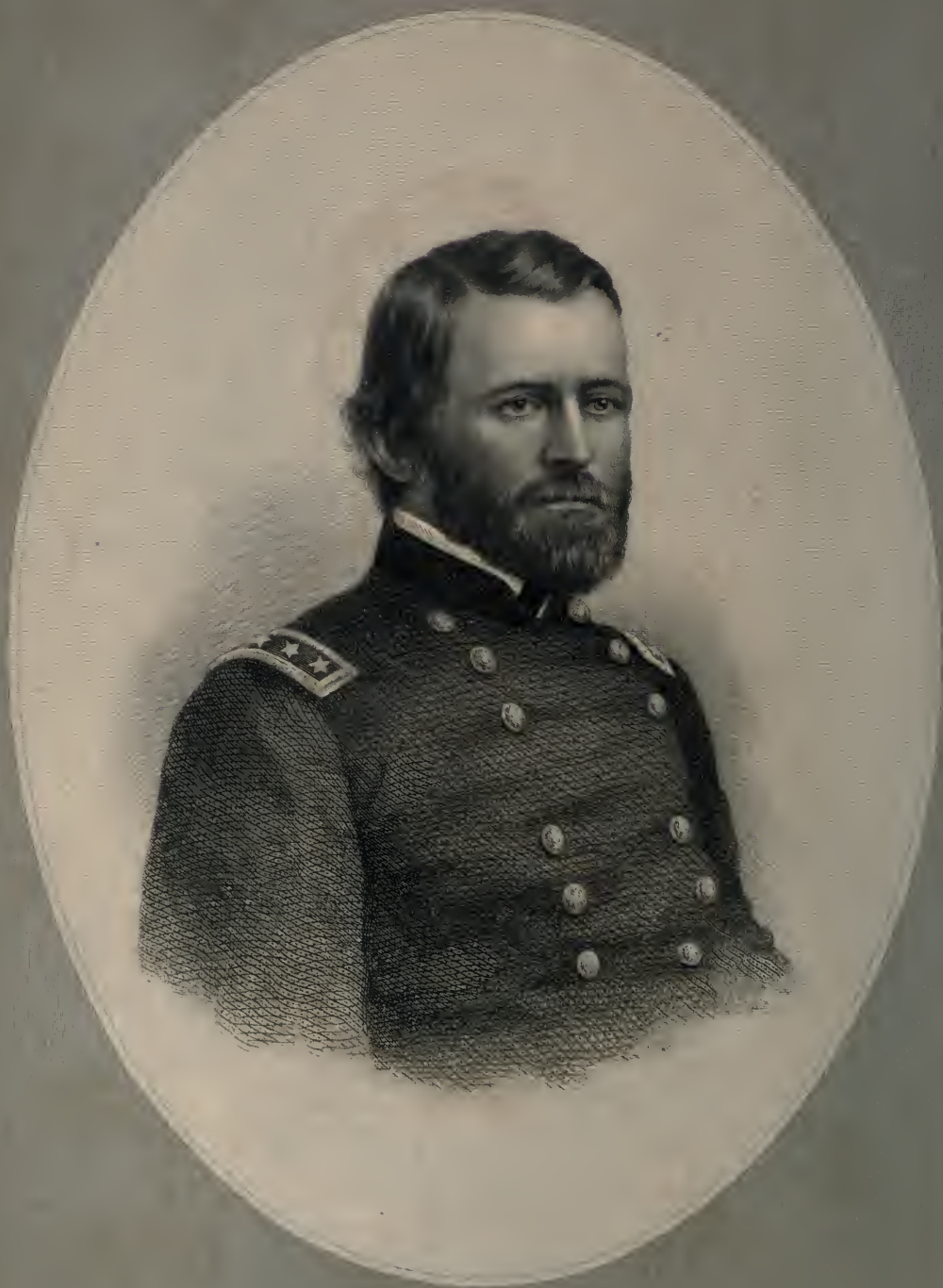


It is a superb brown-stone mansion and is valued at \$100,000. As we explained in THE WORLD a day or two ago it is not to-day owned either by the General or his wife, but is the property of certain parties who held an original mortgage on the building. The house was purchased by the General's friends and presented to his wife. It was valued at \$100,000, but there was a mortgage on it of \$60,000. The full amount was raised and \$40,000 paid down on the delivery of the deed, the remainder being placed to Mrs. Grant's credit in the bank. She made repeated efforts to raise the incumbrance, but as it had a long term of years to run, the holder of the mortgage would not discharge it. When the firm of Grant & Ward was started, Mrs. Grant transferred her account to the house, and with it the \$60,000 to pay off the mortgage on their home. That sum went in the crash, and it is understood that a settlement has since been made by which the holder of the mortgage has acquired possession of the property, as the family could not afford to continue their ownership of it.









Engraved by V. C. Wright, Sc. & J. B. Smith, Lith.

*W. A. Brown.*

## A JAPANESE LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT.



FIFTEEN years ago, an American tourist, returning from an evening call in Tokio, was attracted to a book-stand illuminated by a flickering lamp. His eye was at once caught by a colored print meant unmistakably for an American soldier.

During his efforts to negotiate a purchase a crowd silently gathered, such a crowd as is seen only in Japan—as gentle, polite, and respectful as it is interested, inquisitive, and amused. Finding the situation embarrassing, the tourist was about to drop the print and beat a retreat, when the salesman gathered together nine little books which evidently went together as one set, and which the tourist discovered to be a life of General Grant in Japanese. Out of curiosity he purchased them. It was not long before he found that he had become the possessor of a rare work. The missionaries to whom it was shown hunted in vain through Tokio for additional copies. Not a single one could be found.

In New York the little books attracted much attention. A friend of General Grant, who was then living, took them to the great soldier. The general kept them a week, and then returned them to their owner without comment. Two or three attempts to translate them were made by Japanese who deemed it their duty to make the translation sound as American as possible, paraphrasing all Oriental expressions in such a way as to destroy their characteristic force. Finally, the Rev. J. S. Motoda, a native Japanese then residing at the Episcopal Divinity School in West Philadelphia, produced the following literal translation of the more interesting parts of the work.

The nine volumes, each consisting of twenty pages of text and pictures, are arranged in groups of three, so that the illuminated covers of each group form a single picture. The first group deals with General Grant's early life, the Mexican war, and the civil war; the second group with the civil war and his travels in England and France; and the third group with his travels in Africa, Asia, and Japan.

*H. C. M.*

### GURANDO'S LIFE, YAMATO BUNSHO.<sup>1</sup>

THE FIRST SERIES, UPPER BOOK.

KANAGAKI ROBUN WROTE, SENSAI YEITAKU DREW, SHIDZUOKAYA-BUNSUKE PRINTED.

#### INTRODUCTION.

The multitude of stars, on every hand,  
Turn toward the spot where the Northern Star doth stand.

THE American flag, which has so many stars in itself, is the flag which may be called the soil which produces many heroes of the civilized countries of liberty, which is the foundation of independence. But beginning with the founder, Washinton Kuen,<sup>2</sup> there was no want of rulers—among them the former great ruler, Gurando Kuen. Although he was given by the people great power which never was before, by his generous and philanthropic virtue he came to our country. This fact, being the happy sign of the outing [departure] of Rin<sup>3</sup> and the coming of Ho,<sup>4</sup> is clearly a thing of happy auspices of friendship between Nippon and America. Therefore, writing a life of this famous man, I wish to let children and women know his beautiful doings; and I call the title Yamato Bunsho. Meizi 12th year,

7th month. The middle Jun (July, 1879). Kanagaki Robun writes:

Eight years ago I wrote a book called "Sekai Miyakoji," for small learners, from which I now extract the condition of North America, and will explain the opening of that continent to young girls and young boys. In olden times, besides the three continents Ashia, Afurika, Yoropa, thinking that there was no land, and also knowing that the shape of the earth was like a ball, being convinced that there must be a land between the east and the west, the German astronomer Koberunikusu<sup>5</sup> sent a ship toward the west, and saw afar the new land. After that, Koronbusu<sup>6</sup> of Itaria<sup>7</sup> rode out in only three ships, great and small, six hundred days, the time being the beginning of Mei-o of Nippon.

He discovered a new world. Having followed the foot [track] of those ships, a general of Itaria, Amerikusu, went around this great continent, and wrote out its products, its geog-

<sup>1</sup> Japan's literary reward.

<sup>2</sup> Mr.

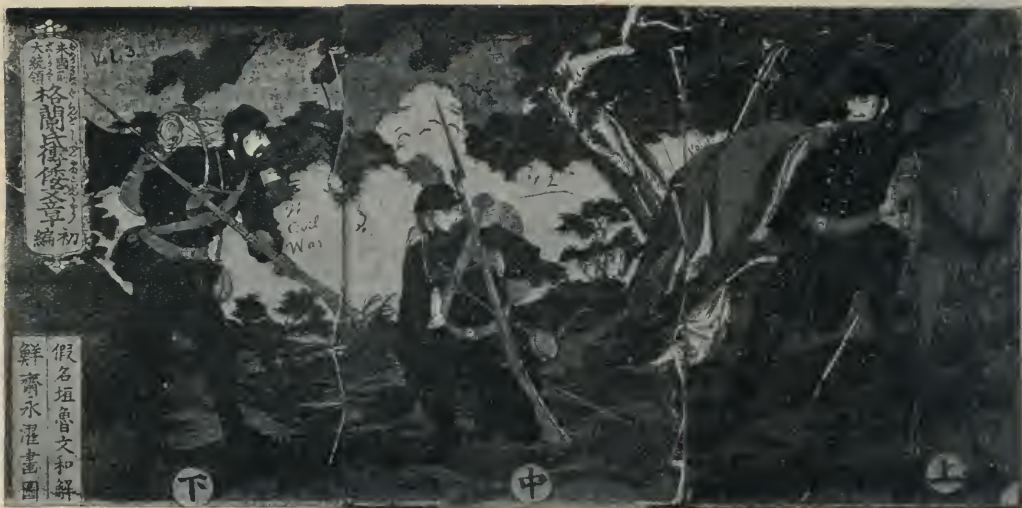
<sup>3</sup> Rin is a little animal, and Ho<sup>4</sup> is a bird, which the Japanese associate with the birth of a hero.

<sup>5</sup> Copernicus.

<sup>6</sup> Columbus.

<sup>7</sup> Italy.





THE CIVIL WAR—PICTURE MADE BY UNITING THE COVERS OF VOLUMES THREE, TWO, AND ONE.

raphy, and customs. On account of the merit of the opening of this land (by him), this is called America. From this time, the going and the coming between the east and the west making a ring, things about the ball of the earth became clear. This great continent is divided into two—the South and the North. North America, the land of which was most opened by Igrisu,<sup>1</sup> broke out the beginning of quarrels, and for the sake of country those who joined themselves to the thirteen confederated States raised up Washinton Shi<sup>2</sup> to the generalship, under whom they fought against the Igrisu government, defeated its great army, and completely won the victory. Now, Igrisu having no power to rival, ninety-seven years from now [ago]—one thousand, seven hundred, eight, ten, three [1783]—America escaped the rule of Igrisu, and, peace having been made, became an independent country, having gathered a multitude of people, determined a government of self-ruling, and determined that the one who had the greatest number of votes should be ruler for four years limited. At this time Washinton, because he had the greatest merit, was made the Taitoryo.<sup>3</sup> Henceforth the country was well governed, and its capital was called Washinton. The fifteenth Taitoryo, Yurishesu Shimuson Gurando,<sup>4</sup> fifty-eight years from now, the fourth month, twenty-seventh day, in America, Ohayo State, Monto Gori,<sup>5</sup> Pointo Puranto,<sup>6</sup> was born.

#### BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

FROM the time of his birth he was different from an ordinary baby. His body was large. He weighed 1 kwan, 292 mc. As he grew, his thought became deeper accordingly. It

was seen by the eye of every man. He showed no color of fear, however great the sound that came into his ear. When he was not fully two years old his father, Jesshi Rumito Gurando, happened to carry him outside of his house, and some bad young men in the neighborhood, looking back at Gurando Kuen, said, "We hear that this baby, as people say, has a brave heart, and never fears anything; we will try whether this is true or false." And they went away and got a pistol, and gave it to the hand of Gurando Kuen, and pulled the trigger. Then came out a bullet like a thunder-storm. The baby was not afraid of it, and never changed the color of his face; but pointing to the pistol, asked another shot. The father, as well as the bad boys, was astonished; and there was no one who did not roll his tongue.

A year and a half later a circus-rider entered his village. Desiring to see the show, Gurando Kuen, on his father's arm, entered the place. Pointing to the horse, he insisted on riding it himself. His father consequently asked the circus-rider to let his boy ride. Gurando Kuen, showing in his face perfect satisfaction, rode on the neck of the horse, and appeared as if he was persuading the horse to go. One day, when he was older, he was playing ball by his own house, and he accidentally broke a glass window of his neighbor. Having regretted what he had done, he made up his mind, and went into the neighbor's house, and excused himself to the lord of the house, saying, "I accidentally broke the window of thy honorable house. I have

<sup>1</sup> England.

<sup>2</sup> Mr., like Kuen, but used of a person who is not living.

<sup>3</sup> President.

<sup>5</sup> County.

<sup>4</sup> Ulysses Simpson Grant.

<sup>6</sup> Point Pleasant.

no word to excuse myself. The only thing I can do is to my father tell, a new glass window buy, this loss repay. Please excuse." This house lord, having been much pleased with this child's unusual thoughtfulness, without any condition excused his sin. Indeed, Gurando Kuen's heavenly nature is like a serpent which has its own nature when it is but one inch long. "He is the Kirin<sup>1</sup> boy of this village," said every one. Gurando Kuen's father, having leather-making as his business, supported himself and his boy. His house was very poor. The education of his own son he could not do sufficiently. Gurando Kuen, when four years old, for the first time entered a school of this village; but being unable to get sufficient for the expense of his education, he left the school. Although he was not equal in strength to one arm of his father, he helped in his father's business. Five or six years he spent thus, and he had already become eleven years old. In this winter he again entered the village school, but within three months he left. Being prevented by his poverty, he could not continue to study. But his nature being straight, he was not willing to give up the thing when once he intended to do. Bearing the sufferings and cares of one

hundred breakings and one thousand temptations, he thought this time is what is called in the world "seven falls and eight risings," and so he did not show the color of discouragement, but, on the contrary, showed greater strength.

In the spring of his seventeenth year he expressed a great thought to his father, and addressed him, saying, "I have in my mind the thought that, when four years from to-day have passed, I shall not be doing this kind of labor." The father, thinking it a strange thing, said, "Do you hate your father's hereditary trade? Do you hate to become a leather-maker, and spend your life thus? What profession, then, do you expect to adopt in future? Do you expect to go into the fields carrying a sickle and a hoe? Do you expect to sell and buy things in the market? Or do you fix your eyeballs upon books of ten thousand volumes, and desire to speculate reasons and promote moralities, and become a man of wide knowledge?" Gurando Kuen, replying to these questions, said, "To cultivate the field and become a farmer is well, but to spend the whole life as a hireling is not well. To take a Soroban<sup>2</sup> and become a merchant and gain profit is well, but along with it to make bad practice is not my desire. Contrary to all this, our ancestors, in the War of Independence of this country, showed great merit, I hear. I also, entering a military school, will have to show my arm in

<sup>1</sup> The Kirin is a rare bird, somewhat like a crane, which is supposed to appear once in many years as a sign of some great event.

<sup>2</sup> Counting-machine.







GRANT AS A CHILD ADMIRES A CIRCUS-HORSE.

the time of great things. O Father Kuen, how is it?" The father, being exceedingly glad, did as he wished.

#### THE MEXICAN WAR.

THE wish of Gurando Kuen the father thought good. The father himself desired that it should be so. Now, as the two wishes met like a bamboo splice, desiring to accomplish his son's request he sought the way. Through the introduction of a certain person, a representative of the State, he entered the military school of a place called Wesu-To Pointo.<sup>1</sup> Henceforth, day and night, he studied diligently, and in four years he finished his course. On the 1st day of the 7th month of his 22d year he became a Sho-i.<sup>2</sup> Among 39 men of his class he ranked 21st. Therefore his name was not very well known. After two years, between this America and Mekishiko<sup>3</sup> a trouble of boundary arose. They began the opening of war. Gurando Kuen, making his courageous nature more courageous, followed great General Rincorun,<sup>4</sup> and went to West Mekishiko.

On the 8th day of the 5th month of the next year, in the land called Paruaruto,<sup>5</sup> there began a battle. Beginning with this engage-

ment, in fourteen battles, great and small, Gurando Kuen showed peerless military merit in each battle. When, on the 23d of the 9th month of the same year, there were three successive engagements in the town of Monterey, Gurando Kuen, encouraging his soldiers, broke in the middle defense of the enemy. He happened to be besieged by them, and he found no way to advance or retreat, and he was troubled, his ammunition being exhausted. But without showing the slightest color of terror he pushed on his soldiers, receiving the enemy from eight directions. By the time when the day began to become dark, he changed his horse. . . . His left foot on the stirrup and grasping the mane with his left hand, gave the whip to the horse, calling his soldiers to follow him, and broke through the siege of the enemy and returned to his headquarters; and receiving more men, he again put his men in order, and manifested unusual merit. From this time he was promoted Tai-i [captain], and his name thundered far and near. Gurando Kuen, after the war with Mekishiko had been settled, continued to serve the army eleven returns of the stars and frosts. His service was faithful. In his 33d year, on the 31st day of the 7th month, he resigned his office, and returned home, and took up agriculture. Before this time he became engaged to a daughter of the great merchant Frederiku Tendo,<sup>6</sup> in the land of Sento

<sup>1</sup> West Point. <sup>2</sup> Lieutenant. <sup>3</sup> Mexico.

<sup>4</sup> Lincoln. <sup>5</sup> Palo Alto. <sup>6</sup> Frederick Dent.



Rui;<sup>1</sup> and while he was in the army in the same place he celebrated his wedding ceremony, and after he resigned his office he bought a piece of land near his wife's father. In the spring he cultivated, in the autumn he harvested. Farming he made his business. In his business many unfortunate things happened in succession. He lost his capital. He then changed his mind, and removed to a place called Gayarena,<sup>2</sup> of the State of Irinoi,<sup>3</sup> and spent his life making leather, which he learned from his father in his childhood. Until he became 39 years old he pasted his mouth in solitude.

## THE CIVIL WAR BEGINS.

THE time comes when a dragon must ascend into heaven. Western calendar 1861, America was divided into two, and great trouble arose. This trouble was that the Southern States of the United States, trying to separate from the Northern States, lifted the flag of rebellion. Having heard this, the Taitoryo of this time, Rincorun,<sup>4</sup> feeling uneasy, hastened to gather soldiers. On the 15th day of the 4th month of the same year he appealed to the whole country. At this time Gurando Kuen, although he was in a trade by which he was not able to raise the smoke of his whole house, yet the time

came when he could serve his country with his unusual, heaven-gifted brave spirit. He quickly called together those who had the same idea in the neighboring villages. On the 19th day of the same month he organized a company of volunteers, and he taught to these men the military advance and retreat, and the skill of attack and defense. He waited for the time to come for sending his soldiers. In the mean time Gurando Kuen went to see the governor of the State, and said, "Thy humble servant, having become an assistant officer of a great company of the volunteer army, desires permission to advance to the State of South Misor, and break underfoot the Southern army, and defeat them in one battle." The governor did not accede to his request, but he made him a messenger to enlist soldiers. Kuen, suppressing his courage, which was about to burst out of his breast, flying in wind, running in rain, endeavored to enlist soldiers. In the latter part of the 5th month he was chosen Dai Taicho (head of the great division) of the Irinoi Shu<sup>5</sup> 21st Tai.<sup>6</sup> In the beginning of the 6th month, South Misor Shu, a place called Sheneraruhopu, sent out his Tai. Gurando Kuen's direction of advancing and retreating, being just right, satisfied the wish of the soldiers, and they thought it was certain to beat down the enemy if they served under him. Thus his fragrant name thundered. On the 7th of the 8th month he

<sup>1</sup> St. Louis.<sup>2</sup> Galena.<sup>3</sup> Illinois.<sup>4</sup> Lincoln.<sup>5</sup> Illinois State.<sup>6</sup> Regiment.

GRANT AS A BOY BREAKS A NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW.



GRANT TELLS HIS FATHER HE MUST BE A SOLDIER.

was elected Sanbo<sup>1</sup> of the volunteer army at the time of the election of the representatives of Irinoi Shu.

On the 1st day of the 9th month he was again promoted to the Shikicho<sup>2</sup> of the whole army. He, being greatly encouraged, put his headquarters in the place called Kairo, and watched the movements of the Southern soldiers. The force of Gurando Kuen, being like the splitting of bamboo, or the ascending of a Ryo<sup>3</sup> into the clouds, on the 6th of the 9th month, leading his great army, he approached the fort of his enemy. His movement being like the beating of great waves against rocks, or the scattering of small fish by a Shachihoko,<sup>4</sup> with the shout "Yei, yei!" advanced. The Southern army, with the hope of making the Northern army into small dust, defended themselves; but the Northern army was not at all afraid, and continued to attack the Southern army, and at once to scatter them. They, leaving their defense, fled in disorder toward Berumodo.<sup>5</sup> Kuen in one battle almost got possession of the city of Bachuka,<sup>6</sup> near the mouth of the Teneshi.<sup>7</sup> From the time of this victory the throats of the Ohio and the Teneshi were occupied by the Northern army, and became a convenient place of transportation for them.

On the 5th day of the 11th month of the same year he was sent to attack Bachuka again, and on the following day, leading the whole army, he left the camp at Kairo and moved toward Berumodo. The Southern army made preparation at a critical place, and put a great army in Coronbiya,<sup>8</sup> on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, and a great armory, and waited to beat and break the Northern army from the sideway. Kuen, being not at all afraid, on the 7th day of the same month arrived, commanding three thousand one hundred men. Seven thousand and more men of the Southern army, raising the whole wave, appeared at once, trying to get ahead one of another; and putting forth their guns in a row, and glittering their swords' points, began to attack.

The Northern army met them, beating and being beaten. Their rushing blood made, as it were, a scarlet rain, and for a time there was no sign of decision.

The artillery began to fire, and the sound of the cannon could be compared with nothing; and it struck down the camp of the Northern army, and several hundred men fell dead with their heads in a row. The usually courageous Northern army began to waver; the Southern army continued to attack. Gurando Kuen, whose courage had no rival, on account of the confusion of his men determined to retreat once; and leading his men began to retreat, driving out his enemy near at hand, and firing at the enemy from a distance. He thus broke them with his utmost power; and the great Southern army, although its energy was like the power of an angry tiger, left two cannon and fled. The Northern army captured two hundred men and opened the siege, and returned to a war-ship.

#### THE SECOND ADVENT OF WASHINGTON.

THE quick movement and spirit-like operation of Kuen at this time made one doubt whether he were not the second advent of Washinton. Even Napoleon I. would have been far from a rival to him. Both enemy and friend admired him. The Southern army from this time gave up the idea of pursuing. In this battle the Southern army lost 632 men, dead and wounded. The Northern army lost 25 men less than the Southern army. In the spring of the following year Gurando Kuen appealed to Taisho<sup>9</sup> Perukku to cut off the right elbow of the enemy by attacking the place called South Poruto Henri.<sup>10</sup> The general accepted it as a good plan, and gave him permission to start immediately. Kuen, being glad and encouraged, marched, commanding his men, along the Teneshi, succeeding day to night. It is necessary for military operations

<sup>1</sup> Counselor. <sup>2</sup> Director in General. <sup>3</sup> Dragon.

<sup>4</sup> Shark. <sup>5</sup> Belmont. <sup>6</sup> Paducah. <sup>7</sup> Tennessee.

<sup>8</sup> Columbus. <sup>9</sup> General. <sup>10</sup> Fort Henry.



to be with spirit-like quickness, and to ride every opportunity. One who is first, rules others. This can be also said of the military policy. Gurando Kuen, seizing the opportunity, did not hesitate to march out his soldiers. His quickness cannot be rivaled by any ordinary man. To win a complete victory is to know the best opportunity.

The popularity of the whole country turns to one person. His virtue extends over the globe. Wherever he goes, he creates the sense of respect in men who hear his name. This is a Heaven-bestowed wise man. In the whole world there are very few men like this. His wisdom is abundant, yet not with fox-like cunning. His courage excels that of others, yet not like that of a lion or tiger. Commanding his army, he subdues rebellious men; executing the government, he wins the hearts of the people; his work being completed, his name being widely known, he retires. This is the former Taitoryo of America. His meritorious works deserve thanks.

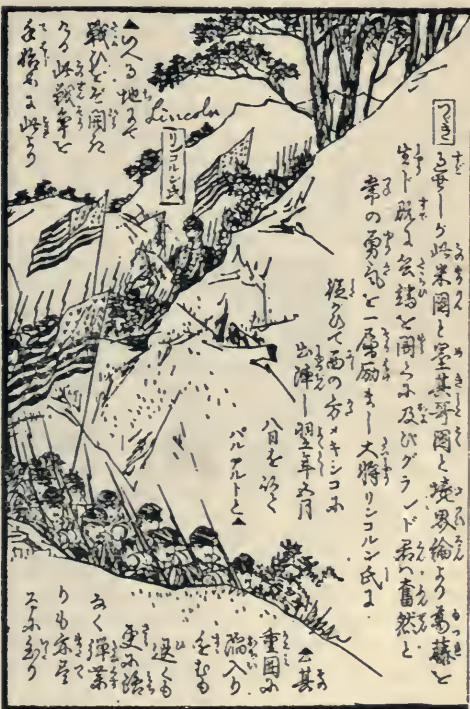
Gurando Kuen, having already obtained permission from the Taisho, gladly moved on, commanding his men along the Teneshi. That part was marshy ground, and he could not go as fast as he wanted to. His journey was much delayed. In the mean time the men

1 Donelson.

2 Cumberland.

of the navy took possession of the place. He consequently made another plan—to attack Denoruson<sup>1</sup> on the southwest bank of the Konborurando,<sup>2</sup> six miles distant from Poruto Peshiku. So, without waiting the direction of the Taisho, he marched against that place at once, and on the 12th began to attack with his 15,000 men and horses. The enemy, consisting of 21,000 men and more, having heard of the approach of the Northern army, endeavored to defend themselves in a strong position. Gurando Kuen, having been preceded by the navy in attacking *that* place, sought to attack *this* place instead. He divided his 15,000 men into several divisions, interchanging them constantly. Three days and three nights, without pausing for breath, he attacked them most severely.

The enemy defended themselves with death-struggle energy, but at the dawn of the 15th the Northern army added 16,000 new men, and attacked them more forcibly. The Southern army lost innumerable men. It is said that there were 2500 men killed and wounded. In the Southern army 4000 and more who survived fled, leaving their camp, and finally they gave themselves up. In this battle, in the Northern army there were not more than 2000 who were killed and wounded. They captured 65 cannon, 14,600 muskets, and 14,623 men. By this great vic-



GRANT AND LINCOLN AS OFFICERS IN THE MEXICAN WAR. THE TRANSLATIONS OF THEIR NAMES ARE WRITTEN ON THE FACE OF THE PICTURE.







rious enemy, understanding that the Northern army was fleeing, pursued, and came very near them, and it appeared that the Northern army were almost defeated. Gurando Kuen, turning his horse's head toward the enemy, shooting a glittering light from the midst of his eyeball, lifting up his sword, raising his great voice like a peal of thunder, threatening his men to charge, according to the military law, if they showed any cowardice, and commanding them not to spoil the glorious name of the Northern army, encouraged them to advance.

His courageous dignity humiliated them. His men, being encouraged by him, stopped their footsteps, and began to fight. The day was beginning to be dark, and General Boiru Shi, commanding 40,000 and more men, arrived there. The Northern army, becoming elated, like the rain in drops, at the dawn of the 7th put the two armies together, and began to attack the position of the Southern army. The Southern army, being not able to endure it, was broken, and retreated. They had no courage to fight again. In this battle Gurando Kuen lost 12,217 killed and wounded, but regained the position which he had lost. His whole army, being encouraged, approached Korinsu without delay, and challenged them to fight. . . .

[The matter between page 13 of Volume III and Volume V, being a description of suc-

cessive battles, has been omitted in the translation.]

#### GENERAL GRANT BECOMES PRESIDENT.

HAVING heard of the surrender of Taisho Ri-i Shi,<sup>1</sup> the Southern States hastily<sup>2</sup> surrendered, and the warlike disorder of the past five years completely settled down. The sound of the triumphant songs of the Northern army thundered in heaven and earth like a dignified wind bowing the trees and grasses, and they [the soldiers] retired to Washinton Fu.

The Southern Taitoryo, Debisu,<sup>3</sup> was captured, and war was appeased. Taitoryo Rincorun Shi<sup>4</sup> gathered the various armies, thanked them deeply for their services, and dismissed the volunteers, awarding to those who were meritorious, and sending them to their homes. The nation began to feel the thought of easiness. This was 1865.

Taitoryo Rincorun Shi, although his term of office was completed, popularity was more and more centered in him, and therefore he was put into the office of Taitoryo for a second time, and the winds and the waves of all the States became quieted. But the remainder of the

<sup>1</sup> General Lee, Mr.

<sup>2</sup> Literally, "vying with each other, in haste."

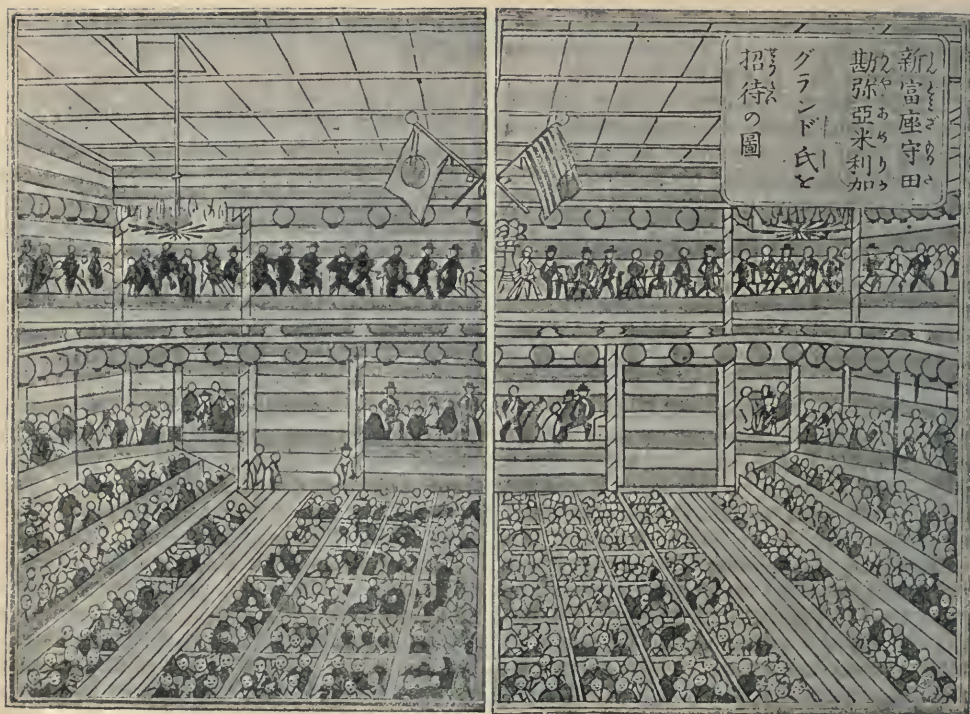
<sup>3</sup> President Davis.

<sup>4</sup> President Lincoln, Mr.



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.





GENERAL GRANT'S RECEPTION IN JAPAN.

Southern rebellious men were still living. One night when the Taitoryo Rincorun Shi was witnessing the theater in the city, suddenly a bent man<sup>1</sup> came near Rincorun Shi, and pierced<sup>2</sup> him in various ways, saved the Southern Sho<sup>5</sup> him to death in that very spot. By this act there was great dismay. The bent man was taken prisoner, and punished to death. After this Fuku-Toryo<sup>3</sup> Jonson became Taitoryo.

The whole nation, commending deeply the great merits of Gurando Kuen, respected him as one who loved the United States, and esteemed it the greatest of all countries. His popularity was increased above that of Jonson. On the 25th day of the 7th month, in 1867, he was made the American army's Sototoku.<sup>4</sup> This office Gurando Kuen was the only one to receive, excepting Washinton, since the independence of the country. And not only did Gurando Kuen receive such a great honor, but also patriotic men, subscribing money, made for him a new residence, to repay his laborious merit. It is said that people went to see the beautiful house in his very humble village, and the name of the place became known to far countries. Thus Gurando Kuen's fragrant name thundered not only in all the States of America, but also in old countries of the Occident. Even the other continents admired his virtue. On the contrary, Taitoryo Jonson Shi,

since the settlement of the war, hated deeply the men of the South, and punished with unusual strict law. But Gurando Kuen, advising Jonson in various ways, saved the Southern Sho<sup>5</sup> from ten thousand deaths, and punished lightly those Southern rebellious men who would otherwise have been put to death.

Jonson, contrary to his previousness,<sup>6</sup> began to communicate most deeply with the men of the South. The nation began to doubt, and they thought that it was strange that Jonson was so intimate with the men of the South, and began to lose their respect for him, and wished to take him out of the office, and put Gurando Kuen there instead. In 1868, by a great majority of votes, he was at last elected Taitoryo, and in the 3d month of the following year he took the executive power of the United States. But the war-like spirit was not lost, and occasionally some tangling of the States occurred, thus creating difficulties for the Government. Gurando Kuen, crushing his heart,<sup>7</sup> quieted in various ways the mind of men, and conducted the government solely in a benevolent way.

Consequently his popularity increased continually, and everything became peaceful. During the previous war Igrisu<sup>8</sup> loaned to the Southern States ammunition. Gurando Kuen, instead of appealing to war to settle this trouble, asked the governments of various countries in Yoropa their black and white,<sup>9</sup> and by the joint judgment of the various states he re-

<sup>1</sup> Villain.

<sup>2</sup> Stabbed.

<sup>3</sup> Vice-President.

<sup>4</sup> Commander-in-chief.

<sup>5</sup> General.

<sup>6</sup> Previous

course. <sup>7</sup> Being anxious. <sup>8</sup> England. <sup>9</sup> Their decision.



ceived from Igrisu a proper compensation. In 1872 Gurando Kuen's term was completed. At the next presidential election he was elected again, by the greatest number of votes which had never been since the opening of this country. Many persons, being perfectly devoted to Kuen's virtue of benevolence and righteousness, sang of peace to the country; but Kuen, not forgetting the time of war in the time of peace, trained soldiers and encouraged industry, rectified loss and lightened punishments. There was not one fault in his executive government. He was respected as the father of the country. Even a three-year-old child admired his virtue. The four years of his second term having been completed in 1876, in the 7th month of the 11th year of Meizi of Dai Nippon<sup>1</sup> he retired from the office of Taitoryo, and insisted on returning quietly to the house in Pointo Puranto<sup>2</sup> in Monto Gori,<sup>3</sup> in the State of Ohayo;<sup>4</sup> and, gazing upon the moon, looking at flowers, enjoying the mountains and waters, and thus resting from labor of many years, he thought best to make a circuit around the world. In the autumn of the same year, in company with his wife and child and others, he left his native place, rode in a train of great railroad, and wanted to see the countries of Yoropa first. Many men, coming to see him depart for his trip round the world, desired him to return early, and all wet their hankechi with their tears.

In Gurando Kuen's dealing with men in war, he makes the enemy of a hundred thousand man to shudder with fear; in the time of peace even a child may be intimate with him. He never loses the sense of respect before men. He treats them like his own blood relations. Therefore, wherever he went, men, having heard of his benevolence and righteousness, admired his virtue. A man like him is a real hero, such as is rarely seen in the world. He also can be said to be a wise man of benevolence and righteousness.

[Here follow descriptions of General Grant's travels in England and France.]

#### THE RECEPTION IN JAPAN.

Noin ho shi,<sup>5</sup> who sang,

From the Miyako<sup>6</sup> I go,  
As the mist doth disappear  
When the autumn breezes blow  
By the Shirakawa<sup>7</sup> near,

was worried at the thought of a journey of a few ri, so he hid himself in his house, and re-

fused to meet callers, pretending that he had gone out to visit the famous places and the old remains. But this fact was known, and caused ill comment. This story has become widely known in the society of Fuga.<sup>8</sup> Judging the conservative spirit of the ancient times from the condition of to-day, it is more than deplorable to see our state. No longer standing alone in the midst of the ocean, without



SCENE FROM A MILITARY DRAMA PLAYED BEFORE GENERAL GRANT IN TOKIO.

knowing the outside world, now, the light of civilization beginning to shine upon the globe, we go to their country and they go to our country, and friendly communication is increasing widely and more intimately.

Gurando Kuen, having left his own land and having crossed the eastern countries Afurika and Indo, having gone around the eastern part of Ashia and Shina,<sup>9</sup> has arrived at Yokohama of our Dai Nippon, in the first part of the 7th month of this year. The Nippon government, having decided to extend him an extraordinary reception, sent to Yokohama, on that day, Choku, So, and Han, officials of the Departments of the Foreign and Interior Intercourse, and received him at the station of Tokio Shim-bashi, and treated him most kindly, receiving him as equal to the royal rank. The people

<sup>1</sup> Great Japan. <sup>2</sup> Point Pleasant. <sup>3</sup> Monroe County. <sup>4</sup> Ohio. <sup>5</sup> Name of a Buddhist monk.

<sup>6</sup> The capital city—i. e., any city where the emperor is present. <sup>7</sup> A river of Japan. <sup>8</sup> Convivial persons who enjoy life without laboring. <sup>9</sup> China.

at large are commanded by the government to show their thick will.<sup>1</sup> To receive Gurando Kuen [they] hung lanterns at each door, with the flags of Nippon and America on both sides of the street. The bridges of great roads fluttered with the flags of both countries as if it were the feast-day of Ubusuna.<sup>2</sup>

Since Gurando Kuen arrived, his residence at a palace at Shibama, and a reception was provided, in charge of a committee. Gurando

Kuen, with his wife and son, went around to see different official buildings, factories, museums, and parks, and greatly admired the rapid progress of our country. They visited the imperial palace, and saw the Shujo and Kwogo,<sup>3</sup> and received most kindly words from them. It was an honor to them.<sup>4</sup> On the other hand, it is a beautiful lifting<sup>5</sup> of our intercourse, for our country to make intimate acquaintance with such a renowned Shi.<sup>6</sup>

[The translation here ends in the middle of Volume VIII, which, with Volume IX, is devoted principally to the military dramas and amusements with which General Grant was entertained in Japan.]

1 Kind feeling. 2 A local god, supposed to govern one or more streets. 3 Emperor and empress.

4 That is, to Grant and party. 5 Undertaking or event. 6 Gentleman.



PICTURE FORMED BY UNITING THE COVERS OF VOLUMES NINE, EIGHT, AND SEVEN: PORTRAITS OF GENERAL AND MRS. GRANT. JAPANESE GIRLS DANCING IN THE AMERICAN COLORS TO ENTERTAIN GENERAL GRANT.

## AFTER YEARS.

"GIVE back my child!" I plead that day,  
My face against the coffin-lid.  
"Here is his place, upon my breast;  
Not there, in cold and darkness hid.  
Why, he had just begun to live—  
To know my face, to laugh, to reach  
His hands to meet my lips, and make  
Sweet essays at some unknown speech!

"Untrodden round his baby feet  
The whole fair realm of childhood lay;  
Nor stones nor thorns to make them bleed—  
My hand had smoothed them all away.  
No wind of heaven had buffeted  
His sunny head with cruel breath—  
My arms had safely sheltered him.  
Give him to me, O Death!"

Now, standing by that little grave  
Where in and out the passing years  
Weave tapestries of green and gold,  
I smile, remembering my tears.  
I lay my gray head on the mound  
That drank my tears, and 'neath my breath  
I whisper: "It is better so!  
Keep him, O gentle Death!"

*Julia Schayer.*







SIMON CAMERON.

## GRANT AT PILOT KNOB.

REMINISCENCE OF AN EARLY INTIMATE FRIEND OF GRANT'S.

BY GENERAL JOHN M. THAYER.



THE population of the Territory of Nebraska as shown by the national census of 1860 was a trifle over twenty-eight thousand. When President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for three hundred thousand men, I addressed a letter to General Simon Cam-

mont sent for me, and, on my reporting to him, said he desired me to proceed to Pilot Knob that night with the regiment, adding that his scouts had just reported to him that the Confederate General Hardee (the author of Hardee's Tactics, which had been in use in the United States army and which we were then using), was marching northward with seven thousand men with the view of attacking Pilot Knob, which was then occupied by General Grant with three regiments, and that he desired to reën-

force Grant as rapidly as possible. Pilot Knob—which, strictly speaking, was only a railroad station, the town being called Ironton—was then the end of the Iron Mountain Railroad, eighty miles south of St. Louis, and was regarded as one of the most important outposts in defence of St. Louis. If it should fall into the hands of the enemy, together with possession of the railroad, the safety of St. Louis would be seriously threatened.

A train of thirty-nine cars was made ready and the regiment was put aboard. We left St. Louis at midnight and arrived at Pilot Knob in the early gray of the morning. Inquiring

for General Grant's headquarters, I was informed they were on the outskirts of the village, distant about a mile. Under a guide I made my way to a small unpainted farmhouse in front of which a sentinel was pacing his beat. A body of troops were camped in a field opposite. Upon my asking for Grant the sentinel pointed to



GENERAL JOHN M. THAYER,  
Defender of Nebraska against the Indians, twice  
governor of the State and a prominent general in the  
war.

eron, then Secretary of War, asking that one regiment be appointed to Nebraska. The request was complied with. We then set to work to raise the one regiment. We found it a very difficult task to secure one thousand men out of a population of twenty-eight thousand; but the task was accomplished, the necessary number secured, the officers were chosen, and the regiment was mustered into the service of the United States as the First Nebraska infantry. It was my good fortune to be commissioned as its colonel.

General Frémont was then in command of the Western department, which embraced Nebraska Territory, with his headquarters at St. Louis.

Having procured arms for the regiment at Fort Leavenworth, I then telegraphed General Frémont that the command was ready for the field and asked for orders to come to the front. He was only too glad to get the regiment, and telegraphed me to come with it to St. Louis forthwith.

After I had been there several days Fré-

the door of a room inside (the front door being open), and said, "Walk in."

#### HOW GRANT APPEARED IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR.

Entering, I found a man of small stature, with an ordinary felt hat upon his head, sitting at a small pine table writing and smoking a clay pipe. He received me very pleasantly and asked me to be seated while he finished writing his communication, which occupied some fifteen minutes or more. He then turned to me and asked several questions as to my regiment, its discipline, strength, etc., expressing great surprise that the small territory of Nebraska (small in population, though large in geographical extent), eight hundred miles up the Missouri River, on the borders of civilization, had been able to raise a regiment of a thousand men and send it to the front for the defence of the country; and he added, "How strangely the course of the people of the South in plunging into a fratricidal war contrasts with the course of your people; and when I read of officers of the army and navy, educated by the government at West Point and Annapolis, and under a solemn vow to be the defenders of the flag against all foes whatsoever, domestic or foreign, throwing up their commissions, going South and taking service under the banner of treason, it fills me with indignation. I have been educated by the government to be its defender, and my life is freely offered, if the sacrifice is needed." He was not only a soldier in the highest degree from a military standpoint, but was imbued with the loftiest and purest patriotism.

Grant was dressed in a suit of army blue flannel, very similar to the blue suits worn nowadays by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, without any straps upon his shoulders, or any sign of rank about him. The complete absence of anything like show or ostentation was readily noticeable. I took a chair nearly opposite to the general, and almost immediately found myself scrutinizing that impassive face, the firm-set jaw, his calm and self-composed demeanor. Everything about him indicated unusual firmness and self-reliance. The more I studied him, the more interested I became.

Having now come under his command, and knowing he possessed the advantage of a military education, which I did not, and had had the experience of one war, while my experience was confined to defend-

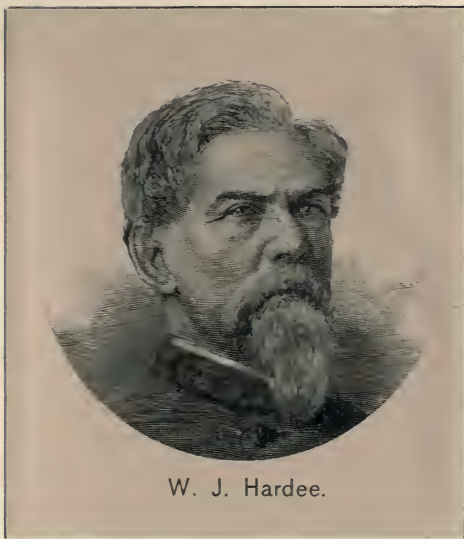
ing the frontier of Nebraska in an irregular warfare against hostile Indians from 1855 to 1860, it was but natural that I should try to form some kind of an impression as to the manner of man he was. Thus I scanned him closely, and my conclusion at once was that here was a man who would be heard from.

As I arose to leave him, he suggested where to put my regiment into camp, and said he would visit us in the afternoon. About four o'clock he rode into camp on that clay-bank horse which became a familiar figure on several battlefields afterwards, and the officers of the regiment were presented to him. His calm, composed manner, united with a soldierly bearing, but entirely free from any pride or hauteur of command, impressed all of them very favorably. From that day I was brought into daily association with him while he remained at Pilot Knob, and the more I saw of him the stronger did my attachment to him become; for from that time on a friendship grew between us which became stronger with the years and was never dimmed nor interrupted till the soul of the great conqueror passed on. I may remark here—though I do it with hesitation, fearing it may have the appearance of boasting of my intimate relations with Grant—that it was my privilege to be favored with his confidence to an unusual degree. I was with him much during three periods of keen, bitter disappointment and great mental suffering resulting from the treatment he received from superior officers, and during these periods he knew he had my undivided friendship and devotion. One of them I will now describe.

#### GRANT'S SUDDEN RELIEF FROM COMMAND AT PILOT KNOB.

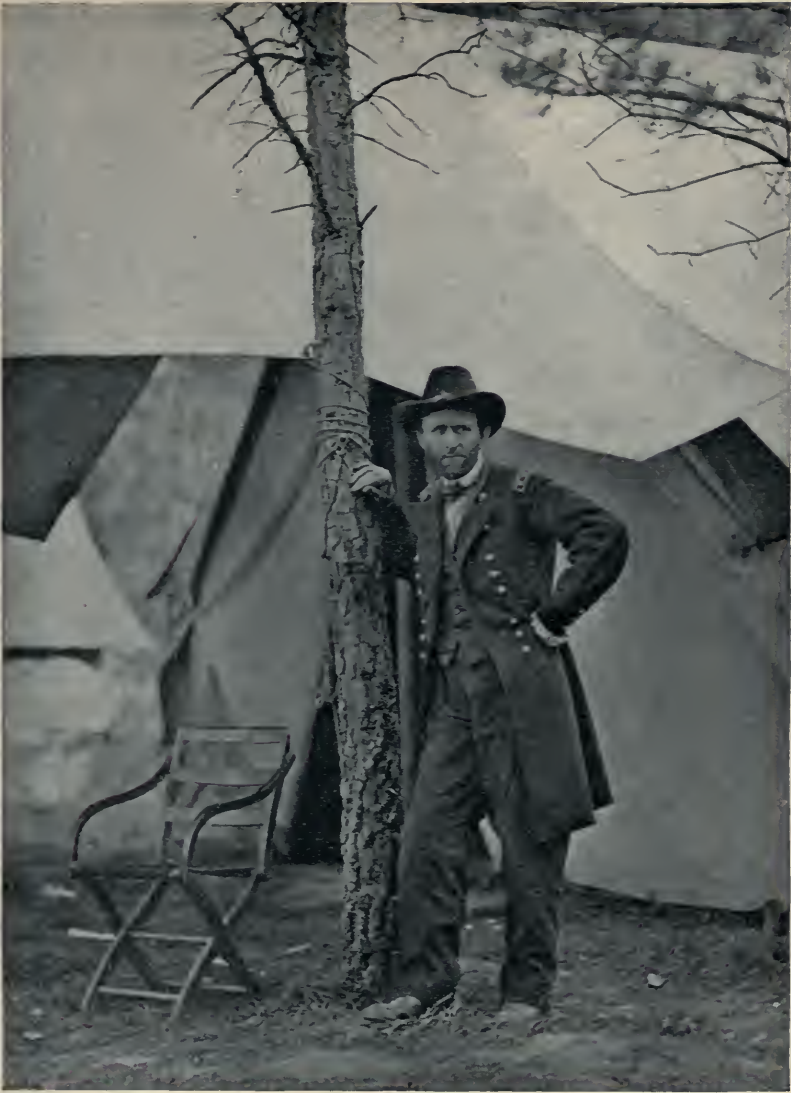
General Grant was rapidly reënforced by Frémont, so that he was able to take the field against Hardee, and was about to march on Greenville, twenty-five miles away, where the former then was with his forces, when General B. M. Prentiss of Illinois arrived at Ironton with orders to take command of that district, thus relieving Grant. Why he was thus summarily displaced by another he could not divine. Nothing had occurred to mar the friendly relations between him and Frémont, and the latter had not indicated any dissatisfaction with the course he was pursuing. He felt severely the humiliation of being thus recalled from his command, for which there was no apparent justification; and he





W. J. Hardee.





GENERAL GRANT BEFORE HIS HEADQUARTERS.

From a photograph by Brady.

was thoroughly cast down and dejected by the wholly unexpected change in his military position. It seemed to me he felt it more than the circumstances warranted. But, aside from the mortification he endured, there was another reason which added greatly to his disappointment and discomfiture. While preparing to move against Hardee and drive him out of that section or capture him, he was also preparing, when he had disposed of Hardee, to move across to Cape Girardeau with the purpose of crossing the Mississippi and establishing himself at Cairo, thus making that the base of future operations. I learned afterwards

that at the very time of which I am writing Grant had in his mind the plans of campaigns on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers and down the Mississippi to Vicksburg, which he subsequently carried through. The fact of his being taken away from that theatre of the war added largely to his chagrin and disappointment.

The night after the arrival of Prentiss, Grant ordered an engine and one car to take him to St. Louis, and invited me to accompany him. We were the only occupants of the car. He was silent nearly the whole of the way, apparently brooding over his situation. We left Pilot Knob



a little after midnight, reached St. Louis about the break of day, and repaired to the Planters House for breakfast. At nine o'clock he went to headquarters to report. In about three-quarters of an hour he returned and found me walking back and forth on the sidewalk in front of the hotel, and joined me, appearing more dispirited than before. He said he had received no satisfaction from Frémont as to why he was recalled, but that Frémont proposed to send him to Jefferson City to take command there. Having given some expression to his disappointment that his plans and hopes had been thus frustrated, after a pause he said:

"I do not want to go to Jefferson City. I do not want to go any further into Missouri. But of course I must obey orders."

He talked with me freely in regard to this trouble which had come upon him. He did not exhibit an angry spirit, did not utter a harsh word; but his feelings seemed to be deeply wounded. It was characteristic of Grant to put implicit confidence in one whom he believed to be his true friend, and it appeared to be a relief to him to talk with me of his trouble.

While thus walking back and forth, he said: "I wish I could get a leave of absence for five days, to enable me to go to Galena." Then turning to me with almost childlike simplicity he said, "Do you suppose General Frémont would give me such a leave?"

I replied, "I can conceive of no reason why he should not. There is no military movement of any magnitude on foot at present." Still taking a turn back and forth I added, "General, if I were in your place I would go back and ask him for the leave."

Reflecting on it for a few minutes, he then said: "I believe I will adopt your suggestion and will make the application."

#### GRANT MAKES AN IMPORTANT VISIT TO GALENA.

He immediately returned to headquarters and sought the leave. In a short time he was back at the hotel with a much more cheerful expression upon his countenance, and said he had obtained the desired order and should leave for Galena that night.

His family were living at Galena, and it was natural to me to believe his desire to see them prompted the visit. But little did I realize the vast consequences to him

and to the country which would result from his securing that leave of absence and his making that visit at that particular time. Foreseeing that the great events of the war must inevitably take place east of the Mississippi River, and west of the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge as well as east of those mountains, he knew if he went further into Missouri he might be side-tracked in that State for six months, perhaps, or it might be for a year or more. He felt if he should remain there three months or so he would lose the important opportunity of his life. He would be taken away from the great theatre of the war; he would be absent from the fields where vast conflicts were to take place and brilliant victories were to be won, and would have no part or lot in them. Hence his aversion to being sent there. But after his leave expired he proceeded to Jefferson City, though he felt assured he would remain there but a short time, which proved to be the case.

His trip to Galena had produced results. In about ten days after he arrived at Jefferson City orders reached him from Frémont to repair to St. Louis without delay to receive special instructions. Reaching that city, he found his special instructions were to proceed to Ironton and assume command of the Southeast District of Missouri, which embraced a portion of southern Illinois, including Cairo.

Grant was thus restored to his old command from which he had been so abruptly removed a few weeks before. He now found himself on the right road to Cairo, a point he had been so anxious to reach and which was to be the starting point of the grand campaign which he had already planned and was soon to inaugurate.

#### THE TURNING-POINT IN GRANT'S CAREER.

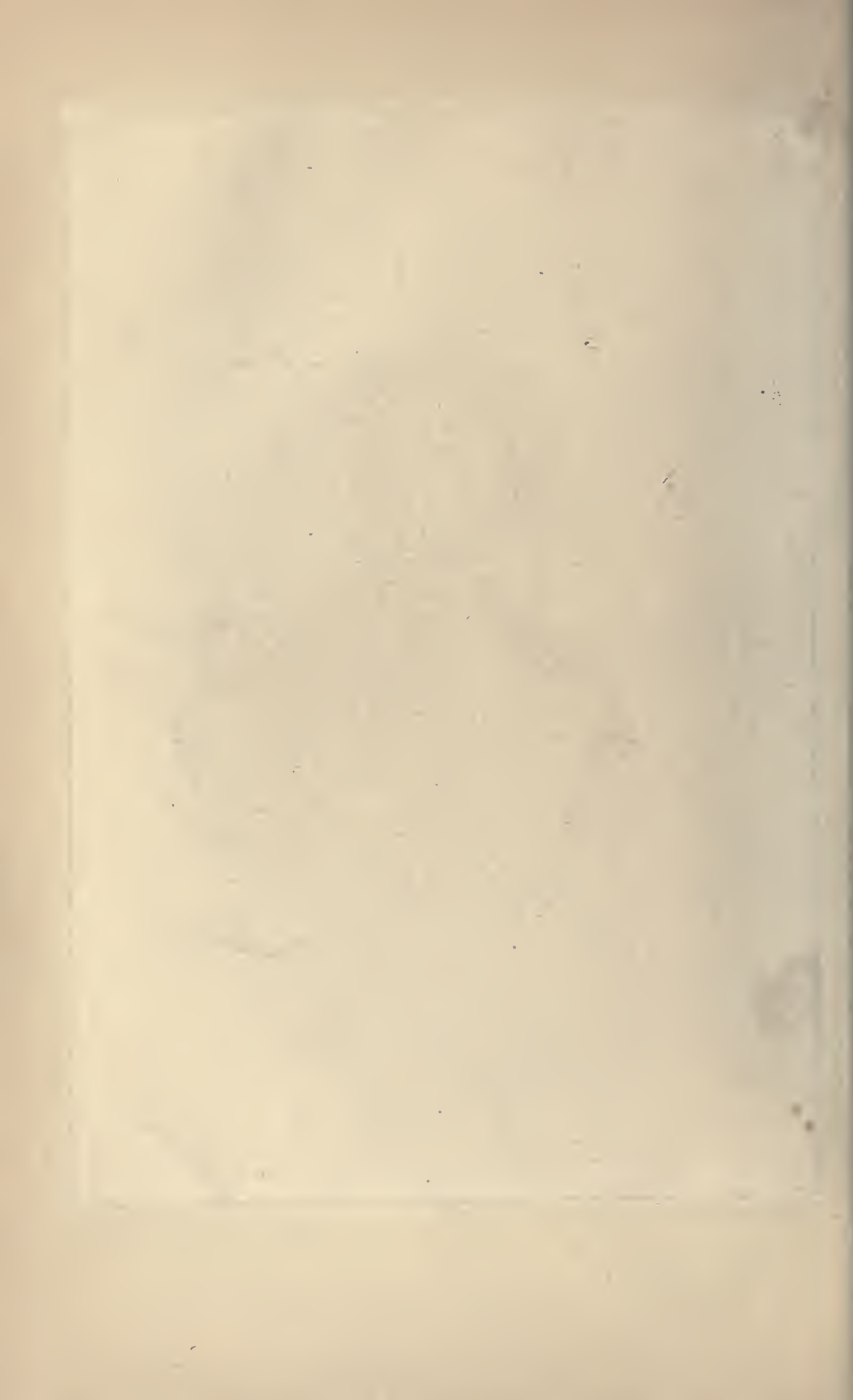
That little period of time when we were walking back and forth in front of the Planters Hotel embraced the turning-point in Grant's career; and when he went back and asked for the leave of absence that he might go to Galena, and obtained it, he by that act settled his whole future military life. Had he remained in Missouri three or four months after the time of his arrival at Jefferson City to take command, the world in all probability would never have heard of the U. S. Grant whom it honors to-day. He would have filled a respectable position in Missouri, would have done his whole duty wherever he was, but he would have been absent from the



Engraved by J. B. Smith

*J. C. Fremont.*

MAJ GEN JOHN C. FREMONT





scene where he could show of what stuff he was made. General Charles F. Smith, an associate of Grant's at West Point and an excellent officer, would have been in the lead at Cairo and southward till his death, just before the battle of Shiloh.

I supposed at the time, as I have said, that Grant's anxiety to visit Galena was prompted by a desire to see his family, but I subsequently learned that he had another object in view. Hon. Elihu B. Washburn, a strong and influential friend of President Lincoln and the member of Congress from that district, lived at Galena. When Grant was helping to organize a company of volunteers at Galena, and later when he went to Springfield and tendered his services to Governor Yates, Washburn had observed his activity and the good judgment displayed by him, and gave him his friendship and support. I found his real purpose in going to Galena was to secure the influence of Mr. Washburn in helping him on the way to Cairo, and he did not ask in vain; for in a brief space of time the order went from Washington to Frémont to place Grant in command of the District of Southeast Missouri, which included Cairo.

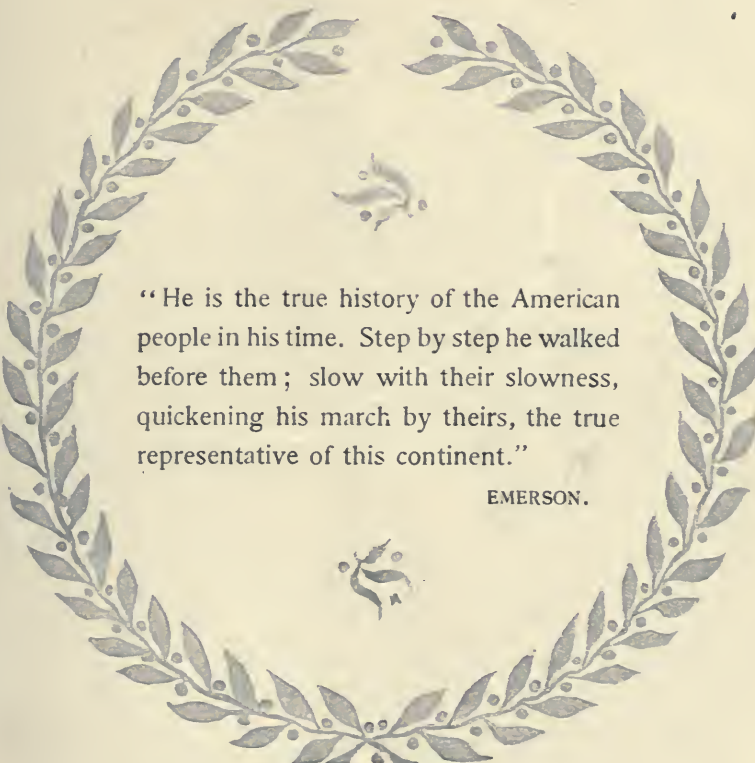
"A MAN BY THE NAME OF GRANT" CONSIDERED IN A CABINET MEETING.

Some time after the war I heard the following statement from Montgomery Blair,

who was Postmaster-General under Mr. Lincoln: "One day in cabinet meeting Lincoln turned to the Secretary of War and said: 'Did we not receive a communication some time last spring from a man by the name of Grant, out at Springfield, Illinois, forwarded by Governor Yates, laying out a plan of campaign down the Mississippi?' The Secretary replied that he believed that such a paper was received. The President requested him to have it looked up, which was done, and it was read in cabinet meeting. It made a strong impression on all the members, Lincoln remarking that at the time it was received it had impressed him favorably; but in the multiplicity of cares it had been forgotten till now, when he had just received a communication from Representative Washburn of Illinois, calling his attention to General Grant and suggesting that he be sent to Cairo. Lincoln then said, 'Mr. Secretary, send an order to General Frémont to put Grant in command of the District of Southeast Missouri.'"

The desire of Grant's heart was now accomplished. He was in the position to commence that series of campaigns which, as they were unfolded, attracted the attention and admiration of the military critics of the civilized world, and meant Cairo, Paducah, Fort Henry, Fort Donaldson, Nashville, Memphis, and Vicksburg.





“He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent.”

EMERSON.





PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARR & YOUNG, ARMY PHOTOGRAPHERS. VICKSBURG, AUGUST, 1863.

LENT BY FRED D. SCHELL.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

GRANT AS MAJOR-GENERAL.



## GRANT UNDER FIRE.

BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.

GENERAL GRANT, in the field, accomplished his solution of problems pertinent to the situation with such little disturbance of routine that only results explained the means. And his unostentatious method enabled him to make his way through camp and cam-

paign-ground so entirely without sensation that, trusting appearances only, the odd sobriquet "Old Useless," given him affectionately by his Army of the Tennessee, did not appear in the fulness of its subcomical irony until the battlefield climax of each undertaking was wrought



Theodore Russell Davis was born in Boston, in 1841, and educated at the Rittenhouse academy, Washington. At seventeen he began illustrating for the pictorial press, with which for thirty years he was prominently connected. As a field-artist through our civil war, Mr. Davis gained the friendship of nearly every prominent military and naval commander. His sketch and note books embrace a store of material not elsewhere in existence. Of the artist's field-work, General Logan wrote, "Unquestionably Mr. Davis saw more of the war than any other single person." He witnessed the first shot fired at Fort Sumter, and throughout the war was present and under fire in more than a hundred land and naval battles. In his studio on the beach at Asbury Park, New Jersey, was designed the peculiarly American service which on state occasions graces the president's table in the White House. This porcelain service was made at Limoges, in France, and has a world-wide reputation. The two battle cycloramas Missionary Ridge and Atlanta originated in the beach studio.



out by the persistent "Old Useless."

Soon after the war, General Grant handed their diplomas to a graduating class of West Point cadets. On the morning of graduation-day, as I stood on the steps of Roe's hotel, "talking old times" with the general, a quick hand was laid on my shoulder—emphasis to the newcomer's brisk "Seen Old Useless to speak to him, Davis?" "You certainly remember our old Battery-Captain McMurray, General," was the response. And Grant's eye twinkled while he shook hands with the astonished artilleryman, whose face vied in color with his shoulder-straps.

There was a dearth of photographic portraits of General Grant in the earlier years of the war. And when an illustrated paper printed, with the title "Major-General Ulysses S. Grant, U. S. A.," a

who were near General Grant in army life.

Marked "private and confidential," the letter says: \* \* \* "I believe you are as brave, patriotic and just as the great prototype Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted and honest as any man should be; but your chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in a Savior. This faith gave you victory at Shiloh, and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your best preparations, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga—no doubts, no reserves; and I tell you it was that made us act with confidence. I knew, wherever I was, that you thought of me, and that if I got in a tight place you would come, if alive." There is substance in the last sentence—

Grant was the friend in need.

My own acquaintance with General Grant began in 1862, and subsequently I had the fullest opportunity to know as much of him as any one could, by intimate association at his camp headquarters and amid dangers of the battlefield, where, if under no other condition, it was possible to feel that you were really very well acquainted and on excellent terms with one of the most vigorous-minded men conceivable.



"MACK," OF THE COMMERCIAL.

picture of goodly size, a fair portrait of "Bill" Grant, the beef contractor—the jovial William clad in much regulation uniform and mounted upon a sort of horse, caparisoned with equipments impossible to the General Grant whom soldiers knew—men of the western army regarded the incident as a magnificent joke.

"Describe General Grant to us! How does he impress you?" was an ever-ready request of friends at home. Grant did not impress, and it was necessary to explain his method and work to describe the quiet man, whose dress and requirements were habitually the simplest imaginable.

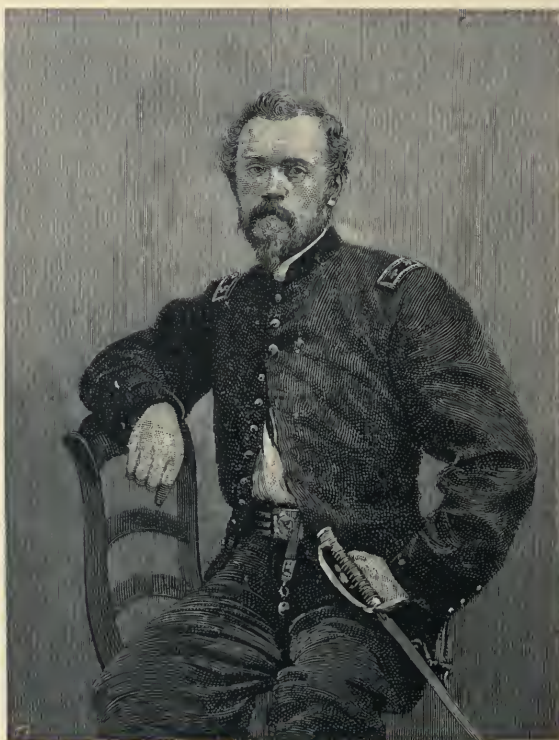
I think that General Sherman's response to Grant's sincere letter to himself and General McPherson, when Grant was made lieutenant-general, successfully condenses the thoughts that come to those

The campaign ended by the surrender of Vicksburg will certainly increase in interest and importance as the facts connected with it are better known. It is with regret that I see the impracticability of mentioning more than a few of the many incidents which General Grant always found pleasant to chat over with those who were fellow-participants in the weeks of preparation and months of apparently unprofitable work in the muddy bottom-land fringing the farther bank of the mile-wide current that separated Grant's army from the soldiers of Pemberton's command, camped on healthy hillsides in and about Vicksburg.

But a crossing was successfully made, and a secure lodgment effected on the east bank of the Mississippi, thirty miles be-







MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

low Vicksburg, surprising the Confederates, and, I think, astonishing even Grant's soldiers, whose main burden was ammunition and confidence in their commander — "Old Useless" as he was. Grant himself walked into the State of Mississippi without other baggage than the tobacco in his pocket, and was presently contented with the horse, a beast of mild ambition, that General A. J. Smith's soldiers ran down and furnished with an equipment such as teamsters ordinarily ride with. Even Assistant Secretary of War Charles A. Dana footed his way to the battlefield of Port Gibson to make observations from chance points of vantage. The special correspondents were better equipped, for soon after landing, the few that were left from the recent coup, by the Confederates, of the writers Albert D. Richardson, Junius Henri Browne and R. T. Colburn branched out with the skirmishers and secured themselves against the fatigue of walking by finding something to ride. The parent of interviewing, "Mack," of the Commercial, found a mule, and later, to Grant's infinite amusement, illustrated how by strategy a mule backward in disposition, frightened by battle-noise, could be tied to a rail-fence. General Grant afterward said such tender treatment as "Mack" bestowed on the mule

showed how some tough subjects may be best handled to induce a retrograde movement expected to represent an advance.

It is a temptation to linger about this battlefield of Port Gibson long enough to leave a few anecdotes in print. General Grant's luncheon came to him that day, because some surgeons abandoned their impedimenta, among which was a goodly stock of comestibles, upon retiring for consultation, from a snug nest on the edge of a canebrake, through which a few bullets, by sound multiplied into many, went clicking noisily into the impenetrable growth of fish-poles. At luncheon I did not offer my canteen, after Rawlins' ominous frown as he sniffed the possibility of its contents, upon learning the source of our food. Night fell on the field of Port Gibson at moonrise, and as the camp-fires grew in brilliancy and number General Grant, without fire or supper, was seated on the ground, surrounded by a group of men, not all of whom have yet passed away, and dictated brief orders and dispatches to Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Wilson of his staff, who wrote by moonlight, amid silence, broken only by his chief's crisply spoken words. The bivouac that night was afterward described by General Grant as fitting exactly the peculiarly rough experiences of the outset of a campaign then without a parallel.



FRED'S BEAUTY.



Major-generals, staff-officers and civilians lay slumbering in a row, packed too closely for movement without creating extended disturbance. Every foot of the slab-floored porch of an unpretentious log house was occupied or spoken for. Corn-stalks from adjacent fodder-piles were both mattress and covering for those not blessed with overcoats. My immediate bunk-mates that night were, on one side a major-general who was quiet, and on the other a noble-hearted governor who was not. This was Governor Yates, of Illinois, who came in the small hours of the night to rest after tireless work among the wounded. When the governor claimed with cheerful voice the space by pre-arrangement reserved for him, I was roused by his "Well, Dick, this is the downy where you this night court the balmy." Then as if a wedge he consolidated the row, and his hearty laugh at the circumstance shook the sleepers several generals away.

On the following morning two portly carriage-horses, white always in color, but obviously silvered with years, were brought to the scene of bivouac. "Voters" said Colonels Rawlins and Wilson simultaneously. "Age is usually entitled to respect," suggested General Grant, with a

quiet smile, when told that Mr. Dana, who was not then the excellent judge of horses he is today, had requested a gentle horse, and these were subjects for his choice. The assistant secretary of war, quite undisturbed by banter, made his selection, and the remaining member of the ancient pair which, according to General Grant, would not run away, was devoted temporarily to the transportation of little Fred, the general's twelve-year-old son, who grown now to manhood is Colonel F. D. Grant, United States minister to Austria.

Mr. Dana rested comfortably upon the rotund back of his mount, but the toes of little Fred's shoes pointing skyward created sympathy; which, presently acting on a contraband's information that proved reliable, led to a visit to the Jeff and Jo Davis plantations, on a point of land made by a great bend of the Mississippi midway between Bruinsburg and Vicksburg, the landing and objective points of the campaign. Among the results of this excursion was the introduction at Grant's headquarters of a Shetland pony whose prominently ugly appearance provoked the general's mirthful criticism, notwithstanding the beast was "Fred's Beauty," and Mr. Dana, for whose



TEN-INCH SHELL.



GRANT AND PEMBERTON JULY 3D, 1865.

opinion Fred had unvarying regard, good-naturedly concurred in much that only Fred saw in his new and more suitable mount.

General Grant's own horses and baggage did not reach him until several days of the campaign had elapsed, and his pleasure at being again suitably mounted was noticeably greater than even the consciousness that many hardships would be modified. Certainly up to this time General Grant had frequently been in situations to envy comforts readily reached by the opportunities of private soldiers. His cheerfulness was unwonted, and to Captain De Golyer, a favorite battery-commander, the general's "Git up and hurry things!" culminated at Champion's Hill, the principal and severest battle of the campaign, when after halting a few moments near De Golyer's battery, then in action, and looking steadily toward a point of heavy conflict, Grant put spur to his horse and made haste to reach the scene of danger by a route which was direct, if obstacles were not considered. "Didn't he look happy, and didn't he act so?" suggested De Golyer.\* "And the staff got left, too." It was one of the few times that I ever saw General Grant in haste. The incident made a page in history.

General Grant's quick perception and prompt action in moments of exceeding

danger were shown one afternoon during the siege of Vicksburg, as he came sauntering on foot toward the navy battery on Logan's front. The locality was known as the "Shell-basket," from the frequency ten-inch mortar-shells dropped deep into the earth, which when the explosion came was thrown into masses and clouds of dust that obscured everything in the vicinity for some moments.

In this instance a few of us had watched for several seconds the flight of the shell, but the general saw the bomb only the moment before it struck, and its windage threw him to the ground. He was unhurt, and conscious that time was precious, before the explosion he had rolled himself sufficiently away to escape shock, but not the earthy shower—from the dust of which he presently emerged, intently considering an unlit cigar. "Logan," he said cheerily to that general, who in the full bloom of a clean white shirt hastened to him, "how can you keep so clean in such a dusty place?" This escape was



THE GENERAL IN POWELL'S BATTERY.

followed by another a few afternoons later, when a shell landed by the front pole of the awning before Logan's tent; and eight generals, Grant among them, rolled hastily out of the shelter to meet uninjured when the dust cleared away from the recent place of conference. Such happenings did not deter General Grant from

\* At the most advanced point of the Vicksburg line, I handed De Golyer Harper's Weekly illustrating his battery at Champion's Hill. The captain presently went to an apparently safe place, and while there interested in the paper, was struck by a rifle-bullet which caused his death.





GRANT ON THE PICKET LINE.

frequently visiting a point that commanded not only a desirable view, but the key point which, when projected work should have been finished, would cease to bar the situation.

Powell's battery, then the compact but dangerous snuggery of the present chief of the United States Geological Survey, was frequently the loitering-place of General Grant during his siege of Vicksburg. Intrusive rifle-bullets were a feature there, but even the occasional introduction of explosive specimens did not incline General Grant to make his calls less frequent, and it was a usual thing to see General Grant and Major Powell seated for an unconcerned chat in the battery, while officers and soldiers not at the moment on duty retired to safer locations near by.

General Grant's headquarters in front of Vicksburg were less pretentious than those of his corps-commanders, and his mess—I speak from personal experience—was unnecessarily inferior as to viands and equipment. Of this Grant was contentedly conscious, and he reverted to the fact when a guest at McPherson's excellent mess, with its superabundance of decorated French china treasure-trove, dug up by soldiers of the Seventeenth corps, while

burrowing with pick and spade toward fortifications in their front.

Work at General McPherson's headquarters was never lax, although this group of cane-bowered tents, thrifty in keep and surroundings, was distinctively the social headquarters of the Army of the Tennessee, which General Grant enjoyed visiting at evening to listen with pleased attention to songs of staff-officers and their visitors. There was then at McPherson's a portly man, whose skin showed a tinge of negro blood. His name, Blake, was presently lost in that of "Old Shady" the title of a song General Grant invariably asked for, when Blake's skilful fingers swept sweet strains of prelude from an excellent guitar. The airs of Blake's songs were generally simple melody. Music which Grant preferred, and enjoyed even more than the admirably-rendered songs of Jules and Frank Lombard, who, when for a short time guests at McPherson's, went one night to the advanced saps, after a negotiation to "quit shooting for a while," and for a half-hour serenaded the beleaguered Confederates, some of whom instantly recognized the voices of the singers and called for special songs. General

NOTE:—In a foot-note to the article published in the COSMOPOLITAN, With Sherman in his Army Home, mention was made of the surviving members of General Sherman's personal mess. The name of Charles G. Eddy, the confidential cipher-clerk, was unintentionally omitted. Mr. Eddy's home is Roanoke, Va. He is a vice-president of the Norfolk and Western R.R.



Grant's choice was as usual "Old Shady."

This incident happened not far from the point where a few days later the interview between Generals Grant and Pemberton resulted in the surrender of Vicksburg. And the memorandum-sketch for the illustration herewith was made beneath the shading limbs of the Vicksburg oak, with the sturdy forms of Mr. Dana and Colonel Rawlins as screen for pencilling, which if observed might have been mistaken for an effort to gain topographical memoranda.

General Grant rode into Vicksburg on the forenoon of July the 4th, and that day I left his army, by the first dispatch-boat, in company with Mr. Dana. We had with us the son of Admiral Dahlgren, an invalid from injuries received while on duty with the navy battery in Logan's Shell-basket. And I next met General Grant late in October, when, as commander of the military division of the Mississippi, the general came to Chattanooga to work out his next problem. His method had not changed, but owing to Burnside's critical situation at Knoxville, 120 miles away, General Grant, although suffering from an injury received during the summer in New Orleans, pushed both himself and others

with increasing vigor. Painful hours in the saddle were spent in personal reconnaissance of the rugged ground presently to be the theatre of historical scenes. Yet the general's bodily health steadily improved, and mentally he was exceptionally cheerful, and confident of successful outcome of the work confronting him. On the evening of my first meeting with General Grant in Chattanooga he surprised me by familiarity with my whereabouts after parting from his army at Vicksburg, and his questions were incisive as to the work and situation at Morris island and points near Charleston, illustrations of which I had made since the Vicksburg campaign. And when at his request the note-book was brought containing many memorandum-sketches that had not been elaborated for publication, both the general and Rawlins said quickly, "These clear up the situation far better than printed descriptions that have reached us."

I have mentioned Grant's examination of his surroundings at Chattanooga. They were thorough, although the attention even of his own army was not attracted to the fact that the general commanding had carefully conned the situation. Incidents were numerous during this recon-



GRANT AND THOMAS ON ORCHARD KNOB.



GRANT'S VISIT TO RALEIGH, APRIL, 1865.

naissance. One happened under the shadow of Lookout mountain, that was the subject of much banter between Johnny and Yank across the separating waters of Chattanooga creek, where invitations to turn out the guard for the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon Bonaparte and Julius Cæsar were frequent, after a soldierly act of respect to General Grant, in which the Confederate picket-guard had promptly joined the Union soldiers, whose subsequent statement that General Grant had just halted to acknowledge their salute was not credited. In referring to the situation, the general smiled as he said, "Haste under some circumstances is simple imprudence." Apropos of General Grant's perfect self-control in moments of danger, Mr. Charles A. Dana, who saw the battle of Missionary ridge from General Grant's standpoint on Orchard knob, in speaking of the scene recently, said: "Of the persons present, only Generals Grant and Thomas ignored entirely the shell that hurtled near enough to rend the branches

above them. The rest of us ducked. Grant and Thomas did not. They were as immovable as the rocks among which they stood."

The evening of Grant's return from his trip around the world was spent chatting with him, in his Galena home, of army days and friends, and as from memory I wrote at his request the names of his old-time staff at Fort Donaldson, Grant aiding in recalling them, it was found to the general's surprise that all had passed away save Colonel Rowley, who was with us to pencil his own name beneath that of the general. Now no member of the staff survives.

A prominent trait of General Grant's character—one that is seldom mentioned, but for which there is abundant material to dwell upon at length—was his apparent ease in overlooking an injury of principal concern to himself. While he did not forget the wrong, thoughts of retroaction were not fostered. Even the injustice and indignity he more than once mentioned as being heaped upon him by General Halleck did not prevent concerted action with that general—without friction on General Grant's part—and retribution was unthought of. Grant's stout maintenance of friendship was well shown in his visit to Sherman in Raleigh, during the pendency of Johnston's surrender, when Grant sat for a long evening out on the moonlit porch of the gubernatorial mansion, then Sherman's headquarters, listening with good-natured attention to Sherman's hot words; and later, Grant's soothing influence was the power that controlled the actions of his lieutenant, brother-soldier and friend, whose name history, in placing their mutual actions in events, will ever link with his own.



GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CHATTANOOGA.







## THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

FEBRUARY 12-16, 1862.



ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

THE village of Dover was—and for that matter yet is—what our English cousins

unknown to fame, meager in population, architecturally poor. There was a court-house in the place, and a tavern, remembered now as double-storied, unpainted, and with windows of eight-by-ten glass, which, if the panes may be likened to eyes, were both squint and cataractous. Looking through them gave the street outside the appearance of a sedgy slough of yellow backwater. The entertainment furnished man and beast was good of the kind; though at the time mentioned a sleepy traveler, especially if he were of the North, might have been somewhat vexed by the explosions which spiced the good things of a debating society that nightly took possession of the bar-room, to discuss the relative fighting qualities of the opposing sections. The pertinency of the description lies in the fact that on these occasions the polemicists of Dover, even the wisest of them, little dreamed how near they were to a day when trial of the issue would be had on the hills around them, and at their very doors, and

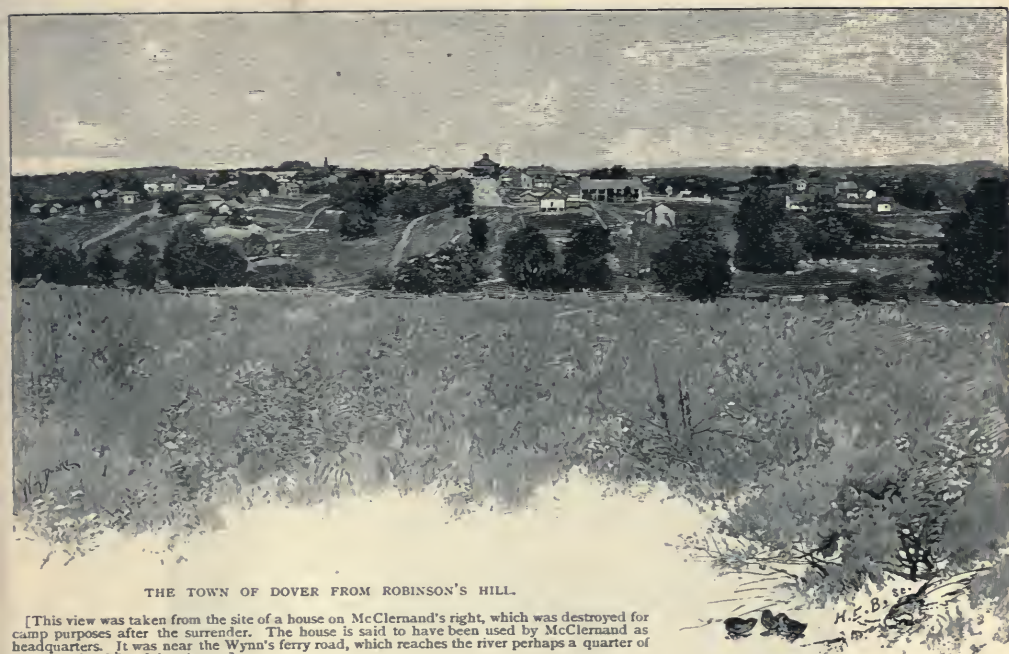
ins would call the shire-town of the county of Stewart, Tennessee. In 1860 it was a village



Battle of Fort Gordon







THE TOWN OF DOVER FROM ROBINSON'S HILL.

[This view was taken from the site of a house on McClelland's right, which was destroyed for camp purposes after the surrender. The house is said to have been used by McClelland as headquarters. It was near the Wynne's ferry road, which reaches the river perhaps a quarter of a mile to the right of the picture.]

that another debating society assembled in the same tavern would shortly pass upon the same question under circumstances to give its decision a real sanction, and clothe the old town, obscure as it was, with an abiding historical interest.

If there was little of the romantic in Dover itself, there was still less of poetic quality in the country round about it. The only beautiful feature was the Cumberland river, which, in placid current from the south, poured its waters, ordinarily white and pure as those of the springs that fed it, past the village on the east. Northward there was a hill, then a small stream, then a bolder hill round the foot of which the river swept to the west, as if courteously bent on helping Hickman's creek out of its boggy bottom and cheerless ravine. North of the creek all was woods. Taking in the ravine of the creek, a system of hollows, almost wide and deep enough to be called valleys, inclosed the town and two hills, their bluffest ascents being on the townward side. Westward of the hollows there were woods apparently interminable. From Fort Henry, twelve miles north-west, a road entered the village, stopping first to unite itself with another wagon-way, now famous as the Wynne's Ferry road, coming more directly from the west. Still another road, leading off to Charlotte and Nashville, had been cut across the low ground near the river on the south. These three highways were the chief reliances of the people of Dover for communication with the

country, and as they were more than supplemented by the river and its boatage, the three were left the year round to the guardianship of the winds and rains.

However, when at length the Confederate authorities decided to erect a military post at Dover, the town entered but little into consideration. The real inducement was the second hill on the north; more properly it might be termed a ridge. Rising about a hundred feet above the level of the inlet at its feet, the reconnoitering engineer, seeking to control the navigation of the river by a fortification, adopted it at sight. And for that purpose the bold bluff was in fact a happy gift of nature, and we shall see presently how it was taken in hand and made terrible.

## FORT DONELSON.

It is of little moment now who first enunciated the idea of attacking the rebellion by way of the Tennessee river; most likely the conception was simultaneous with many minds. The trend of the river; its navigability for large steamers; its offer of a highway to the rear of the Confederate hosts in Kentucky and the State of Tennessee; its silent suggestion of a secure passage into the heart of the belligerent land, from which the direction of movement could be changed toward the Mississippi, or, left, toward Richmond; its many advantages as a line of supply and of



GENERAL SIMON B. BUCKNER. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. ANTHONY.)

general communication, must have been discerned by every military student who, in the summer of 1861, gave himself to the most cursory examination of the map. It is thought better and more consistent with fact to conclude that its advantages as a strategic line, so actually obtrusive of themselves, were observed about the same time by sensible men on both sides of the contest. With every problem of attack there goes a counter problem of defense.

A peculiarity of the most democratic people in the world is their hunger for heroes. The void in that respect had never been so gaping as in 1861. General Scott was then old and passing away, and the North caught eagerly at the promise held out by George B. McClellan; while the South, with as much precipitation, pinned its faith and hopes on Albert Sidney Johnston. There is little doubt that up to the surrender of Fort Donelson

the latter was considered the foremost soldier of all who chose rebellion for their part. When the shadow of that first great failure fell upon the veteran, President Davis made haste to re-assure him of his sympathy and unbroken confidence. In the official correspondence which has survived the Confederacy there is nothing so pathetic, and at the same time so indicative of the manly greatness of Albert Sidney Johnston, as his letter in reply to that of his chief.

When General Johnston assumed command of the Western Department, the war had ceased to be a new idea. Battles had been fought. Preparations for battles to come were far advanced. Already it had been accepted that the North was to attack and the South to defend. The Mississippi river was a central object; if opened from Cairo to Fort Jackson (New Orleans), the Confederacy would be broken into halves, and good strategy required





GENERAL JOHN B. FLOYD. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. ANTHONY.)

it to be broken. The question was whether the effort would be made directly or by turning its defended positions. Of the national gun-boats afloat above Cairo, some were formidably iron-clad. Altogether the flotilla was strong enough to warrant the theory that a direct descent would be attempted; and to meet the movement the Confederates threw up powerful batteries, notably at Columbus, Island No. 10, Memphis, and Vicksburg. So fully were they possessed of that theory that they measurably neglected the possibilities of invasion by way of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. Not until General Johnston established his headquarters at Nashville was serious attention given to the defense of those streams. A report to his chief of engineers of November 21, 1861, establishes that at that date a second battery on the Cumberland at Dover had been completed; that a work on the ridge had been laid out, and two guns mounted; and that the encampment was then surrounded by an abatis of felled timber. Later, Brigadier-general Lloyd Tilghman was sent to Fort Donelson as commandant, and on January 25th he reports the batteries prepared, the entire field-works built with a trace of two thousand nine hundred feet, and rifle-pits guarding the approaches commenced. The same officer speaks further of reënforcements housed in four hundred log-cabins, and adds that while this was being done at Fort Donelson, Forts Henry and Heiman, over on the Tennessee, were being thoroughly strengthened. January 30th, Fort Donelson was formally inspected by Lieuten-

ant-colonel Gilmer, chief engineer of the Western Department, and the final touches ordered to be given it.

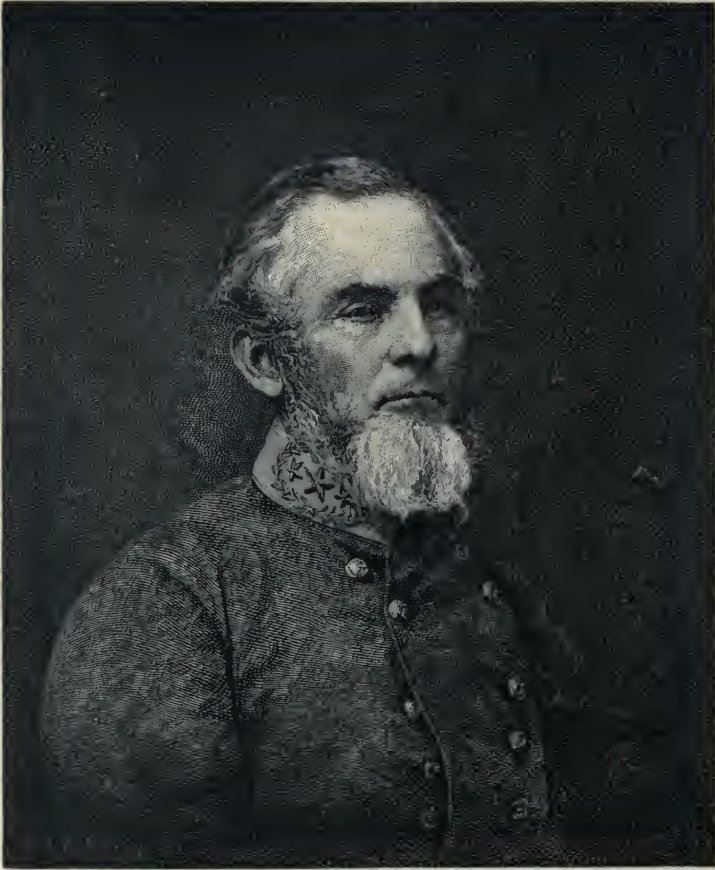
It is to be presumed that General Johnston was satisfied with the defenses thus provided for the Cumberland river. From observing General Buell at Louisville, and the stir and movement of multiplying columns under General U. S. Grant in the region of Cairo, he suddenly awoke determined to fight for Nashville at Donelson. To this conclusion he came as late as the beginning of February; and thereupon the brightest of the Southern leaders proceeded to make a capital mistake. The Confederate estimate of the Union force at that time in Kentucky alone was one hundred and nineteen regiments. The force at Cairo, St. Louis, and the towns near the mouth of the Cumberland river was judged to be about as great. It was also known that we had unlimited means of transportation for troops, making concentration a work of but few hours. Still General Johnston persisted in fighting for Nashville, and for that purpose divided his thirty thousand men. Fourteen thousand he kept in observation of Buell at Louisville. Sixteen thousand he gave to defend Fort Donelson. The latter detachment he himself called "the best part of his army." It is difficult to think of a great master of strategy making an error so perilous.

Having taken the resolution to defend Nashville at Donelson, he intrusted the operation to three chiefs of brigade—John B. Floyd, Gideon J. Pillow, and Simon B.



THE LOWER TENNESSEE AND CUMBERLAND REGION.





GENERAL GIDEON J. PILLOW. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE S. COOK.)

Buckner. Of these, the former was ranking officer, and he was at the time under indictment by a grand jury at Washington for malversation as Secretary of War under President Buchanan, and for complicity in an embezzlement of public funds. As will be seen, there came a crisis when the recollection of the circumstance exerted an unhappy influence over his judgment. The second officer had a genuine military record; but it is said of him that he was of a jealous nature, insubordinate, and quarrelsome. His bold attempt to supersede General Scott in Mexico was green in the memories of living men. To give pertinency to the remark, there is reason to believe that a personal misunderstanding between him and General Buckner, older than the rebellion, was yet unsettled when the two met at Donelson. All in all, therefore, there is little doubt that the junior of the three commanders was the fittest for the enterprise intrusted to them. He was their equal in courage; while in devotion to the cause and to his profession of

arms, in tactical knowledge, in military bearing, in the faculty of getting the most service out of his inferiors, and inspiring them with confidence in his ability,—as a soldier in all the higher meanings of the word, he was greatly their superior.

#### FORT DONELSON READY FOR BATTLE.

THE 6th of February, 1862, dawned darkly after a thunder-storm. Pacing the parapets of the work on the hill above the inlet formed by the junction of Hickman's creek and the Cumberland river, a sentinel, in the serviceable butternut jeans uniform of the Confederate army of the West, might that day have surveyed Fort Donelson almost ready for battle. In fact, very little was afterward done to it. There were the two water batteries sunk in the northern face of the bluff, about thirty feet above the river; in the lower battery nine thirty-two-pounder guns and one ten-inch Columbiad, and in the upper another Columbiad, bored and

rified as a thirty-two-pounder, and two thirty-two-pounder carronades. These guns lay between the embrasures, in snug revetment of sand in coffee-sacks, flanked right and left with stout traverses. The satisfaction of the sentry could have been nowise diminished at seeing the backwater lying

log-houses of the garrison. Here and there groups of later comers, shivering in their wet blankets, were visible in a bivouac so cheerless that not even morning fires could relieve it. A little music would have helped their sinking spirits, but there was none. Even the picturesque effect of gay uniforms was wanting.



DOVER TAVERN—GENERAL BUCKNER'S HEADQUARTERS AND THE SCENE OF THE SURRENDER.

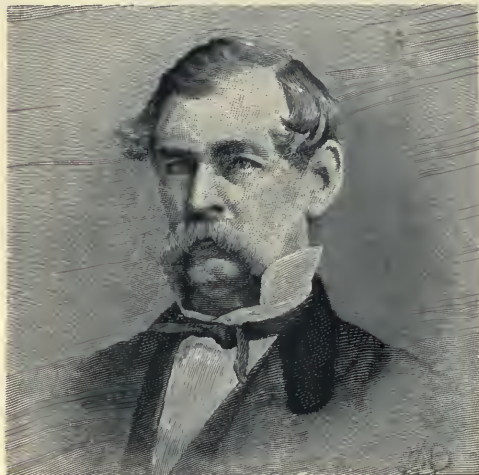
deep in the creek; a more perfect ditch against assault could not have been constructed. The fort itself was of good profile, and admirably adapted to the ridge it crowned. Around it, on the landward side, ran the rifle-pits, a continuous but irregular line of logs, covered with yellow clay. From Hickman's Creek they extended far around to the little run just outside the town on the south. If the sentry thought the pits looked shallow, he was solaced to see that they followed the coping of the ascents, seventy or eighty feet in height, up which a foe must charge, and that, where they were weakest, they were strengthened by trees felled outwardly in front of them, so that the interlacing limbs and branches seemed impassable by men under fire. At points inside the outworks, on the inner slopes of the hills, defended thus from view of an enemy as well as from his shot, lay the huts and

In fine, the Confederate sentinel on the ramparts that morning, taking in the whole scene, knew the jolly rollicking picnic days of the war were over.

To make clearer why the 6th of February is selected to present the first view of the fort, about noon that day the whole garrison was drawn from their quarters by the sound of heavy guns, faintly heard from the direction of Fort Henry, a token by which every man of them knew that a battle was on. The occurrence was in fact expected, for two days before a horseman had ridden to General Tilghman with word that at 4:30 o'clock in the morning rocket signals had been exchanged with the picket at Bailey's Landing, announcing the approach of gun-boats. A second courier came, and then a third; the latter, in great haste, requesting the general's presence at Fort Henry. There was quick mounting at headquarters, and, before the



camp could be taken into confidence, the general and his guard were out of sight. Occasional guns were heard the day following. Donelson gave itself up to excitement and con-



MAJOR-GENERAL C. F. SMITH. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

jecture. At noon of the 6th, as stated, there was continuous and heavy cannonading at Fort Henry, and greater excitement at Fort Donelson. The polemicists in Dover became uneasy, and prepared to get away. In the evening fugitives arrived in groups, and told how the gun-boats ran straight upon the fort and took it. The polemicists hastened their departure from town. At exactly midnight the gallant Colonel Heiman marched into Fort Donelson with two brigades of infantry rescued from the ruins of Forts Henry and Heiman. The officers and men by whom they were received then knew that their turn was at hand; and at day-break, with one mind and firm of purpose, they set about the final preparation.

Brigadier-General Pillow reached Fort Donelson on the 9th; Brigadier-General Buckner came in the night of the 11th; and Brigadier-General Floyd on the 13th. The latter, by virtue of his rank, took command.

The morning of the 13th—calm, spring-like, the very opposite of that of the 6th—found in Fort Donelson a garrison of twenty-eight regiments of infantry: thirteen from Tennessee, two from Kentucky, six from Mississippi, one from Texas, two from Alabama, four from Virginia. There were also present two independent battalions of Kentuckians, one regiment of cavalry, and artillerymen for six light batteries and seventeen heavy guns, making a total of quite eighteen thousand effectives.

General Buckner's division—six regiments and two batteries—constituted the right wing,

and was posted to cover the land approaches to the water batteries. A left wing was organized into six brigades, commanded respectively by Colonels Heiman, Davidson, Drake, Wharton, McCausland, and Baldwin, and posted from right to left in the order named. Four batteries were distributed amongst the left wing. General Bushrod R. Johnson, an able officer, served the general commanding as chief-of-staff. Dover was converted into a depot of supplies and ordnance stores. These dispositions made, Fort Donelson was ready for battle:—

#### EN ROUTE TO FORT DONELSON.

It may be doubted if General Grant called a council of war. The nearest approach to it was a convocation held on the *Tigress*, a steam-boat renowned throughout the Army of the Tennessee as his headquarters. The morning of the 11th of February, a staff-officer visited each commandant of division and brigade with the simple verbal message: "General Grant sends his compliments, and requests to see you this afternoon on his boat." Minutes of the proceedings were not kept; there was no adjournment; each person retired when he got ready, knowing that the march would take place next day, probably in the forenoon.

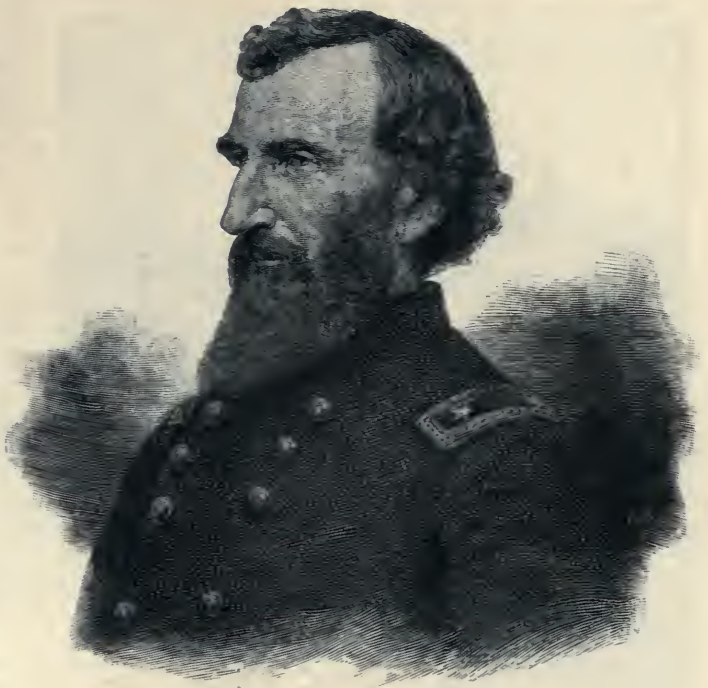
There were in attendance on the occasion some officers of great subsequent notability. Of these Ulysses S. Grant was first. The world knows him now; then his fame was all before him. A singularity of the volunteer service in that day was that nobody took account of even a first-rate record in the Mexican War. The battle of Belmont, though indecisive, was a much better reference. A story was abroad that Grant had been the last man to take boat at the end of that affair, and the addendum that he had lingered in face of the enemy until he was hauled aboard with the last gang-plank, did him great good. From the first his silence was remarkable. He knew how to keep his temper. In battle, as in camp, he went about quietly, speaking in a conversational tone; yet he appeared to see everything that went on, and was always intent on business. He had a faithful assistant adjutant-general, and appreciated him; he preferred, however, his own eyes, word, and hand. His aides were little more than messengers. In dress he was plain, even negligent; in partial amendment of that his horse was always a good one and well kept. At the council—calling it such by grace—he smoked, but never said a word. In all probability he was framing the orders of march which were issued that night.



Charles F. Smith, of the regular army, was also present. He was a person of superb physique, very tall, perfectly proportioned, straight, square-shouldered, ruddy-faced, with eyes of genuine blue, and long snow-white mustaches. He seemed to know the army regulations by heart, and caught a tactical mistake, whether of command or execution, by a kind of mental *coup d'œil*. He was naturally kind, genial, communicative, and never failed to answer when information was sought of him; at the same time he believed in "hours of service" regularly published by the adjutants as a rabbi believes in the ten tables, and to call a court-martial on a "bummer" was in his eyes a sinful waste of stationery. On the review he had the look of a marshal of France. He could ride along a line of volunteers in the regulation uniform of a brigadier-general, plume, chapeau, epaulets and all, without exciting laughter—something nobody else could do in the beginning of the war. He was at first accused of disloyalty, and when told of it, his eyes flashed wickedly; then he laughed, and said, "Oh, never mind! They'll take it back after our first battle." And they did. At the time of the meeting on the *Tigress* he was a brigadier-general, and commanded the division which in the land operations against Fort Henry marched up the left bank of the river against Fort Heiman.

Another officer worthy of mention was John A. McClernand, also a brigadier. By profession a lawyer, he was in his first of military service. Brave, industrious, methodical, and of unquestioned cleverness, he was rapidly acquiring the art of war.

There was still another in attendance on the *Tigress* that day not to be passed—a young man who had followed General Grant from Illinois, and was seeing his first of military service. No soldier in the least familiar with headquarters on the Tennessee can ever forget the slender figure, large black eyes, hectic cheeks, and sincere, earnest manner of John A. Rawlins, then assistant adjutant-general, afterward major-general and secretary of war. He had two devotions in especial—



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. MCCLERNAND.

the cause and his chief. He lived to see the first triumphant and the latter first in peace as well as in war. Probably no officer of the Union was mourned by so many armies.

Fort Henry, it will be remembered, was taken by Flag-Officer Foote on the 6th of February. The time up to the 12th was given to reconnoitering the country in the direction of Fort Donelson. Two roads were discovered: one of twelve miles direct, the other almost parallel with the first, but, on account of a slight divergence, two miles longer.

By eight o'clock in the morning, the first division, General McClernand commanding, and the second, under General Smith, were in full march.

McClernand's was composed of Illinois troops entirely, with the exception of company C Second United States cavalry and company I Fourth United States cavalry. The first brigade, Colonel Richard J. Oglesby, five regiments of infantry, the Eighth, Eighteenth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first Illinois; artillery, batteries A and B, Illinois; cavalry, besides the companies stated, Carmichael's, Dollins', O'Harnett's, and Stewart's. The second brigade, Colonel W. H. L. Wallace, four regiments of infantry, the Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-fifth, and Forty-eighth Illinois; artillery, batteries B and D; cavalry, the Fourth Illinois. Third brigade, Colonel W. R. Morrison, two regiments of in-



GLIMPSE OF THE CUMBERLAND RIVER WHERE THE GUN-BOATS FIRST APPEARED, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE HIGHEST EARTH-WORKS OF FORT DONELSON.

fantry, the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth Illinois. General Smith's division was more mixed, being composed, first brigade, Colonel John McArthur, of the Ninth, Twelfth, and Forty-first Illinois; third brigade, Colonel John Cook, the Seventh and Fiftieth Illinois, the Fifty-second Indiana, Fourteenth Iowa, and Thirteenth Missouri, with light artillery batteries D, H, and K, Missouri; fourth brigade, Colonel Jacob G. Lauman, infantry, the Twenty-fifth Indiana, Second, Seventh, and Fourteenth Iowa, and Berge's sharpshooters; fifth brigade, Colonel Morgan L. Smith, infantry, the Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana.

It is to be observed now that the infantry of the command with which, on the morning of the 12th of February, General Grant set out to attack Fort Donelson was twenty-five regiments in all, or three less than those of the Confederates. Against their six field-batteries he had seven. In cavalry alone he was materially stronger. The rule in attacking forti-

fications is five to one; to save the Union commander from a charge of rashness, however, he had at control a fighting quantity ordinarily at home on the sea rather than the land.

After receiving the surrender of Fort Henry, Flag-Officer Foote had hastened to Cairo to make preparation for the reduction of Fort Donelson. With six of his boats, he passed into the Cumberland River; and on the 12th, while the two divisions of the army were marching across to Donelson, he was hurrying, fast as steam could drive him and his following, to a second trial of iron batteries afloat against earth batteries ashore. The *Carondelet*, Commander Walke, having preceded him, had been in position be-

low the fort since the 12th. By sundown of the 12th, McClernand and Smith reached the point designated for them in orders.

On the morning of the 13th of February General Grant, with about 20,000 men, was before Fort Donelson.\* We have had a view of the army in the works ready for battle; a like view of that outside and about to go into position of attack and assault is not so easily to be given. At dawn the latter host rose up from the bare ground, and, snatching bread and coffee as best they could, fell into lines that stretched away over hills, down hollows, and through thickets, making it impossible for even colonels to see their regiments from flank to flank.

Pausing to give a thought to the situation, it is proper to remind the reader that he is about to witness an event of more than mere historical interest; he is about to see the men of the North and North-west and of the South and South-west enter for the first time into a strife of arms; on one side, the best blood of Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas, aided materially by fighting representatives from Virginia; on the other, the best blood of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska.

#### THE FEDERALS FIND POSITIONS.

WE have now before us a spectacle seldom witnessed in the annals of scientific war—an army behind field-works erected in a chosen

\* General Grant estimates his available forces at this time at 15,000, and on the last day at 27,000, 5000 or 6000 of whom were guarding transportation trains in the rear.—Ed.



position waiting quietly while another army very little its superior in numbers proceeds at leisure to place it in a state of siege. Such was the operation General Grant had before him at day-break of the 13th of February. Let us see how it was accomplished and how it was resisted.

In a clearing about two miles from Dover there was a log-house, at the time occupied

Graves commanded the first, Maney the second; both were of Tennessee. As always in situations where the advancing party is ignorant of the ground and of the designs of the enemy, resort was had to skirmishers, who are to the main body what antennæ are to insects. Theirs it is to unmask the foe. Unlike sharp-shooters, they act in bodies. Behind



THE CRISP FARM — GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS.

by a Mrs. Crisp. As the road to Dover ran close by, it was made the headquarters of the commanding general. All through the night of the 12th, the coming and going was incessant. Smith was ordered to find a position in front of the enemy's right wing, which would place him face to face with Buckner. McClernand's order was to establish himself on the enemy's left, where he would be opposed to Pillow.

A little before dawn Berge's sharp-shooters were astir. Theirs was a peculiar service. Each was a preferred marksman, and carried a long-range Henry rifle, with sights delicately arranged as for target practice. In action each was perfectly independent. They never maneuvered as a corps. When the time came they were asked, "Can-tees full?" "Biscuits for all day?" Then their only order, "All right; hunt you holes, boys." Thereupon they dispersed, and, like Indians, sought covert to please themselves behind rocks and stumps, or in hollows. Sometimes they dug holes; sometimes they climbed into trees. Once in a good location, they remained there the day. At night they would crawl out and report in camp. This morning, as I have said, the sharp-shooters dispersed early to find places within easy range of the breastworks.

The movement by Smith and McClernand was begun about the same time. A thick wood fairly screened the former. The latter had to cross an open valley under fire of two batteries, one on Buckner's left, the other on a high point jutting from the line of outworks held by Colonel Heiman of Pillow's command.



FRONT VIEW OF MRS. CRISP'S HOUSE.

the skirmishers, the batteries started out to find positions, and through the brush and woods, down the hollows, up the hills the guns and caissons were hauled. It is nowadays a very steep bluff, in face of which the good artillerist will stop or turn back. At Donelson, however, the proceeding was generally slow and toilsome. The officer had to find a vantage-ground first; then with axes a road to it was hewn out; after which, in many instances, the men, with the prolongs over their shoulders, helped the horses along. In the gray of the dawn the sharp-shooters were deep in their deadly game; as the sun came up, one battery after another, having found position, opened fire, and was instantly and gallantly answered; and all the time behind the hidden sharp-shooters, and behind the skirmishers, who occasionally stopped to take a hand in the fray, the regiments marched, route-step, colors flying, after their colonels.





MAP OF FORT DONELSON, AS INVESTED BY GENERAL GRANT; BASED ON THE OFFICIAL MAP BY GENERAL J. B. MCPHERSON.

About eleven o'clock Commander Walke, of the *Carondelet*, engaged the water batteries. The air was then full of the stunning music of battle; though as yet not a volley of musketry had been heard. Smith, nearest the enemy at starting, was first in place; and there, leaving the fight to his sharpshooters and skirmishers and to his batteries, he reported to the chief in the log-house, and, like an old soldier, calmly waited orders. McClermand, following a good road, pushed on rapidly to the high grounds on the right. The appearance of his column in the valley covered by the two Confederate batteries provoked a furious shelling from them. On the double-quick his men passed through it; and when in the wood beyond, they resumed the route-step and saw that nobody was hurt, they fell to laughing at themselves. The real baptism of fire was yet in store for them.

When McClermand arrived at his appointed place and extended his brigades, it was discovered that the Confederate outworks offered a front too great for him to envelop. To attempt to rest his right opposite their extreme left would necessitate a dangerous attenuation of his line and leave him without reserves. Over on their left, moreover, ran the road already mentioned as passing from Dover to the south to Charlotte and Nashville, which it was of the highest importance to close hermetically that soon there would be no communication left General Floyd except by the river. If the road to Charlotte were left to the enemy, they might march out at their pleasure.

The insufficiency of his force was thus made apparent to General Grant, and whether a discovery of the moment or not, he set about its correction. He knew a reinforcement was



coming up the river under convoy of Foote; besides which a brigade, composed of the Eighth Missouri and the Eleventh Indiana infantry and Battery A, Illinois, had been left behind at Forts Henry and Heiman under myself. A courier was dispatched to me with an order to bring my command to Donelson. I ferried my troops across the Tennessee in the night, and reported with them at headquarters before noon the next day. The brigade was transferred to General Smith; at the same time an order was put into my hand assigning me to command the third division.

As the regiments marched past me in the road, I organized them: first brigade, Colonel Cruft, the Thirty-first Indiana, Seventeenth Kentucky, Forty-fourth Indiana, and Twenty-fifth Kentucky; third brigade, Colonel Thayer, the First Nebraska, and Seventy-sixth and Sixty-eighth Ohio. Four other regiments, the Forty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, and Fifty-eighth Illinois and Twentieth Ohio, intended to constitute the second brigade, came up later, and were attached to Thayer's command.

My division was thereupon conducted to a position between Smith and McClernand, enabling the latter to extend his line well to the left and cover the road to Charlotte.

Thus on the 14th of February the Confederates were completely invested, except that the river above Dover remained to them. The supineness of General Floyd all this while is to this day incomprehensible. A vigorous attack the morning of the 13th might have thrown Grant back upon Fort Henry. Such an achievement would have more than offset Foote's conquest. The *morale* to be gained would have alone justified the attempt. But with McClernand's strong division on the right, my own in the center, and Smith's on the left, the opportunity was gone. On General Grant's side the possession of the river was all that was wanting; with that he could force the fighting, or wait the certain approach of the grimmest enemy of the besieged—starvation.

#### ILLINOIS BREAKS A LANCE WITH TENNESSEE.

It is now—morning of the 14th—easy to see and understand with something more than approximate exactness the oppositions of the two forces. Smith is on the left of the Union army opposite Buckner. My division, in the center, confronts Colonels Heiman, Drake, and Davidson, each with a brigade. McClernand, now well over on the right, keeps the road to Charlotte and Nashville against the major part of Pillow's left wing. The infantry on both sides are in cover behind the crests of the hills or in thick woods, listening to the

ragged fusillade which the sharp-shooters and skirmishers maintain against each other almost without intermission. There is little pause in the exchange of shells and round shot. The careful chiefs have required their men to lie down. In brief, it looks as if each party was inviting the other to begin.

These circumstances, the sharp-shooting and cannonading, ugly as they may seem to one who thinks of them under comfortable surroundings, did in fact serve a good purpose the day in question in helping the men to forget their sufferings of the night before. It must be remembered that the weather had changed during the preceding afternoon: from suggestions of spring it turned to intensified winter. From lending a gentle hand in bringing Foote and his iron-clads up the river, the wind whisked suddenly around to the north and struck both armies with a storm of mixed rain, snow, and sleet. All night the tempest blew mercilessly upon the unsheltered, fireless soldiers, making sleep impossible. Inside the works, nobody had overcoats; while thousands of those outside had marched from Fort Henry as to a summer fête, leaving coats, blankets, and knapsacks behind them in camp. More than one stout fellow has since admitted, with a laugh, that nothing was so helpful to him that horrible night as the thought that the wind, which seemed about to turn his blood into icicles, was serving the enemy the same way; they, too, had to stand out and take the blast.

In the hope now that the reader has a tolerable presentment of the situation which the orators of Dover had, to the extent of their influence, aided in bringing upon their village that dreary morning of the 14th of February, let us go back to the preceding day, and bring up an incident of McClernand's swing into position.

About the center of the Confederate outworks there was a V-shaped hill, marked sharply by a ravine on its right and another on its left. This Colonel Heiman occupied with his brigade of five regiments—all of Tennessee but one. The front presented was about twenty-five hundred feet. In the angle of the V, on the summit of the hill, Captain Maney's battery, also of Tennessee, had been planted. Without protection of any kind, it nevertheless completely swept a large field to the left, across which an assaulting force would have to come in order to get at Heiman or at Drake, next on the south.

Maney, on the point of the hill, had been active throughout the preceding afternoon, and succeeded in drawing the fire of some of McClernand's guns. The duel lasted until night. Next morning it was renewed with increased sharpness, Maney being assisted on





THE BIVOULAC IN THE SNOW ON THE LINE OF BATTLE — QUESTIONING A PRISONER



his right by Graves's battery of Buckner's division, and by some pieces of Drake's on his left.

McClermand's advance was necessarily slow and trying. This was not merely a logical result of unacquaintance with the country and the dispositions of the enemy; he was also under an order from General Grant to avoid everything calculated to bring on a general engagement. In Maney's well-served guns he undoubtedly found serious annoyance, if not a positive obstruction. Concentrating guns of his own upon the industrious Confederate, he at length fancied him silenced and the enemy's infantry on the right thrown into confusion—circumstances from which he hastily deduced a favorable chance to deliver an assault. For that purpose he reënforced his third brigade, which was nearest the offending battery, and gave the necessary orders.

Up to this time, it will be observed, there had not been any fighting involving infantry in line. This was now to be changed. Old soldiers, rich with experience, would have regarded the work proposed with gravity; they would have shrewdly cast up an account of the chances of success, not to speak of the chances of coming out alive; they would have measured the distance to be passed, every foot of it under the guns of three batteries, Maney's in the center, Graves's on their left, and Drake's on their right—a direct line of fire doubly crossed. Nor would they have omitted the reception awaiting them from the rifle-pits. They were to descend a hill entangled for two hundred yards with underbrush, climb an opposite ascent partly shorn of timber; make way through an abatis of tree-tops; then, supposing all that successfully accomplished, they would be at last in face of an enemy whom it was possible to reënforce with all the reserves of the garrison—with the whole garrison, if need be. A veteran would have surveyed the three regiments selected for the honorable duty with many misgivings. Not so the men themselves. They were not old soldiers. Recruited but recently from farms and shops, they accepted the assignment heartily and with youthful confidence in their prowess. It may be doubted if a man in the ranks gave a thought to the questions, whether the attack was to be supported while making, or followed up if successful, or whether it was part of a general advance. Probably the most they knew was that the immediate objective before them was the capture of the battery on the hill.

The line when formed stood thus from the right: the Forty-ninth Illinois, then the Seventeenth, and then the Forty-eighth, Colonel Haynie. At the last moment, a question of

seniority arose between Colonels Morrison and Haynie. The latter was of opinion that he was the ranking officer. Morrison replied that he would conduct the brigade to the point from which the attack was to be made, after which Haynie could take the command, if he desired to do so.

Down the hill the three regiments went, crashing and tearing through the undergrowth. Heiman, on the lookout, saw them advancing. Before they cleared the woods, Maney opened with shells. At the foot of the descent, in the valley, Graves joined his fire to Maney's. There Morrison reported to Haynie, who neither accepted nor refused the command. Pointing to the hill, he merely said, "Let us take it together." Morrison turned away, and rejoined his own regiment. Here was confusion in the beginning, or worse, an assault begun without a head. Nevertheless, the whole line went forward. On a part of the hill-side the trees were yet standing. The open space fell to Morrison and his Forty-ninth, and paying the penalty of the exposure, he outstripped his associates. The men fell rapidly; yet the living rushed on and up, firing as they went. The battery was the common target. Maney's gunners, in relief against the sky, were shot down in quick succession. His first lieutenant (Burns) was one of the first to suffer. His second lieutenant (Massie) was mortally wounded. Maney himself was hit; still he stayed, and his guns continued their punishment; and still the farmer lads and shop boys of Illinois clung to their purpose. With marvelous audacity they pushed through the abatis, and reached a point within forty yards of the rifle-pits. It actually looked as if the prize were theirs. The yell of victory was rising in their throats. Suddenly the long line of yellow breastworks before them, covering Heiman's five regiments, crackled and turned into flame. The forlorn hope stopped—staggered—braced up again—shot blindly through the smoke at the smoke of the new enemy, secure in his shelter. Thus for fifteen minutes the Illinoisans stood fighting. The time is given on the testimony of the opposing leader himself. Morrison was knocked out of his saddle by a musket-ball, and disabled; then the men went down the hill. At its foot they rallied round their flags, and renewed the assault. Pushed down again, again they rallied, and a third time climbed to the enemy. This time the battery set fire to the dry leaves on the ground, and the heat and smoke became stifling. It was not possible for brave men to endure more. Slowly, sullenly, frequently pausing to return a shot, they went back for the last time; and in going their ears and souls



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF PILLOW'S DEFENSES IN FRONT OF MCCLERNAND, SHOWING WATER IN THE TRENCHES.

were riven with the shrieks of their wounded comrades, whom the flames crept down upon and smothered and charred where they lay.

Considered as a mere exhibition of courage, this assault, long maintained against odds — twice repulsed, twice renewed — has been seldom excelled. One hundred and forty-nine men of the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth were killed and wounded. Of Haynie's loss we have no report.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE GUN-BOATS.

THERE are few things connected with the operations against Fort Donelson so relieved of uncertainty as this: that when General Grant at Fort Henry became fixed in the

resolution to undertake the movement, his primary object was the capture of the force to which the post was intrusted. To effect their complete environment, he relied upon Flag-Officer Foote, whose astonishing success at Fort Henry justified the extreme of confidence.

Foote arrived on the 14th, and made haste to enter upon his work. The *Carondelet* (Commander Walke) had been in position since the 12th.\* Behind a low outpost of the shore, for two days, she maintained a fire from her rifled guns, happily of greater range than the best of those of the enemy.

At nine o'clock on the 14th, Captain Culbertson, looking from the parapet of the upper battery, beheld the river below the first bend

\* A fuller account of the part the gun-boats took in the attack will be included in an illustrated paper on the work of Foote and the Western Flotilla, to appear in the next issue of *THE CENTURY*, and to be contributed by Commander (now Rear-Admiral) Walke, who was one of the chief actors in this important service. The construction of the fleet will also be described by Captain James B. Eads, who planned and built the iron-clads.—ED.





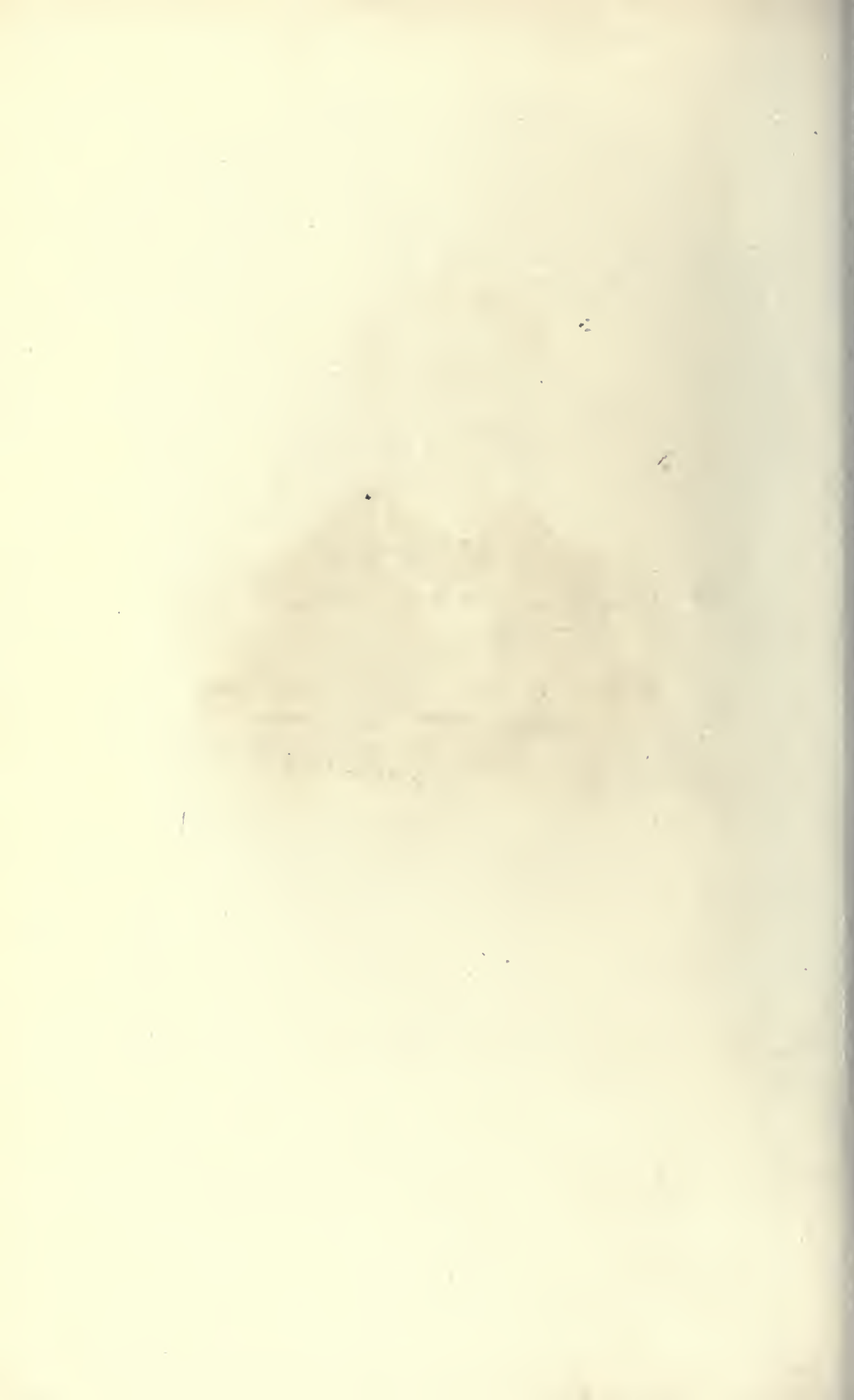
*Photograph by Brady*

*Printed by J. B. Hart*

*A. H. Foote*

REAR ADM. ANDREW H. FOOTE. U. S. N.





full of transports, landing troops under cover of a fresh arrival of gun-boats. The disembarkation concluded, Foote was free. He waited until noon. The captains in the batteries mistook his deliberation for timidity. The impinging of their shot on his iron armor was heard distinctly in the fort a mile and a half away. The captains began to doubt if he would come at all. But at three o'clock they took position under fire: the *Louisville* on the right, the *St. Louis* next, then the *Pittsburg*, then the *Carondelet*, all iron-clad.

Five hundred yards from the batteries, and yet Foote was not content! In the Crimean war the allied French and English fleets, of much mightier ships, undertook to engage the Russian shore batteries, but little stronger than those at Donelson. The French on that occasion stood off eighteen hundred yards. Lord Lyons fought his *Agamemnon* at a distance of eight hundred yards. Foote forged ahead within four hundred yards of his enemy, and was still going on. His boat had been hit between wind and water; so with the *Pittsburg* and *Carondelet*. About the guns the floors were slippery with blood, and both surgeons and carpenters were never so busy. Still the four boats kept on, and there was great cheering; for not only did the fire from the shore slacken; the lookouts reported the enemy running. It seemed that fortune would smile once more upon the fleet, and cover the honors of Fort Henry afresh at Fort Donelson. Unhappily, when about three hundred and fifty yards off the hill, a solid shot plunged through the pilot-house of the flag-ship, and carried away the wheel. Near the same time the tiller-ropes of the *Louisville* were disabled. Both vessels became unmanageable, and began floating down the current. The eddies turned them round like logs. The *Pittsburg* and *Carondelet* closed in and covered them with their hulls.

Seeing this turn in the fight, the captains of the batteries rallied their men, who cheered in their turn, and renewed the contest with increased will and energy. A ball got lodged in their best rifle. A corporal and some of his men took a log fitting the bore, leaped out on the parapet, and rammed the missile home.\* "Now, boys," said a gunner in Bidwell's battery, "see me take a chimney!" The flag of the boat and the chimney fell with the shots.

When the vessels were out of range, the victors looked around them. The fine form of their embasures was gone; heaps of earth had been cast over their platforms. In a space of twenty-four feet they picked up as many shot and shells. The air had been full of fly-

ing missiles. For an hour and a half the brave fellows had been rained upon; yet their losses had been trifling in numbers. Each gunner had selected a ship, and followed her faithfully throughout the action, now and then uniting fire on the *Carondelet*. The Confederates had behaved with astonishing valor. Their victory sent a thrill of joy through the army. The assault on the outworks, the day before, had been a failure. With the repulse of the gun-boats the Confederates scored success number two, and the communication by the river remained open to Nashville. The winds that blew sleet and snow over Donelson that night were not so unendurable as they might have been.

#### A DAY OF BATTLE.

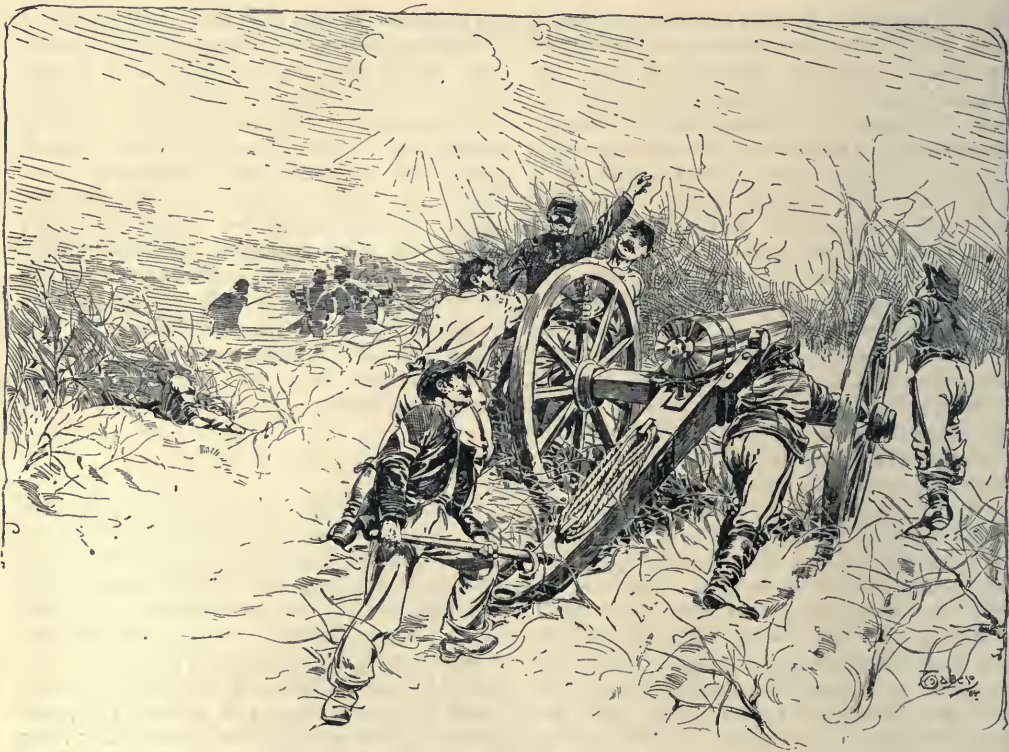
THE night of the 14th of February fell cold and dark, and under the pitiless sky the armies remained in position so near to each other that neither dared light fires. Overpowered with watching, fatigue, and the lassitude of spirits which always follows a strain upon the faculties of men like that which is the concomitant of battle, thousands on both sides lay down in the ditches and behind logs, and whatever else would in the least shelter them from the cutting wind, and tried to sleep. Very few closed their eyes. Even the horses, after their manner, betrayed the suffering they were enduring.

That morning General Floyd had called a council of his chiefs of brigades and divisions. He expressed the opinion that the post was untenable, except with fifty thousand troops. He called attention to the heavy reinforcements of the Federals, and suggested an immediate attack upon their right wing to re-open land communication with Nashville, by way of Charlotte. The proposal was agreed to unanimously. General Buckner proceeded to make dispositions to cover the retreat, in the event the sortie was successful. Shortly after noon, when the movement should have begun, the order was countermanded at the instance of Pillow. Then came the battle with the gun-boats.

In the night the council was recalled, with general and regimental officers in attendance. The situation was again debated, and the same conclusion reached. According to the plan resolved upon, Pillow was to move at dawn with his whole division, and attack the right of the besiegers. General Buckner was to be relieved by troops in the forts, and with his command to support Pillow by assailing the right of the enemy's center. If he succeeded, he was to take post outside the entrenchments

\* One of the gunners is said to have torn up his coat in lieu of wadding.—Ed.





MCALLISTER'S BATTERY IN ACTION.\*

on the Wynn's Ferry road to cover the retreat. He was then to act as rear-guard. Thus early, leaders in Donelson were aware of the mistake into which they were plunged. Their resolution was wise and heroic. Let us see how they executed it.

Preparations for the attack occupied the night. The troops were for the most part taken out of the rifle-pits, and massed over on the left to the number of ten thousand or more. The ground was covered with ice and snow; yet the greatest silence was observed. It seems incomprehensible that columns mixed of all arms, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, could have engaged in simultaneous movement, and not have been heard by some listener outside. One would think the jolting and rumble of the heavy gun-carriages would have told the story. But the character of the night must be remembered. The pickets of the Federals were struggling for life against the blast, and probably did not keep good watch.

Oglesby's brigade held McClelland's extreme right. Here and there the musicians were beginning to make the woods ring with reveille, and the numbed soldiers of the line were rising from their icy beds, and shaking the snow from their frozen garments. As yet, however, not a company had "fallen in." Suddenly the pickets fired, and with the alarm on their lips rushed back upon their comrades. The woods on the instant became alive.

The regiments formed, officers mounted and took their places; words of command rose loud and eager. By the time Pillow's advance opened fire on Oglesby's right, the point first struck, the latter was fairly formed to receive it. A rapid exchange of volleys ensued. The distance intervening between the works on one side and the bivouac on the other was so short that the action began before Pillow could effect a deployment. His brigades came up in a kind of echelon, left in front, and passed "by regiments left into line," one by one, however; the regiments

\* Captain McAllister's battery did good service the next day. In his report he describes the manner of working the battery as follows: "I selected a point, and about noon opened on the four-gun battery through an opening in which I could see the foe. Our fire was promptly returned, with such precision that they cut our right wheel on howitzer number three in two. I had no spare wheel, and had to take one off the limber to continue the fight. I then moved all my howitzers over to the west slope of the ridge and loaded under cover of it, and ran the pieces up by hand until I could get the exact elevation. The recoil would throw the guns back out of sight, and thus we continued the fight until the enemy's battery was silenced."—Ed.



quickly took their places, and advanced without halting. Oglesby's Illinoisans were now fully awake. They held their ground, returning in full measure the fire that they received. The Confederate Forrest rode around as if to get in their rear,\* and it was then give and take, infantry against infantry. The semi-echelon movement of the Confederates enabled them, after an interval, to strike W. H. L. Wallace's brigade, on Oglesby's left. Soon Wallace was engaged along his whole front, now prolonged by the addition to his command of Morrison's regiments. The first charge against him was repulsed; whereupon he advanced to the top of the rising ground behind which he had sheltered his troops in the night. A fresh assault followed, but aided by a battery across the valley to his left, he repulsed the enemy a second time. His men were steadfast, and clung to the brow of the hill as if it were theirs by holy right. An hour passed, and yet another hour, without cessation of the fire. Meantime the woods rang with a monstrous clangor of musketry, as if a million men were beating empty barrels with iron hammers.

Buckner flung a portion of his division on McClelland's left, and supported the attack with his artillery. The enfilading fell chiefly on W. H. L. Wallace. McClelland, watchful and full of resources, sent batteries

the snow with their blood. The smoke, in pallid white clouds, clung to the underbrush and tree-tops as if to screen the combatants from each other. Close to the ground the flame of musketry and cannon tinted everything a lurid red. Limbs dropped from the trees on the heads below, and the thickets were shorn as by an army of cradlers. The division was under peremptory orders to hold its position to the last extremity, and W. H. L. Wallace was equal to the emergency.

It was now ten o'clock, and over on the right Oglesby was beginning to fare badly. The pressure on his front grew stronger. The "rebel yell," afterward a familiar battle-cry on many fields, told of ground being gained against him. To add to his doubts, officers were riding to him with a sickening story that their commands were getting out of ammunition, and asking where they could



PRESENT ASPECT OF THE POSITION OF THE GUN-BOATS AND OF THE WEST BANK.

[Fort Donelson is in the farther distance on the extreme left—Hickman's Creek empties into the Cumberland in the middle distance—Midway are the remains of the obstructions placed in the river by the Confederates—The upper picture, showing Isaac Williams's house, is a continuation of the right of the lower view.]

to meet Buckner's batteries. To that duty Taylor rushed with his Company B; and McAllister pushed his three twenty-four-pounders into position and exhausted his ammunition in the duel. The roar never slackened. Men fell by the score, reddening

go for a supply. All he could say was to take what was in the boxes of the dead and wounded. At last he realized that the end was come. His right companies began to give way, and as they retreated, holding up their empty cartridge-boxes, the enemy were

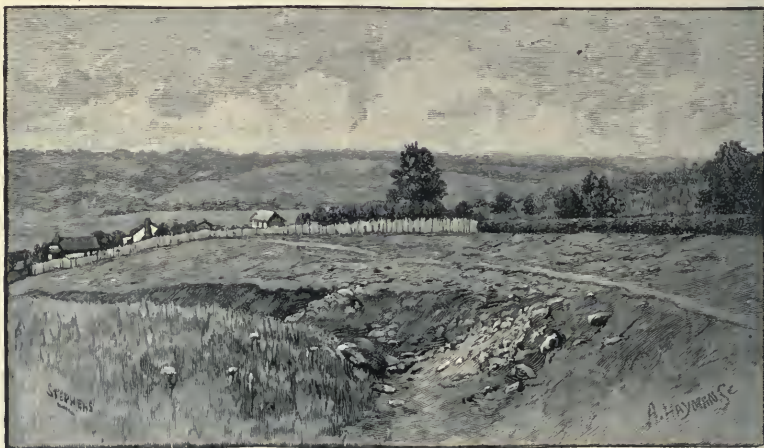
\* Colonel John McArthur, originally of General C. F. Smith's division, but then operating with McClelland, was there, and though at first discomfited, his men beat the cavalry off, and afterward shared the full shock of the tempest with Oglesby's troops.—L. W.

emboldened, and swept more fiercely around his flank, until finally they appeared in his rear. He then gave the order to retire the division.

W. H. L. Wallace from his position looked off to his right and saw but one regiment of Oglesby's in place, maintaining the fight, and that was John A. Logan's Thirty-first Illinois. Through the smoke he could see Logan riding in a gallop behind his line; through the roar in

#### THE THIRD DIVISION IN BATTLE.

WITHOUT pausing to consider whether the Confederate general could now have escaped with his troops, it must be evident that he should have made the effort. Pillow had discharged his duty well. With the disappearance of W. H. L. Wallace's brigade, it only remained for the victor to deploy his regiments



VIEW NEAR DOVER TOWARD THE INTERIOR WORKS OF FORT DONELSON—HEDGE OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY ON THE RIGHT.

his front and the rising yell in his rear, he could hear Logan's voice in fierce entreaty to his "boys." Near the Thirty-first stood W. H. L. Wallace's regiment, the Eleventh Illinois, under Lieutenant-colonel Ransom. The gaps in the ranks of the two were closed up always toward the colors. The ground at their feet was strewn with their dead and wounded; at length the common misfortune overtook Logan. To keep men without cartridges under fire sweeping them front and flank would be cruel, if not impossible; and seeing it, he too gave the order to retire, and followed his decimated companies to the rear. The Eleventh then became the right of the brigade, and had to go in turn. Nevertheless, Ransom changed front to rear coolly, as if on parade, and joined in the general retirement. Forrest charged them and threw them into a brief confusion. The greater portion clung to their colors, and made good their retreat. By eleven o'clock Pillow held the road to Charlotte and the whole of the position occupied at dawn by the first division, and with it the dead and all the wounded who could not get away.

Pillow's part of the programme, arranged in the council of the night before, was accomplished. The country was once more open to Floyd. Why did he not avail himself of the dearly bought opportunity, and march his army out?

into column and march into the country. The road was his. Buckner was in position to protect Colonel Head's withdrawal from the trenches opposite General Smith on the right; that done, he was also in position to cover the retreat. Buckner had also faithfully performed his task.

On the Union side the situation at this critical time was favorable to the proposed retirement. My division in the center was weakened by the dispatch of one of my brigades to the assistance of General McClernand; in addition to which my orders were to hold my position. As a point of still greater importance, General Grant had gone on board the *St. Louis* at the request of Flag-Officer Foote, and he was there in consultation with that officer, presumably uninformed of the disaster which had befallen his right. It would take a certain time for him to return to the field and dispose his forces for pursuit. It may be said with strong assurance, consequently, that Floyd could have put his men fairly *en route* for Charlotte before the Federal commander could have interposed an obstruction to the movement. The real difficulty was in the hero of the morning, who now made haste to blight his laurels. General Pillow's vanity whistled itself into ludicrous exaltation. Imagining General Grant's whole



army defeated and flying in rout for Fort Henry and the transports on the river, he deported himself accordingly. He began by ignoring Floyd. He rode to Buckner and accused him of shameful conduct. He sent an aide to the nearest telegraph station with a dispatch to Albert Sidney Johnston, then in command of the Department, asseverating, "on the honor of a soldier," that the day was theirs. Nor did he stop at that. The victory, to be available, required that the enemy should be followed with energy. Such was a habit of Napoleon. Without deigning even to consult his chief, he ordered Buckner to move out and attack the Federals. There was a gorge, up which a road ran toward our central position, or rather what had been our central position. Pointing to the gorge and the road, he told Buckner that was his way, and bade him attack in force.

There was nothing to do but obey; and when Buckner had begun the movement, the wise programme decided upon the evening before was wiped from the slate.

When Buckner reluctantly took the gorge road marked out for him by Pillow, the whole Confederate army, save the detachments on the works, was virtually in pursuit of McClelland, retiring by the Wynn's Ferry road—falling back, in fact, upon my position. My division was now to feel the weight of Pillow's hand; if they should fail, the fortunes of the day would depend upon the veteran Smith.

When General McClelland perceived the peril threatening him in the morning, he sent an officer to me with a request for assistance. This request I referred to General Grant, who was at the time in consultation with Foote. Upon the turning of Oglesby's flank, McClelland repeated his request, with such a representation of the situation that, assuming the responsibility, I ordered Colonel Cruft to report with his brigade to McClelland. Cruft set out promptly. Unfortunately a guide misdirected him, so that he became involved in the retreat, and was prevented from accomplishing his object.

I was in the rear of my single remaining brigade, in conversation with Captain Rawlins, of Grant's staff, when a great shouting was heard behind me on the Wynn's Ferry road, whereupon I sent an orderly to ascertain the cause. The man reported the road and woods full of soldiers apparently in rout. An officer then rode by at full speed, shouting, "All's



ROWLETT'S MILL, ON THE EDDYVILLE ROAD AT HICKMAN'S CREEK.

lost! Save yourselves!" A hurried consultation was had with Rawlins, at the end of which the brigade was put in motion toward the enemy's works, on the very road by which Buckner was pursuing under Pillow's mischievous order. It happened also that Colonel W. H. L. Wallace had dropped into the same road with such of his command as stayed by their colors. He came up riding and at a walk, his leg over the horn of his saddle. He was perfectly cool, and looked like a farmer from a hard day's plowing.

"Good-morning," I said.

"Good-morning," was the reply.

"Are they pursuing you?"

"Yes."

"How far are they behind?"

That instant the head of my command appeared on the road. The colonel calculated, then answered:

"You will have about time to form line of battle right here."

"Thank you. Good-day."

"Good-day."

At that point the road began to dip into the gorge; on the right and left there were woods, and in front a dense thicket. An order was dispatched to bring Battery A forward at full speed. Colonel John A. Thayer, commanding the brigade, formed it on the double-quick into line; the First Nebraska and the Fifty-eighth Illinois on the right, and the Fifty-eighth Ohio, with a detached company, on the left. The battery came up on the run and swung across the road, which had been





BRANCH OF HICKMAN'S CREEK NEAR JAMES CRISP'S HOUSE—THE LEFT OF GENERAL SMITH'S LINE.

left open for it. Hardly had it unlimbered, before the enemy appeared, and firing began. For ten minutes or thereabouts the scenes of the morning were reenacted. The Confederates struggled hard to perfect their deployments. The woods rang with musketry and artillery. The brush on the slope of the hill was mowed away with bullets. A great cloud arose and shut out the woods and the narrow valley below. Colonel Thayer and his regiments behaved with great gallantry, and the contest was over. The assailants fell back in confusion and returned to the entrenchments. W. H. L. Wallace and Oglesby re-formed their commands behind Thayer, supplied them with ammunition, and stood at rest waiting for orders. There was then a lull in the battle. Even the cannonading ceased, and everybody was asking, What next?

Just then General Grant rode up to where General McClernand and I were in conversation. He was almost unattended. In his hand there were some papers, which looked like telegrams. Wholly unexcited, he saluted and received the salutations of his subordinates. Proceeding at once to business, he directed them to retire their commands to the heights out of cannon range, and throw up works. Reënforcements were

*en route*, he said, and it was advisable to await their coming. He was then informed of the mishap to the First Division, and that the road to Charlotte was open to the enemy.

In every great man's career there is a crisis exactly similar to that which now overtook General Grant, and it cannot be better described than as a crucial test of his nature. A mediocre person would have accepted the news as an argument for persistence in his resolution to enter upon a siege. Had General Grant done so, it is very probable his history would have been then and there concluded. His admirers and detractors are alike invited to study him at this precise juncture. It cannot be doubted that he saw with painful distinctness the effect of the disaster to his right wing. His face flushed slightly. With a sudden grip he crushed the papers in his hand. But in an instant these signs of disappointment or hesitation—as the reader pleases—cleared away. In his ordinary quiet voice he said, addressing himself to both officers, "Gentlemen, the position on the right must be retaken." With that he turned and galloped off.

Seeing in the road a provisional brigade, under Colonel Morgan L. Smith, consisting of the Eleventh Indiana and the Eighth

Headquarters, Army in the Field  
Camp near Fort Stanton, New Mexico,  
November 16, 1862.

Sir: Yours of this date, proposing armistice and appointment of  
commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No  
terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be  
accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant

U. S. Grant  
Brigadier General, Commanding

General A. A. Buel,  
Confederate Army,

Copied by me, October 29<sup>th</sup> 1884.  
A. A. G.



Missouri infantry, going, by order of General C. F. Smith, to the aid of the First Division, I suggested that if General McClelland would order Colonel Smith to report to me, I would attempt to recover the lost ground; and the order having been given, I reconnoitered the hill, determined upon a place of assault, and arranged my order of attack. I chose Colonel Smith's regiments to lead, and for that purpose conducted them to the crest of a hill opposite a steep bluff covered by the enemy. The two regiments had been formerly of my brigade. I knew they had been admirably drilled in the Zouave tactics, and my confidence in Smith and in McGinness, colonel of the Eleventh, was implicit. I was sure they would take their men to the top of the bluff. Colonel Cruft was put in line to support them on the right. Colonel Ross, with his regiments, the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth, and the Forty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, and Fifty-eighth Illinois, were put as support on the left. Thayer's brigade was held in reserve. These dispositions filled the time till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when heavy cannonading, mixed with a long roll of musketry, broke out over on the left, whither it will be necessary to transfer the reader.

#### CHARLES F. SMITH'S BATTLE.

THE veteran in command on the Union left had contented himself with allowing Buckner no rest, keeping up a continual sharp-shooting. Early in the morning of the 14th he made a demonstration of assault with three of his regiments, and though he purposely withdrew them, he kept the menace standing, to the great discomfort of his *vis-à-vis*. With the patience of an old soldier, he waited the pleasure of the general commanding, knowing that when the time came he would be called upon. During the battle of the gun-boats he rode through his command and grimly joked with them. He who never permitted the slightest familiarity from a subordinate, could yet indulge in fatherly pleasantries with the ranks when he thought circumstances justified them. He never for a moment doubted the courage of volunteers; they were not regulars—that was all. If properly led, he believed they would storm the gates of his Satanic Majesty. Their hour of trial was now come.

From his brief and characteristic conference with McClelland and myself, General Grant rode to General C. F. Smith. What took place between them is not known further than that he ordered an assault upon the outworks as a diversion in aid of the assault about to be delivered on the right. General Smith personally directed his chiefs of brigade to get

their regiments ready. Colonel John Cook by his order increased the number of his skirmishers already engaged with the enemy.

Taking Lauman's brigade General Smith began the advance. They were under fire instantly. The guns in the fort joined in with the infantry who were at the time in the rifle-pits, the great body of the Confederate right wing being with General Buckner. The defense was greatly favored by the ground, which subjected the assailants to a double fire from the beginning of the abatis. The men have said that "it looked too thick for a rabbit to get through." General Smith, on his horse, took position in the front and center of the line. Occasionally he turned in his saddle to see how the alignment was kept. For the most part, however, he held his face steadily toward the enemy. He was, of course, a conspicuous object for the sharp-shooters in the rifle-pits. The air around him twittered with minie-bullets. Erect as if on review, he rode on, timing the gait of his horse with the movement of his colors. A soldier said: "I was nearly scared to death, but I saw the old man's white mustache over his shoulder, and went on."

On to the abatis the regiments moved without hesitation, leaving a trail of dead and wounded behind. There the fire seemed to grow trebly hot, and there some of the men halted, whereupon, seeing the hesitation, General Smith put his cap on the point of his sword, held it aloft, and called out, "No flinching now, my lads!—Here—this is the way! Come on!" He picked a path through the jagged limbs of the trees, holding his cap all the time in sight; and the effect was magical. The men swarmed in after him, and got through in the best order they could—not all of them, alas! On the other side of the obstruction they took the semblance of re-formation and charged in after their chief, who found himself then between the two fires. Up the ascent he rode; up they followed. At the last moment the keepers of the rifle-pits clambered out and fled. The four regiments engaged in the feat—the Twenty-fifth Indiana, and the Second, Seventh, and Fourteenth Iowa—planted their colors on the breastwork. And the gray-haired hero set his cap jauntily on his head, pulled his mustache, and rode along the front, chiding them awhile, then laughing at them. He had come to stay. Later in the day, Buckner came back with his division; but all his efforts to dislodge Smith were vain.

#### THE THIRD DIVISION RETAKES THE HILL.

WE left my division about to attempt the recapture of the hill, which had been the scene of the combat between Pillow and



McClermand. If only on account of the results which followed that assault, in connection with the heroic performance of General C. F. Smith, it is necessary to return to it.

Riding to my old regiments,—the Eighth Missouri and the Eleventh Indiana,—I asked them if they were ready. They demanded the word of me. Waiting a moment for Morgan L. Smith to light a cigar, I called out, "Forward it is, then!" They were directly in front of the ascent to be climbed. Without stopping for his supports, Colonel Smith led them down into a broad hollow, and catching sight of the advance, Cruft and Ross also moved forward. As the two regiments began the climb, the Eighth Missouri slightly in the lead, a line of fire ran along the brow of the height. The flank companies cheered while deploying as skirmishers. Their Zouave practice proved of excellent service to them. Now on the ground, creeping when the fire was hottest, running when it slackened, they gained ground with astonishing rapidity, and at the same time maintained a fire that was like a sparkling of the earth. For the most part the bullets aimed at them passed over their heads, and took effect in the ranks behind them. Colonel Smith's cigar was shot off close to his lips. He took another and called for a match. A soldier ran and gave him one. "Thank you. Take your place now. We are almost up," he said, and, smoking, spurred his horse forward. A few yards from the crest of the height the regiments began loading and firing as they advanced. The defenders gave way. On the top there was a brief struggle, which was ended by Cruft and Ross with their supports.

The whole line then moved forward simultaneously, and never stopped until the Confederates were within the works. There had been no occasion to call on the reserves. The road to Charlotte was again effectually shut, and the battle-field of the morning, with the dead and wounded lying where they had fallen, was in possession of the Third Division, which stood halted within easy musket-range of the rifle-pits. It was then about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. I was reconnoitering the works of the enemy preliminary to charging them, when Colonel Webster, of General Grant's staff, came to me and repeated the order to fall back out of cannon range and throw up breastworks. "The General does not know that we have the hill," I said. Webster replied: "I give you the order as he gave it to me." "Very well," said I, "give him my compliments, and say that I have received the order." Webster smiled and rode away. The ground was not vacated, though the assault was deferred. In

assuming the responsibility, I had no doubt of my ability to satisfy General Grant of the correctness of my course; and it was subsequently approved.

When night fell, the command bivouacked without fire or supper. Fatigue parties were told off to look after the wounded; and in the relief given there was no distinction made between friend and foe. The labor extended through the whole night, and the surgeons never rested. By sunset the conditions of the morning were all restored. The Union commander was free to order a general assault next day or resort to a formal siege.

#### THE LAST COUNCIL OF WAR.

A GREAT discouragement fell upon the brave men inside the works that night. Besides suffering from wounds and bruises and the dreadful weather, they were aware that though they had done their best they were held in a close grip by a superior enemy. A council of general and field officers was held at headquarters, which resulted in a unanimous resolution that if the position in front of General Pillow had not been re-occupied by the Federals in strength, the army should effect its retreat. A reconnaissance was ordered to make the test. Colonel Forrest conducted it. He reported that the ground was not only re-occupied, but that the enemy were extended yet farther around the Confederate left. The council then held a final session.

General Buckner, as the junior officer present, gave his opinion first; he thought he could not successfully resist the assault, which would be made at daylight by a vastly superior force. But he further remarked, that as he understood the principal object of the defense of Donelson was to cover the movement of General A. S. Johnston's army from Bowling Green to Nashville, if that movement was not completed he was of opinion that the defense should be continued at the risk of the destruction of the entire force. General Floyd replied that General Johnston's army had already reached Nashville, whereupon General Buckner said that "it would be wrong to subject the army to a virtual massacre, when no good could result from the sacrifice, and that the general officers owed it to their men, when further resistance was unavailing, to obtain the best terms of capitulation possible for them."

Both Generals Floyd and Pillow acquiesced in the opinion. Ordinarily the council would have ended at this point, and the commanding general would have addressed himself to the

duty of obtaining terms. He would have called for pen, ink, and paper, and prepared a note for dispatch to the commanding general of the opposite force. But there were circumstances outside the mere military situation which at this juncture pressed themselves into consideration. As this was the first surrender of armed men, banded together for war upon the general government, what would the Federal authorities do with the prisoners? This question was of application to all the gentlemen in the council. It was lost to view, however, when General Floyd announced his purpose to leave with two steamers which were to be down at daylight, and to take with him as many of his division as the steamers could carry away.

General Pillow then remarked that there were no two persons in the Confederacy whom the Yankees would rather capture than himself and General Floyd (who had been Buchanan's Secretary of War, and was under indictment at Washington). As to the propriety of his accompanying General Floyd, the latter said, coolly, that the question was one for every man to decide for himself. Buckner was of the same view, and added that as for himself he regarded it as his duty to stay with his men and share their fate, whatever it might be. Pillow persisted in leaving. Floyd then directed General Buckner to consider himself in command. Immediately that the council was concluded, General Floyd prepared for his departure. His first move was to have his brigade drawn up. The peculiarity of the step was that, with the exception of one Missouri regiment, his regiments were all Virginians. A short time before daylight the two steam-boats arrived. Without loss of time the General hastened to the river, embarked with his Virginians, and at an early hour cast loose from the shore, and in good time, and safely, he reached Nashville. He never satisfactorily explained upon what principle he appropriated all the transportation on hand to the use of his particular command.

Colonel Forrest was present at the council, and when the final resolution was taken, he promptly announced that he neither could nor would surrender his command. The bold trooper had no qualms upon the subject. He assembled his men, all as hardy as himself, and after reporting once more at headquarters, he moved out and plunged into a slough formed by backwater from the river. An icy crust covered its surface, the wind blew fiercely, and the darkness was unrelieved by a star. There was fearful floundering as the com-

mand following him. At length he struck dry land, and was safe. He was next heard of at Nashville.

General Buckner, who throughout the affair, bore himself with dignity, ordered the troops back to their positions and opened communications with General Grant, whose laconic demand of "unconditional surrender," in his reply to General Buckner's overtures, became at once a watch-word of the war.

#### THE SURRENDER.

THE Third Division was astir very early on the 16th of February. The regiments began to form and close up the intervals between them, the intention being to charge the breastworks south of Dover about breakfast-time. In the midst of the preparation a bugle was heard, and a white flag was seen coming from the town toward the pickets. I sent my adjutant-general to meet the flag half-way and inquire its purpose. Answer was returned that General Buckner had capitulated during the night, and was now sending information of the fact to the commander of the troops in this quarter, that there might be no further bloodshed. The division was ordered to advance and take possession of the works and of all public property and prisoners. Leaving that agreeable duty to the brigade commander, I joined the officer bearing the flag, and with my staff rode across the trench and into the town, till we came to the door of the old tavern already described, where I dismounted. The tavern was the headquarters of General Buckner, to whom I sent my name; and being an acquaintance, I was at once admitted.

I found General Buckner with his staff at breakfast. He met me with politeness and dignity. Turning to the officers at the table, he remarked: "General Wallace, it is not necessary to introduce you to these gentlemen; you are acquainted with them all." They arose, came forward one by one, and gave their hands in salutation. I was then invited to breakfast, which consisted of corn bread and coffee, the best the gallant host had in his kitchen. We sat at table about an hour and a half, when General Grant arrived, and took temporary possession of the tavern as his headquarters. Later in the morning the army marched in and completed the possession.

*Low Wallace.*







RETREAT OF THE CONFEDERATES FROM SHILOH.

## THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.



NEW SHILOH CHURCH, ON THE SITE OF THE LOG CHAPEL DESTROYED AFTER THE BATTLE.

[This is the Corinth road, looking south toward Corinth. Sherman's first line of battle was formed in the background above the ravine, in which is the Shiloh spring.]

THE battle of Shiloh, fought on Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, is perhaps less understood, or, to state the case more accurately, more persistently misunderstood, than any other engagement between National and so-called Confederate troops during the entire rebellion. Correct reports of the battle have been published, notably by Sherman, Badeau, and, in a speech before a meeting of veterans, by General Prentiss; but all of these appeared long subsequent to the close of the rebellion, and after public opinion had been most erroneously formed.

Events had occurred before the battle, and others subsequent to it, which determined me to make no report to my then chief, General Halleck, further than was contained in a letter, written immediately after the battle, informing him that an engagement had been fought, and announcing the result. The occurrences alluded to are these: after the capture of Fort Donelson, with over fifteen thousand effective men and all their munitions promptly.

I determined not to miss this chance. But being only a district commander, and under the immediate orders of the department commander, General Halleck, whose headquarters were at St. Louis, it was my duty to communicate to him all I proposed to do, and to get his approval, if possible. I did so communicate, and receiving no reply, acted upon my own judgment. The result proved that my information was correct, and

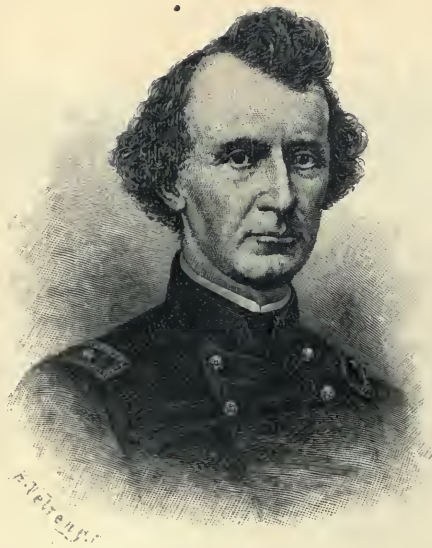


SHILOH SPRING, IN RAVINE SOUTH OF THE CHAPEL.

[The spring is on the Confederate side of the ravine, the chapel being opposite on the left. Hard fighting took place here, in the early morning of Sunday, between Sherman's troops and Hardee's.]

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. H. L. WALLACE.

sustained my judgment. What, then, was my surprise, after so much had been accomplished by the troops under my immediate command, between the time of leaving Cairo, early in February, and the 4th of March, to receive from my chief a dispatch of the latter date, saying: "You will place Major-General C. F. Smith in command of expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and position of your command?" I was left virtually in arrest on board a steamer, without even a guard, for about a week, when I was released and ordered to resume my command.

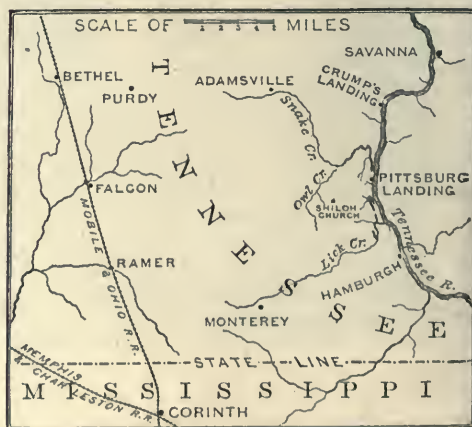
Again: Shortly after the battle of Shiloh had been fought, General Halleck moved his headquarters to Pittsburg Landing, and assumed command of the troops in the field. Although next to him in rank, and nominally in command of my old district and army, I was ignored as much as if I had been at the most distant point of territory within my jurisdiction; and although I was in command of all the troops engaged at Shiloh, I was not permitted to see one of the reports of General Buell or his subordinates in that battle, until they were published by the War Department, long after the event. In consequence, I never myself made a full report of this engagement.

WHEN I was restored to my command, on the 13th of March, I found it on the Tennessee River, part at Savanna and part at Pittsburg Landing, nine miles above, and on the opposite or western bank. I generally spent the day at Pittsburg, and returned by

boat to Savanna in the evening. I was intending to remove my headquarters to Pittsburg, where I had sent all the troops immediately on my reassuming command; but Buell, with the Army of the Ohio, had been ordered to reinforce me from Columbia, Tennessee. He was expected daily, and would come in at Savanna. I remained, therefore, a few days longer than I otherwise should have done, for the purpose of meeting him on his arrival.

General Lew Wallace, with a division, had been placed by General Smith at Crump's Landing, about five miles farther down the river than Pittsburg, and also on the west bank. His position I regarded as so well chosen that he was not moved from it until the Confederate attack in force at Shiloh.

The skirmishing in our front had been so continuous from about the 3d of April up to the determined attack, that I remained on the field each night until an hour when I felt there would be no further danger before morning. In fact, on Friday, the 4th, I was very much injured by my horse falling with me and on me while I was trying to get to the front, where firing had been heard. The night was one of impenetrable darkness, with rain pouring down in torrents; nothing was visible to the eye except as revealed by the frequent flashes of lightning. Under these circumstances I had to trust to the horse, without guidance, to keep the road. I had not gone far, however, when I met General W. H. L. Wallace and General (then Colonel) McPherson coming from the direction of the front. They said all was quiet so far as the enemy was concerned. On the way back to the boat my horse's feet slipped from under him, and he fell with my leg under his body. The extreme softness of the ground, from the excessive rains of the few preceding days, no doubt saved me from a severe injury and protracted lameness.



OUTLINE MAP OF THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.





PRESENT ASPECT OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

[The central or main landing is here shown. On the hill to the right is seen the flag-staff of the National Cemetery; in the rear and to the left of the cemetery is the steamboat store and post-office, where the roads from the landings meet.]

As it was, my ankle was very much injured; so much so, that my boot had to be cut off. During the battle, and for two or three days after, I was unable to walk except with crutches.

On the 5th General Nelson, with a division of Buell's army, arrived at Savanna, and I ordered him to move up the east bank of the river, to be in a position where he could be ferried over to Crump's Landing or Pittsburg Landing, as occasion required. I had learned that General Buell himself would be at Savanna the next day, and desired to meet me on his arrival. Affairs at Pittsburg Landing had been such for several days that I did not want to be away during the day. I determined, therefore, to take a very early breakfast and ride out to meet Buell, and thus save time. He had arrived on the evening of the 5th, but had not advised me of the fact, and I was not aware of it until some time after. While I was at breakfast, however, heavy firing was heard in the direction of Pittsburg Landing, and I hastened there, sending a hurried note to Buell, informing him of the reason why I could not meet him at Savanna. On the way up the river I directed the dispatch-boat to run in close to Crump's Landing, so that I could communicate with General Lew Wallace. I found him waiting on a boat, apparently expecting to see me,

and I directed him to get his troops in line ready to execute any orders he might receive. He replied that his troops were already under arms and prepared to move.

Up to that time I had felt by no means certain that Crump's Landing might not be the point of attack. On reaching the front, however, about 8 A. M., I found that the attack on Shiloh was unmistakable, and that nothing more than a small guard, to protect our transports and stores at Crump's was needed. Captain Baxter, a quartermaster on my staff, was accordingly directed to go back and order General Wallace to march immediately to Pittsburg, by the road nearest the river. Captain Baxter made a memorandum of his order. About 1 P. M., not hearing from Wallace, and being much in need of reinforcements, I sent two more of my staff, Colonel McPherson and Captain Rowley, to bring him up with his division. They reported finding him marching toward Purdy, Bethel, or some point west from the river, and farther from Pittsburg by several miles than when he started. I never could see, and do not now see, why any order was necessary further than to direct him to come to Pittsburg Landing, without specifying by what route. The road was direct, and near the river. Between the two points a bridge had



MAJOR-GENERAL LEW WALLACE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

been built across Snake Creek by our troops, at which Wallace's command had assisted, expressly to enable the troops at the two places to support each other in case of need. Wallace did not arrive in time to take part in the first day's fight. General Wallace has since claimed that the order delivered to him by Captain Baxter was simply to join the right of the army, and that the road over which he marched would have taken him to the road from Pittsburg to Purdy, where it crosses Owl Creek, on the right of Sherman; but this is not where I had ordered him nor where I wanted him to go. Even if he were correct as to the wording of the order, it was still a very unmilitary proceeding to join the right of the army from the flank instead of from the base. His was one of three veteran divisions that had been in battle, and its absence was severely felt. Later in the war, General Wallace would never have made the mistake that he committed on the 6th of April, 1862. I presume his idea was that by taking the route he did, he

would be able to come around on the flank or rear of the enemy, and thus perform an act of heroism that would redound to the credit of his command, as well as to the benefit of his country.

Shiloh was a log meeting-house, some two or three miles from Pittsburg Landing, and on the ridge which divides the waters of Snake and Lick creeks, the former emptying into the Tennessee just north of Pittsburg Landing, and the latter south. Shiloh was the key to our position, and was held by Sherman. His division was at that time wholly raw, no part of it ever having been in an engagement; but I thought this deficiency was more than made up by the superiority of the commander. McClelland was on Sherman's left, with troops that had been engaged at Forts Henry and Donelson, and were therefore veterans so far as Western troops had become such at that stage of the war. Next to McClelland came Prentiss, with a raw division, and on the extreme left, Stuart, with one brigade of Sherman's division. Hurlbut was in rear of Prentiss, massed, and in reserve at the time of the onset. The division of General C. F. Smith was on the right, and in reserve. General Smith was sick in bed at Savanna, some nine miles below, but in hearing of our guns. His services on those two eventful days would no doubt have been of inestimable value had his health permitted his presence. The command of his division devolved upon Brigadier-General W. H. L. Wallace, a most estimable



THE LANDING AT SAVANNA, NINE MILES BELOW (NORTH OF) PITTSBURG LANDING.

[General Grant's headquarters were in the Cherry mansion, on the right; the portico has since been added. The building on the left is a new hotel. The town lies about a quarter of a mile back from the bluff, and is much changed since the war.]



able officer,—a veteran, too, for he had served a year in the Mexican war, and had been with his command at Henry and Donelson. Wallace was mortally wounded in the

also considerable underbrush. A number of attempts were made by the enemy to turn our right flank, where Sherman was posted, but every effort was repulsed with heavy loss. But

the front attack was kept up so vigorously that, to prevent the success of these attempts to get on our flanks, the Federal troops were compelled several times to take positions to the rear, nearer Pittsburg Landing. When the firing ceased at night, the Federal line was more than a mile



MRS. CRUMP'S HOUSE.—LANDING BELOW THE HOUSE.

[Crump's Landing is, by river, about five miles below (north of) Pittsburg Landing. Here one of General Lew Wallace's three brigades was encamped on the morning of the battle, another brigade being two miles back, on the road to Purdy, and a third brigade half a mile farther advanced. The Widow Crump's house is about a quarter of a mile above the landing.]



first day's engagement, and with the change of commanders thus necessarily effected in the heat of battle, the efficiency of his division was much weakened.

The position of our troops, as here described, made a continuous line from Lick Creek, on the left, to Owl Creek, a branch of Snake Creek, on the right, facing nearly south, and possibly a little west. The water in all these streams was very high at the time, and contributed to protect our flanks. The enemy was compelled, therefore, to attack directly in front. This he did with great vigor, inflicting heavy losses on the Federal side, but suffering much heavier on his own.

The Confederate assaults were made with such disregard of losses on their own side, that our line of tents soon fell into their hands. The ground on which the battle was fought was undulating, heavily timbered, with scattered clearings, the woods giving some protection to the troops on both sides. There was

in rear of the position it had occupied in the morning.

In one of the backward moves, on the 6th, the division commanded by General Prentiss did not fall back with the others. This left his flanks exposed, which enabled the enemy to capture him, with about 2200 of his officers and men. General Badeau gives four o'clock of the 6th as about the time this capture took place. He may be right as to the time, but my recollection is that the hour was later. General Prentiss himself gave the hour as 5:30. I was with him, as I was with each of the division commanders that day, several times, and my recollection is that the last time I was with him was about half-past four, when his division was standing up firmly, and the general was as cool as if he had been expecting victory. But no matter whether it was four or later, the story that he and his command were surprised and captured in their camps is without any foundation whatever.



If it had been true, as currently reported at the time, and yet believed by thousands of people, that Prentiss and his division had been captured in their beds, there would not have been an all-day struggle, with the loss of thousands killed and wounded on the Confederate side.

With this single exception, for a few minutes, after the capture of Prentiss, a continuous and unbroken line was maintained all day from Snake Creek or its tributaries on the right to Lick Creek or the Tennessee on the left, above Pittsburg. There was no hour during the day when there was not heavy firing and generally hard fighting at some point on the line, but seldom at all points at the same time. It was a case of Southern dash against Northern pluck and endurance.

Three of the five divisions engaged the first day at Shiloh were entirely raw, and many of them had only received their arms on the way from their States to the field. Many of them had arrived but a day or two before, and were hardly able to load their muskets according to the manual. Their officers were equally ignorant of their duties. Under these circumstances, it is not astonishing that many of the regiments broke at the first fire. In two cases, as I now remember, the colonels led their regiments from the field on first hearing the whistle of the enemy's bullets. In

these cases the colonels were constitutional cowards, unfit for any military position. But not so the officers and men led out of danger by them. Better troops never went upon a battle-field than many of these officers and men afterward proved themselves to be, who fled, panic-stricken, at the first whistle of bullets and shell at Shiloh.

During the whole of the first day I was continuously engaged in passing from one part of the field to another, giving directions to division commanders. In thus moving along the line, however, I never deemed it important to stay long with Sherman. Although his troops were then under fire for the first time, their commander, by his constant presence with them, inspired a confidence in officers and men that enabled them to render services on that bloody battle-field worthy of the best of veterans. McClelland was next to Sherman, and the hardest fighting was in front of these two divisions. McClelland told me himself on that day, the 6th, that he profited much by having so able a commander supporting him. A casualty to Sherman that would have taken him from the field that day would have been a sad one for the troops engaged at Shiloh. And how near we came to this! On the 6th Sherman was shot twice, once in the hand, once in the shoulder, the



BRIDGE OVER SNAKE CREEK BY WHICH GENERAL LEW WALLACE'S TROOPS REACHED THE FIELD SUNDAY EVENING.  
[Pittsburg Landing is nearly two miles to the left. Owl Creek empties from the left into Snake Creek, a short distance above the bridge.]



TOPOGRAPHICAL PLAN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD, FROM THE OFFICIAL MAP.

[The original of this map was made immediately after the battle from surveys and information obtained by Chief of Topographical Engineers George Thom (of Halleck's staff) and his assistants, while the troops were still encamped on, and near, the battle-field. The positions of the troops were indicated in accordance with information furnished at that time by Generals Grant, Buell, and Sherman.]

The Confederates moved to the attack in three lines of battle: (1.) Hardee's three brigades and Gladden's brigade of Bragg's corps forming the advance line, reaching from Sherman's right to beyond Prentiss's left; (2.) Bragg's remaining five brigades about eight hundred yards in rear of Hardee's line, and bearing off more to the right, as far as Stuart; (3.) Polk's four brigades and Breckenridge's three brigades disposed left and right as reserves. — Polk's, first to be drawn upon.

Hardee's line carried the first Federal position, and, with the assistance of Bragg's line, fought the Federals back nearly a mile, where, at 10:30 o'clock, the Federal line extended, in general, from what is indicated as McCook's position on the morning of the second day, across to what was Sherman's position the morning of the second day. This Federal line was maintained until after four o'clock in the afternoon. Attacking that line, Polk's brigades were, for the most part, on the right of Hardee, who was then commanding the Confederate left; Bragg directed the attack on Polk's right; and two of Breckenridge's three brigades were in the main hotly engaged on the Confederate right.

Toward evening the Confederates were arrayed opposite the Federal line, as indicated for the evening of April 6.

The center of the Federal left on the middle line of defense (which was held from 10:30 till after four o'clock) was called by the Confederates "The Hornets' Nest." (See page 625.) It was, approximately, the ground indicated as having been held by McCook on the morning of April 7; on April 6 it was defended by Prentiss, assisted on his right by W. H. L. Wallace, and on his left by Hurlbut. Prentiss was not far from the Hornets' Nest when he was captured.

General Johnston was killed at 2:30, Sunday afternoon, on the ground indicated as having been held by Crittenden on the morning of April 7.—Ed.]



ball cutting his coat and making a slight wound, and a third ball passed through his hat. In addition to this he had several horses shot during the day.

The nature of this battle was such that cavalry could not be used in front; I therefore formed ours into line, in rear, to stop stragglers, of whom there were many. When there would be enough of them to make a show, and after they had recovered from their fright, they would be sent to reënforce some part of the line which needed support, without regard to their companies, regiments, or brigades.

On one occasion during the day, I rode back as far as the river and met General Buell, who had just arrived; I do not remember the hour of the day, but at that time there probably were as many as four or five thousand stragglers lying under cover of the river bluff, panic-stricken, most of whom would have been shot where they lay, without resistance, before they would have taken muskets and marched to the front to protect

themselves. The meeting between General Buell and myself was on the dispatch-boat used to run between the landing and Savanna. It was but brief, and related specially to his getting his troops over the river. As we left the boat together, Buell's attention was attracted by the men lying under cover of the river bank. I saw him berating them and trying to shame them into joining their regiments. He even threatened them with shells from the gunboats near by. But it was all to no effect. Most of these men afterward proved themselves as gallant as any of those who saved the battle from which they had deserted. I have no doubt that this sight impressed General Buell with the idea that a line of retreat would be a good thing just then. If he had come in by the front instead of through the stragglers in the rear, he would have thought and felt differently. Could he have come through the Confederate rear, he would have witnessed there a scene similar to that at our own. The distant rear of an army engaged



CONFEDERATE CHARGE UPON PRENTISS'S CAMP ON SUNDAY MORNING.

[Of the capture of General Prentiss's camp, Colonel Francis Quinn (Twelfth Michigan Infantry) says in his official report dated April 6: "About daylight the dead and wounded began to be brought in. The firing grew closer and closer, till it became manifest a heavy force of the enemy was upon us. The division was ordered into line of battle by General Prentiss, and immediately advanced in line about one-quarter of a mile from the tents, where the enemy were met in short-firing distance. Volley after volley was given and returned, and many fell on both sides, but their numbers were too heavy for our forces. I could see to the right and left. They were visible in line, and every hill-top in the rear was covered with them. It was manifest they were advancing, in not only one, but several lines of battle. The whole division fell back to their tents and again rallied, and, although no regular line was formed, yet from behind every tree a deadly fire was poured out upon the enemy, which held them in check for about one half-hour, when reinforcements coming to their assistance, they advanced furiously upon our camp, and we were forced again to give way. At this time we lost four pieces of artillery. The division fell back about one half-mile, very much scattered and broken. Here we were posted, being drawn up in line behind a dense clump of bushes."—Ed.]





*D. C. Buell*

in battle is not the best place from which to judge correctly what is going on in front. In fact, later in the war, while occupying the country between the Tennessee and the Mississippi, I learned that the panic in the Confederate lines had not differed much from that within our own. Some of the country people estimated the stragglers from Johnston's army as high as 20,000. Of course, this was an exaggeration.

The situation at the close of the first day was as follows: Extending from the top of the bluff

just south of the log-house which stood at Pittsburg Landing, Colonel J. D. Webster, of my staff, had arranged twenty or more pieces of artillery facing south, or up the river. This line of artillery was on the crest of a hill overlooking a deep ravine opening into the Tennessee. Hurlbut, with his division intact, was on the right of this artillery, extending west and possibly a little north. McClernand came next in the general line, looking more to the west. His division was complete in its organization and ready for any duty. Sherman came



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY GEO. S. COOK.)

next, his right extending to Snake Creek. His command, like the other two, was complete in its organization and ready, like its chief, for any service it might be called upon to render. All three divisions were, as a matter of course, more or less shattered and depleted in numbers from the terrible battle of the day. The division of W. H. L. Wallace, as much from the disorder arising from changes of division and brigade commanders, under heavy fire, as from any other cause, had lost its organization, and did not occupy a place in the line as a division. Prentiss's command was gone as a division, many of its members having been killed, wounded, or captured. But it had rendered valiant service before its final dispersal, and had contributed a good share to the defense of Shiloh.

There was, I have said, a deep ravine in front of our left. The Tennessee River was very high at that time, and there was water to a considerable depth in the ravine. Here the enemy made a last desperate effort to turn our flank, but were repelled. The gunboats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, Gwin and Shirk commanding, with the artillery under Webster, aided the army and effectually checked their further progress. Before any of Buell's troops had reached the west bank of the Tennessee, firing had almost entirely ceased; anything like an attempt on the part of the enemy to advance had absolutely ceased.

There was some artillery firing from an unseen enemy, some of his shells passing beyond us; but I do not remember that there was the whistle of a single musket-ball heard. As Buell's troops arrived in the dusk, General Buell marched several of his regiments part way down the face of the hill, where they fired briskly for some minutes, but I do not think a single man engaged in this firing received an injury; the attack had spent its force.

General Lew Wallace arrived after firing had ceased for the day, and was placed on the right. Thus night came, Wallace came, and the advance of Nelson's division came, but none—except night—in time to be of material service to the gallant men who saved Shiloh on that first day, against large odds. Buell's loss on the first day was two men killed and one wounded, all members of the Thirty-sixth Indiana infantry. The presence of two or three regiments of his army on the west bank before firing ceased had not the slightest effect in preventing the capture of Pittsburg Landing.

So confident was I before firing had ceased on the 6th that the next day would bring victory to our arms if we could only take the initiative, that I visited each division commander in person before any reinforcements had reached the field. I directed them to throw out heavy lines of skirmishers in the morning as soon as they could see, and push them forward until they found the enemy, following with their entire divisions in supporting distance, and to engage the enemy as soon as found. To Sherman I told the story of the assault at Fort Donelson, and said that the same tactics would win at Shiloh. Victory was assured when Wallace arrived with his division of five thousand effective veterans, even if there had been no other support. The enemy received no reinforcements. He had suffered heavy losses in killed, wounded, and straggling, and his commander, General Albert Sidney Johnston, was dead. I was glad, however, to see the reinforcements of Buell and credit them with doing all there was for them to do. During the night of the 6th the remainder of Nelson's division, Buell's army, crossed the river, and were ready to advance in the morning, forming the left wing. Two other divisions, Crittenden's and McCook's, came up the river from Savanna in the transports, and were on the west bank early on the 7th. Buell commanded them in person. My command was thus nearly doubled in numbers and efficiency.

During the night rain fell in torrents, and our troops were exposed to the storm without shelter. I made my headquarters under a tree a few hundred yards back from the river bank. My ankle was so much swollen from the fall of



my horse the Friday night preceding, and the bruise was so painful, that I could get no rest. The drenching rain would have precluded the possibility of sleep, without this additional cause. Some time after midnight, growing restive under the storm and the continuous pain, I moved back to the log-house on the bank. This had been taken as a hospital, and all night wounded men were being brought in, their wounds dressed, a leg

upon them by the gun-boats every fifteen minutes during the night.

The position of the Federal troops on the morning of the 7th was as follows: General Lew Wallace on the right, Sherman to his left; then McClelland, and then Hurlbut. Nelson, of Buell's army, was on our extreme left, next to the river; Crittenden was next in line after Nelson, and on his right; McCook followed, and formed the extreme right of



FORD WHERE THE HAMBURG ROAD CROSSES LICK CREEK, LOOKING FROM COLONEL STUART'S POSITION ON THE FEDERAL LEFT.

[Lick Creek at this point was fordable on the first day of the battle, but the rains on Sunday night rendered it impassable on the second day.]

or an arm amputated, as the case might require, and everything being done to save life or alleviate suffering. The sight was more endurable than encountering the rebel fire, and I returned to my tree in the rain.

The advance on the morning of the 7th developed the enemy in the camps occupied by our troops before the battle began, more than a mile back from the most advanced position of the Confederates on the day before. It is known now that the enemy had not yet become informed of the arrival of Buell's command. Possibly they fell back to get the shelter of our tents during the rain, and also to get away from the shells that were dropped

Buell's command. My old command thus formed the right wing, while the troops directly under Buell constituted the left wing of the army. These relative positions were retained during the entire day, or until the enemy was driven from the field.

In a very short time the battle became general all along the line. This day everything was favorable to the Federal side. We now had become the attacking party. The enemy was driven back all day, as we had been the day before, until finally he beat a precipitate retreat. The last point held by him was near the road from the landing to Corinth, on the left of Sherman and right of McClelland. About three o'clock,



being near that point, and seeing that the enemy was giving way everywhere else, I gathered up a couple of regiments, or parts of regiments, from troops near by, formed them in line of battle and marched them forward, going in front myself to prevent premature or long-range firing. At this point there was a clearing between us and the enemy favorable for charging, although exposed. I knew the enemy were ready to break, and only wanted a little encouragement from us to go quickly and join their friends who had started earlier. After marching to within musket-range, I stopped and let the troops pass. The command, *Charge*, was given, and was executed with loud cheers, and with a run, when the last of the enemy broke.

During this second day I had been moving from right to left and back, to see for myself the progress made. In the early part of the afternoon, while riding with Colonel McPherson and Major Hawkins, then my chief commissary, we got beyond the left of our troops. We were moving along the northern edge of a clearing, very leisurely, toward the

river above the landing. There did not appear to be an enemy to our right, until suddenly a battery with musketry opened upon us from the edge of the woods on the other side of the clearing. The shells and balls whistled about our ears very fast for about a minute. I do not think it took us longer than that to get out of range and out of sight. In the sudden start we made, Major Hawkins lost his hat. He did not stop to pick it up. When we arrived at a perfectly safe position we halted to take an account of damages. McPherson's horse was panting as if ready to drop. On examination it was found that a ball had struck him forward of the flank just back of the saddle, and had gone entirely through. In a few minutes the poor beast dropped dead; he had given no sign of injury until we came to a stop. A ball had struck the metal scabbard of my sword, just below the hilt, and broken it nearly off; before the battle was over, it had broken off entirely. There were three of us: one had lost a horse, killed, one a hat, and one a sword-scabbard. All were thankful that it was no worse.



A FEDERAL BATTERY SURPRISED WHILE RETIRING IN GOOD ORDER. (SEE PAGE 633.)





GENERAL ALEXANDER McD. MCCOOK,  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)





PRESENT ASPECT OF THE OLD HAMBURG ROAD (TO THE LEFT OF THE NEW ROAD) WHICH LED UP TO "THE HORNETS' NEST."—SEE NOTE UNDER MAP, PAGE 599; ALSO SEE PAGE 625.

After the rain of the night before and the frequent and heavy rains for some days previous, the roads were almost impassable. The enemy, carrying his artillery and supply trains over them in his retreat, made them still worse for troops following. I wanted to pursue, but had not the heart to order the men who had fought desperately for two days, lying in the mud and rain whenever not fighting, and I did not feel disposed to positively order Buell, or any part of his command, to pursue. Although the senior in rank at the time, I had been so only a few weeks. Buell was, and had been for some time past, a department commander, while I only commanded a district. I did not meet Buell in person until too late to get troops ready and pursue with effect; but had I seen him at the moment of the last charge, I should have at least requested him to follow.

The enemy had hardly started in retreat from his last position, when, looking back toward the river, I saw a division of troops coming up in beautiful order, as if going on parade or review. The commander was at

the head of the column, and the staff seemed to be disposed about as they would have been had they been going on parade. When the head of the column came near where I was standing, it was halted, and the commanding officer, General A. McD. McCook, rode up to where I was and appealed to me not to send his division any farther, saying that they were worn out with marching and fighting. This division had marched on the 6th from a point ten or twelve miles east of Savanna, over bad roads. The men had also lost rest during the night while crossing the Tennessee, and had been engaged in the battle of the 7th. It was not, however, the rank and file or the junior officers who asked to be excused, but the division commander. I rode forward several miles the day after the battle, and found that the enemy had dropped much, if not all, of their provisions, some ammunition, and the extra wheels of their caissons, lightening their loads to enable them to get off their guns. About five miles out we found their field hospital abandoned. An immediate pursuit must have resulted in the cap-

ture of a considerable number of prisoners and probably some guns.

Shiloh was the most severe battle fought at the West during the war, and but few in the East equaled it for hard, determined fighting. I saw an open field, in our possession on the second day, over which the Confederates had made repeated charges the day before, so covered with dead that it would have been possible to walk across the clearing, in any direction, stepping on dead bodies, without a foot touching the ground. On our side Federal and Confederate were mingled together in about equal proportions; but on the remainder of the field nearly all were Confederates. On one part, which had evidently not been plowed for several years, probably because the land was poor, bushes had grown up, some to the height of eight or ten feet. There was not one of these left standing unpierced by bullets. The smaller ones were all cut down.

Contrary to all my experience up to that time, and to the experience of the army I was then commanding, we were on the defensive. We were without intrenchments or defensive

advantages of any sort, and more than half the army engaged the first day was without experience or even drill as soldiers. The officers with them, except the division commanders, and possibly two or three of the brigade commanders, were equally inexperienced in war. The result was a Union victory that gave the men who achieved it great confidence in themselves ever after.

The enemy fought bravely, but they had started out to defeat and destroy an army and capture a position. They failed in both, with very heavy loss in killed and wounded, and must have gone back discouraged and convinced that the "Yankee" was not an enemy to be despised.

After the battle I gave verbal instructions to division commanders to let the regiments send out parties to bury their own dead, and to detail parties, under commissioned officers from each division, to bury the Confederate dead in their respective fronts, and to report the numbers so buried. The latter part of these instructions was not carried out by all; but they were by those sent from Sherman's division, and by some of the parties sent out



STRAGGLERS ON THE WAY TO THE LANDING, AND AMMUNITION WAGONS GOING TO THE FRONT.





CHECKING THE CONFEDERATE ADVANCE ON THE EVENING OF THE FIRST DAY.

[Above this ravine, near the Landing, the Federal reserve artillery was posted, and it was on this line the Confederate advance was checked, about sunset, Sunday evening. The Confederates then fell back, and bivouacked in the Federal camps.—See page 601.]

by McClelland. The heaviest loss sustained by the enemy was in front of these two divisions.

The criticism has often been made that the Union troops should have been intrenched at Shiloh. But up to that time the pick and spade had been but little resorted to at the West. I had, however, taken this subject under consideration soon after reassuming command in the field. McPherson, my only military engineer, had been directed to lay out a line to intrench. He did so, but reported that it would have to be made in rear of the line of encampment as it then ran. The new line, while it would be nearer the river, was yet too far away from the Tennessee, or even from the creeks, to be easily supplied with water from them; and in case of attack, these creeks would be in the hands of the enemy. But, besides this, the troops with me, officers and men, needed discipline and drill more than they did experience with the pick, shovel, and axe. Reinforcements were arriving almost daily, composed of troops that had been hastily thrown together into companies and regiments — fragments of incomplete organizations, the men and officers strangers to each other. Under all these circumstances I concluded that drill and discipline were worth more to our men than fortifications.

General Buell was a brave, intelligent officer, with as much professional pride and ambition of a commendable sort as I ever knew. I had been two years at West Point with him, and had served with him afterward, in garrison and in the Mexican war, several years



MAJOR-GENERAL W. J. HARDEE.



more. He was not given in early life or in mature years to forming intimate acquaintances. He was studious by habit, and commanded the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He was a strict disciplinarian, and perhaps did not distinguish sufficiently the difference between the volunteer who "enlisted for the war" and the soldier who serves in time of peace. One system embraced men who risked life for a principle, and often men of social standing, competence, or wealth, and independence of character. The other includes, as a rule, only men who could not do as well in any other occupation. General Buell became an object of harsh criticism later, some going so far as to challenge his loyalty. No one who knew him ever believed him capable of a dishonorable act, and nothing could be more dishonorable than to accept high rank and command in war and then betray his trust. When I came into command of the army, in 1864, I requested the Secretary of War to restore General Buell to duty.

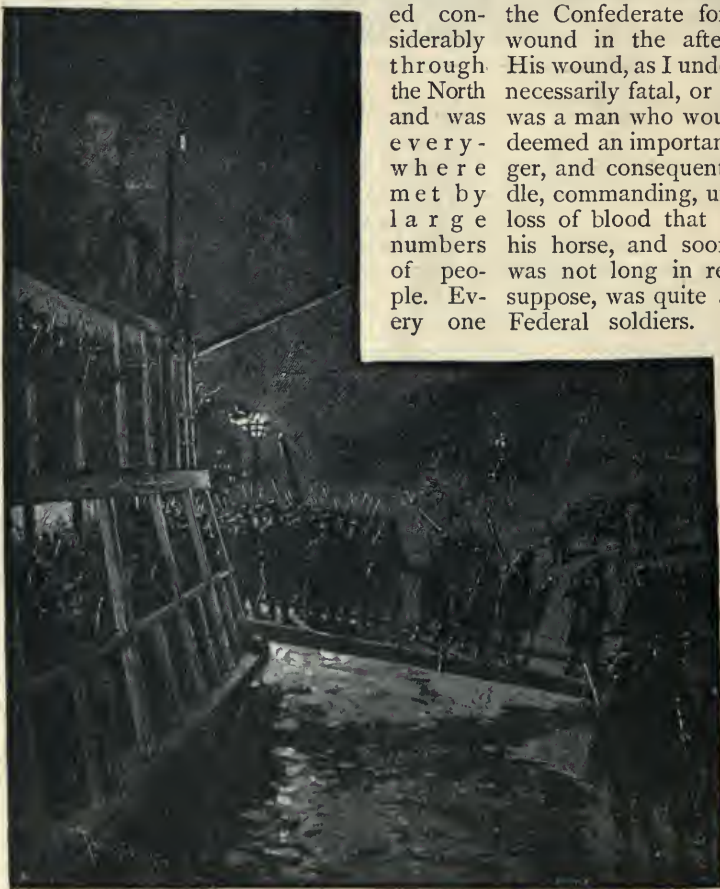
After the war, during the summer of 1865,

I traveled considerably through the North and was everywhere met by large numbers of people. Every one

had his opinion about the manner in which the war had been conducted; who among the generals had failed, how, and why. Correspondents of the press were ever on hand to hear every word dropped, and were not always disposed to report correctly what did not confirm their preconceived notions, either about the conduct of the war or the individuals concerned in it. The opportunity frequently occurred for me to defend General Buell against what I believed to be most unjust charges. On one occasion a correspondent put in my mouth the very charge I had so often refuted — of disloyalty. This brought from General Buell a very severe retort, which I saw in the New York "World" some time before I received the letter itself. I could very well understand his grievance at seeing untrue and disgraceful charges apparently sustained by an officer who, at the time, was at the head of the army. I replied to him, but not through the press. I kept no copy of my letter, nor did I ever see it in print, neither did I receive an answer.

General Albert Sidney Johnston commanded the Confederate forces until disabled by a wound in the afternoon of the first day. His wound, as I understood afterward, was not necessarily fatal, or even dangerous. But he was a man who would not abandon what he deemed an important trust in the face of danger, and consequently continued in the saddle, commanding, until so exhausted by the loss of blood that he had to be taken from his horse, and soon after died. The news was not long in reaching our side, and, I suppose, was quite an encouragement to the Federal soldiers. I had known Johnston

slightly in the Mexican war, and later as an officer in the regular army. He was a man of high character and ability. His contemporaries at West Point, and officers generally who came to know him personally later, and who remained on our side, expected him to prove the most formidable man to meet, that the Confederacy would produce. Nothing occurred in his brief command of an army to prove or disprove the high estimate that had been placed upon his military ability.



BUELL'S TROOPS DEBARKING AT PITTSBURG LANDING, SUNDAY NIGHT.

General Beauregard was next in rank to Johnston, and succeeded to the command, which he retained to the close of the battle and during the subsequent retreat on Cor-

eventual defeat of the enemy, although I was disappointed that reënforcements so near at hand did not arrive at an earlier hour.

The Confederates fought with courage at



BIVOUAC OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS SUNDAY NIGHT.

inth, as well as in the siege of that place. His tactics have been severely criticised by Confederate writers, but I do not believe his fallen chief could have done any better under the circumstances. Some of these critics claim that Shiloh was won when Johnston fell, and that if he had not fallen the army under me would have been annihilated or captured. *If*s defeated the Confederates at Shiloh. There is little doubt that we should have been disgracefully beaten *if* all the shells and bullets fired by us had passed harmlessly over the enemy, and *if* all of theirs had taken effect. Commanding generals are liable to be killed during engagements; and the fact that when he was shot Johnston was leading a brigade to induce it to make a charge which had been repeatedly ordered, is evidence that there was neither the universal demoralization on our side nor the unbounded confidence on theirs which has been claimed. There was, in fact, no hour during the day when I doubted the

Shiloh, but the particular skill claimed I could not, and still cannot, see; though there is nothing to criticise except the claims put forward for it since. But the Confederate claimants for superiority in strategy, superiority in generalship, and superiority in dash and prowess are not so unjust to the Federal troops engaged at Shiloh as are many Northern writers. The troops on both sides were American, and united they need not fear any foreign foe. It is possible that the Southern man started in with a little more dash than his Northern brother; but he was correspondingly less enduring.

The endeavor of the enemy on the first day was simply to hurl their men against ours—first at one point, then at another, sometimes at several points at once. This they did with daring and energy, until at night the rebel troops were worn out. Our effort during the same time was to be prepared to resist assaults wherever made. The object of the Confederates on the second day was to get away with





THE LAST STAND MADE BY THE CONFEDERATE LINE.

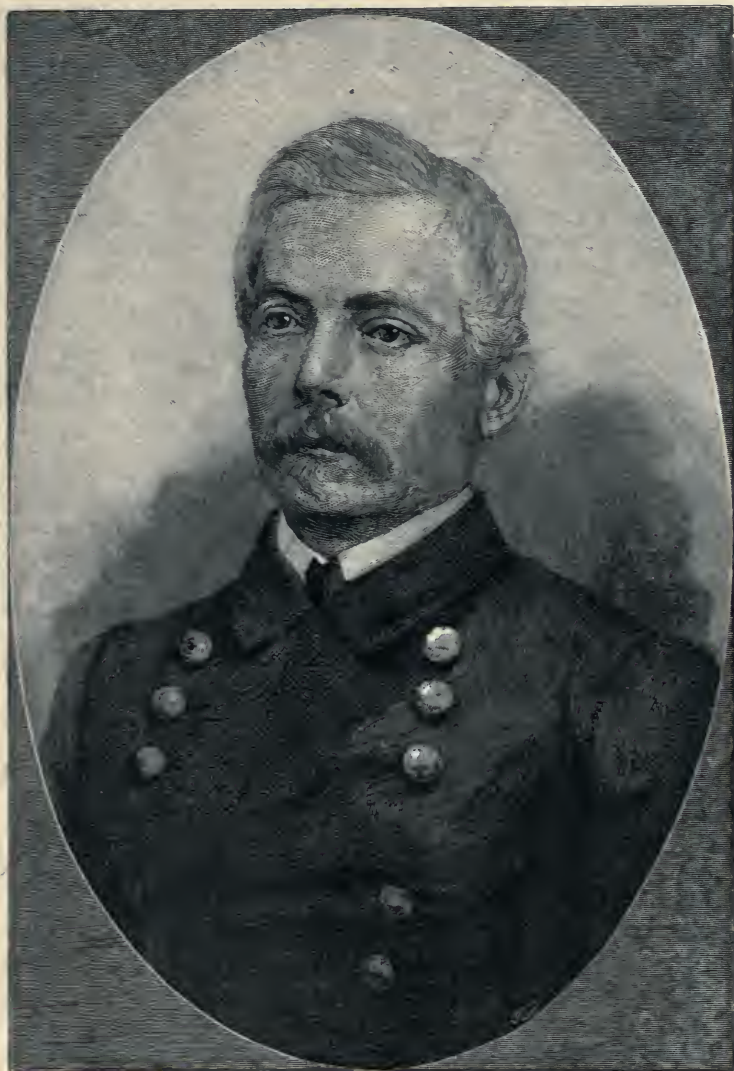
[General Beauregard at Shiloh Chapel sending his aides to the corps commanders with orders to begin the retreat. This was at two o'clock on Monday (see page 633). The tents are part of Sherman's camp which was reoccupied by him Monday evening.]

as much of their army and material as possible. Ours then was to drive them from our front, and to capture or destroy as great a part as possible of their men and material. We were successful in driving them back, but not so successful in captures as if further pursuit could have been made. But as it was, we captured or recaptured on the second day about as much artillery as we lost on the first; and, leaving out the one great capture of Prentiss, we took more prisoners on Monday

than the enemy gained from us on Sunday. On the 6th Sherman lost seven pieces of artillery, McClelland six, Prentiss eight, and Hurlbut two batteries. On the 7th Sherman captured seven guns, McClelland three, and the Army of the Ohio twenty.

The effective strength of the Union force on the morning of the 6th was 33,000 at Shiloh. Lew Wallace brought 5000 more after nightfall. Beauregard reported the enemy's strength at 40,955. According to the custom





*G. T. Thomas, Jr.*

(FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY GEORGE S. COOK, 1863.)

of enumeration in the South, this number probably excluded every man enlisted as musician, or detailed as guard or nurse, and all commissioned officers,—everybody who did not carry a musket or serve a cannon. With us everybody in the field receiving pay from the Government is counted. Excluding the troops

who fled, panic-stricken, before they had fired a shot, there was not a time during the 6th when we had more than 25,000 men in line. On the 7th Buell brought 20,000 more. Of his remaining two divisions, Thomas's did not reach the field during the engagement; Wood's arrived before

firing had ceased, but not in time to be of much service.

Our loss in the two-days' fight was 1754 killed, 8408 wounded, and 2885 missing. Of these, 2103 were in the army of the Ohio. Beauregard reported a total loss of 10,699, of whom 1728 were killed, 8012 wounded and 957 missing. This estimate must be incorrect. We buried, by actual count, more of the enemy's dead in front of the divisions of McClernand and Sherman alone than here reported, and 4000 was the estimate of the burial parties for the whole field. Beauregard reports the Confederate force on the 6th at over 40,000, and their total loss during the two days at 10,699; and at the same time declares that he could put only 20,000 men in battle on the morning of the 7th.

The navy gave a hearty support to the army at Shiloh, as indeed it always did, both before and subsequently, when I was in command. The nature of the ground was such, however, that on this occasion it could do nothing in aid of the troops until sundown on the first day. The country was broken and heavily timbered, cutting off all view of

the battle from the river, so that friends would be as much in danger from fire from the gun-boats as the foe. But about sundown, when the Federal troops were back in their last position, the right of the enemy was near the river and exposed to the fire of the two gun-boats, which was delivered with vigor and effect. After nightfall, when firing had entirely ceased on land, the commander of the fleet informed himself, proximately, of the position of our troops, and suggested the idea of dropping a shell within the lines of the enemy every fifteen minutes during the night. This was done with effect, as is proved by the Confederate reports.

Up to the battle of Shiloh, I, as well as thousands of other citizens, believed that the rebellion against the Government would collapse suddenly and soon if a decisive victory could be gained over any of its armies. Donelson and Henry were such victories. An army of more than 25,000 men was captured or destroyed. Bowling Green, Columbus, and Hickman, Kentucky, fell in consequence; Clarksville and Nashville, Tennessee, with an immense amount of stores, also fell into



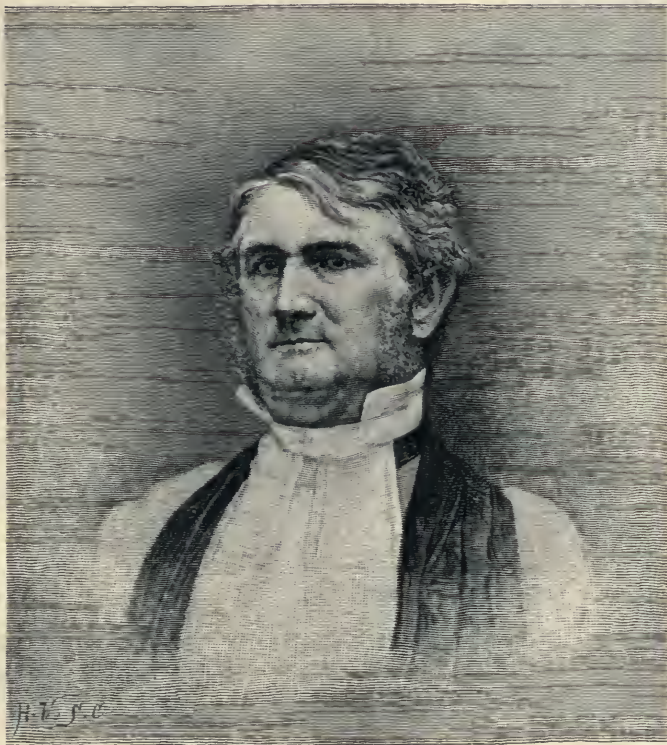
CAPTURE OF A CONFEDERATE BATTERY.

Colonel Robert H. Sturgess (Eighth Illinois Infantry) says in his official report that while awaiting orders on the Purdy road, during the morning of the second day's fight, "General Crittenden ordered the Eighth and Eighteenth (Illinois) to take a rebel battery which some regiment had endeavored to capture, but had been driven back with heavy loss. The men received the order with a cheer, and charged on a double-quick. The enemy, after firing a few shots, abandoned his guns and retreated to the woods. My color-bearer rushed up and planted his colors on one of the guns, and the color-bearer of the Eighteenth took possession of another."



our hands. The Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, from their mouths to the head of navigation, were secured. But when Confederate armies were collected which not only attempted to hold a line farther south, from Memphis to

which we expected to continue to hold. But such supplies within the reach of Confederate armies I regarded as much contraband as arms or ordnance stores. Their destruction was accomplished without bloodshed, and



GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK, BISHOP OF LOUISIANA—KILLED NEAR KENESAW MOUNTAIN, IN JUNE, 1864.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORSE.)

Chattanooga, and Knoxville, and on to the Atlantic, but assumed the offensive, and made such a gallant effort to regain what had been lost, then, indeed, I gave up all idea of saving the Union except by complete conquest. Up to that time it had been the policy of our army, certainly of that portion commanded by me, to protect the property of the citizens whose territory was invaded, without regard to their sentiments, whether Union or Secession. After this, however, I regarded it as humane to both sides to protect the persons of those found at their homes, but to consume everything that could be used to support or supply armies. Protection was still continued over such supplies as were within lines held by us, and

tended to the same result as the destruction of armies. I continued this policy to the close of the war. Promiscuous pillaging, however, was discouraged and punished. Instructions were always given to take provisions and forage under the direction of commissioned officers, who should give receipts to owners, if at home, and turn the property over to officers of the quartermaster or commissary departments; to be issued as if furnished from our Northern depots. But much was destroyed without receipts to owners, which could not be brought within our lines, and would otherwise have gone to the support of secession and rebellion.

This policy, I believe, exercised a material influence in hastening the end.

*U. S. Grant.*



## ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON AND THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.\*



ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON AT THE AGE OF 35.

FROM A MINIATURE BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, PAINTED IN LOUISVILLE, KY., IN 1838 OR 1839.

THE appearance of General Johnston before the war is described as both commanding and attractive. In some respects the bust of Alexander Hamilton is the best extant likeness of him, a resemblance very frequently remarked. His cheek-bones were rather high, and his nose gave him a Scotch look. His chin was delicate and handsome; his teeth white and regular; and his mouth square and firm. In the portrait by Bush taken about this time, his lips seem rather full, but as they are best remembered, they were somewhat thin and very firmly set. Light-brown hair clustered over a noble forehead, and from under heavy brows his deep-set but clear, steady eyes looked straight at you with a regard kind and sincere, yet penetrating. In repose his eyes were as blue as the sky, but in excitement they flashed to a steel-gray, and exerted a remarkable power over men.

He was six feet and an inch in height, of about one hundred and eighty pounds weight, straight as an arrow, with broad, square shoulders and a massive chest. He was strong and active, and his bearing was essentially military.

During the angry political strife which preceded the contest of arms, General Johnston remained silent, stern, and sorrowful. He determined to stand at his post in San Francisco, performing his full duty as an officer of the United States, until events should require a decision as to his course. When Texas—his adopted State—passed the ordinance of secession from the Union, the alternative was presented, and, on the day he heard the news, he resigned his commission in the army. He kept the fact concealed, however, lest it might stir up disaffection among the turbulent population of the Pacific coast. He said, "I shall do my duty to the last, and when absolved, shall take my course." All honest and competent witnesses now accord that he carried out this purpose in letter and spirit. General Sumner, who relieved him, reported that he found him "carrying out the orders of the Government."

Mr. Lincoln's administration treated General Johnston with a distrust which wounded his pride to the quick, but afterward made such amends as it could, by sending him a major-general's commission. He was also assured through confidential sources that he would receive the highest command in the Federal army. (See p. 634.—ED.). But he declined to take part against his own people, and retired to Los Angeles with the intention of farming. There he was subjected to an irritating surveillance; while at the

\* 1. General Johnston was of New England descent, though both he and his mother were of pioneer stock, and natives of Kentucky. His father was the village physician. He was born February 3d, 1803, in Mason County, Kentucky. He was "a handsome, proud, manly, earnest, and self-reliant boy," "grave and thoughtful." His early education was desultory, but was continued at Transylvania and at West Point, where he evinced superior talents for mathematics, and was graduated in 1826. He was a lieutenant of the Sixth Infantry from 1827 to 1834, when he resigned. His only active service during this period was in the Black Hawk war, where he won considerable distinction. In 1829 he married Miss Henrietta Preston, who died in 1835. In 1836 he joined the army of the young republic of Texas, and rapidly rose to the chief command. In 1839 he was secretary of war, and expelled the intruding United States Indians, after two battles on the River Neches. He served one campaign in Mexico under General Taylor, and was recommended by that commander as a brigadier-general for his conduct at Monterey, but was allowed no command by the Administration. In 1843 he married Miss Eliza Griffin, and retired to a plantation in Brazoria County, Texas, where he spent three years in seclusion and straitened circumstances. In 1849 he was appointed a paymaster by President Taylor, and served in Texas until 1855, when he was made Colonel of the Second Cavalry by President Pierce. In 1857 he conducted the remarkable expedition to Utah, in which he saved the American army there from a frightful disaster by his prudence and executive ability. He remained in command in Utah until the summer of 1860, which he passed with his family in Kentucky. In December of that year, he was assigned to the command of the Pacific Coast.

2. For more extended treatment of this subject, see "The Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston," by William Preston Johnston (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880. Pp. 755.), upon which Colonel Johnston has drawn freely in the preparation of this paper. The map on page 621 is reprinted from the same work.

same time there came across mountain and desert the voice of the Southern people calling to him for help in their extremity. His heart and intellect both recognized their claim upon his services, and he obeyed. At this time he wrote, "No one could feel more sensibly the calamitous condition of our country than myself, and whatever part I may take hereafter, it will always be a subject of gratulation with me that no act of mine ever contributed to bring it about. I suppose the difficulties now will only be adjusted by the sword. In my humble judgment, that was not the remedy."

When he arrived in the new Confederacy, his coming was welcomed with a spontaneous outburst of popular enthusiasm, and deputations from the West preceded him to Richmond, entreating his assignment to that department. President Davis said that he regarded his coming as of more worth than the accession of an army of 10,000 men; and on the 10th of September, 1861, he was entrusted with the defense of that part of the Confederate States which lay west of the Alleghany Mountains, except the Gulf Coast. His command was imperial in extent, and his powers and discretion as large as the theory of the Confederate Government permitted. He lacked nothing except men, munitions of war, and the means of obtaining them. He had the right to ask for anything, and the State Executives had the power to withhold everything.

The Mississippi River divided his department into two distinct theaters of war. West of the river, Fremont held Missouri with a force of from 60,000 to 80,000 Federals, confronted by Price and McCulloch in the extreme south-west corner of the State with 6000 men, and by Hardee in north-eastern Arkansas, with about as many raw recruits down with camp disease and unable to move. East of the Mississippi, the northern boundary of Tennessee was barely in his possession,\* and was held under suzerainty from an enemy who, for various reasons, hesitated to advance. The Mississippi opened the way to a ruinous naval invasion unless it could be defended and held. Grant was at Cairo and Paducah with 20,000 men; and Polk had seized Columbus, Ky., with about 11,000 Confederates, and fortified it to oppose his invasion. Tennessee was twice divided: first by the Tennessee River and then by the Cumberland, both of which invited the advance of a hostile force. Some small pretense of fortifications had been made on both rivers at Forts Henry and Donelson, near the boundary line, but practically there was nothing to prevent the

Federal army from capturing Nashville, then the most important depot of supplies west of the Alleghanies. Hence the immediate and pressing question for General Johnston was the defense of the Tennessee border. The mock neutrality of Kentucky, which had served as a paper barrier, was terminated, on the 13th of September, by a formal defiance from the Union Legislature of Kentucky. The United States Government had about 34,000 volunteers and about 6000 Kentucky Home Guards assembled in the State under General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, who had with him such enterprising corps commanders as Sherman, Thomas, and Nelson.

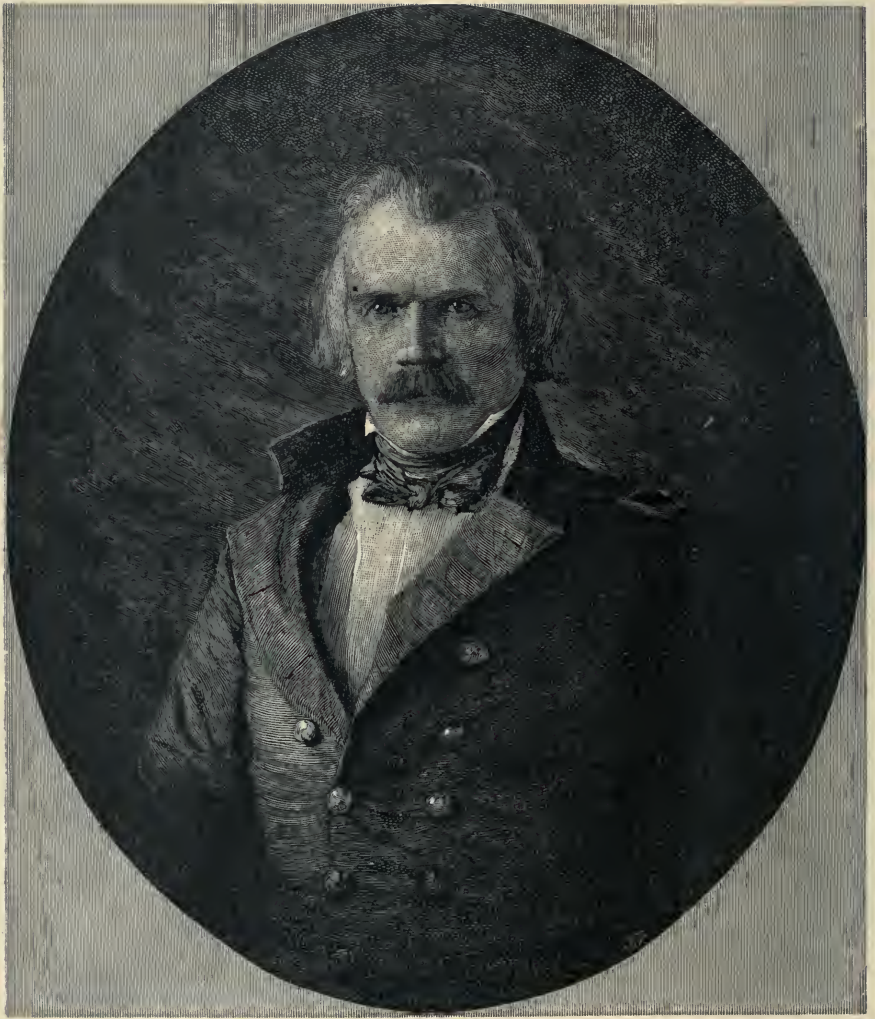
The Confederacy had some 4000 ill-armed and ill-equipped troops at Cumberland Gap under General Zollicoffer, guarding the only line of railroad communication between Virginia and Tennessee, and overawing the Union population of East Tennessee. This hostile section penetrated the heart of the Confederacy like a wedge and flanked and weakened General Johnston's line of defense, requiring, as it did, constant vigilance and repression.

Besides Zollicoffer's force, General Johnston found only 4000 men available to protect his whole line against 40,000 Federal troops. There were, it is true, some 4000 more raw recruits in camps of instruction, but they were sick and not half armed. Of course he might have abandoned the Mississippi River to Grant and brought Polk to his aid, but he had no thought of this; that would have been all that the Federals could have asked. The boldest policy seemed to him the best, and he resolved on a daring step. On September 17th he threw forward his whole force of 4000 men under General Buckner by rail into Kentucky and seized Bowling Green. It was a mere skirmish line to mask his own weakness. But if he could maintain it, even temporarily, it gave him immense strategic and political advantages, and, most of all, time,—a prime factor in the problem,—time to collect or create an army. And then (in spite of some dilettante criticism) it gave him a formidable line, with Cumberland Gap and Columbus as the extremities and Bowling Green as the salient.

The result more than answered his expectations. Buckner's advance produced the wildest consternation in the Federal lines. Even Sherman, writing thirteen years later, speaks of a picket which burned a bridge thirty miles from Louisville as a "division." As late as November 10, 1861, he said: "If Johnston chooses, he could march into Louisville any day." The effect of the movement

\* See map on page 618.





A S Johnston  
3<sup>d</sup> April 62  
en avant

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH AT THE AGE OF 57, TAKEN IN SALT LAKE CITY IN 1860. THE AUTOGRAPH WAS WRITTEN INSIDE THE COVER OF GENERAL JOHNSTON'S POCKET-MAP OF TENNESSEE, THREE DAYS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF SHILOH. THIS WAS PROBABLY HIS LAST AUTOGRAPH.]



was for a time to paralyze the Federal army and put it on the defensive.

General Johnston had made the opportunity required by the South, if it meant seriously to maintain its independence. He had secured time for preparation; but it neglected the chance, and never recovered it. He at once strongly fortified Bowling Green, and used every measure to stir up and rally the Kentuckians to his standard. He brought Hardee with 4000 men from Arkansas, and kept his little force in such constant motion as to produce the impression of a large army menacing an attack. Even before Buckner advanced, General Johnston had sent to the Southern governors an appeal for arms and a call for 50,000 men. Harris, of Tennessee, alone responded heartily, and the Government at Richmond seemed unable to reinforce him or to arm the troops he had. Many difficulties embarrassed it, and not half his men were armed that winter; while up to the middle of November he received only three new regiments. General Johnston realized the magnitude of the struggle, but the people of the South only awoke to it when it was too late. Calamity then stirred them to an ineffectual resistance, the heroism of which removed the reproach of their early vainglory and apathy. General Johnston never was able to assemble more than 22,000 men at Bowling Green, to confront the 100,000 troops opposed to him on that line.

The only battle of note that occurred that fall was at Belmont, opposite Columbus, in which Polk scored a victory over Grant. General Johnston wrote as follows to the Secretary of War, on Christmas-day, from Bowling Green: "The position of General Zollicoffer on the Cumberland holds in check the meditated invasion and hoped-for revolt in East Tennessee; but I can neither order Zollicoffer to join me here nor withdraw any more force from Columbus without imperiling our communications toward Richmond or endangering Tennessee and the Mississippi Valley. This I have resolved not to do, but have chosen, on the contrary, to post my inadequate force in such a manner as to hold the enemy in check, guard the frontier, and hold the Barren [River] till the winter terminates the campaign; or, if any fault in his movements is committed, or his line becomes exposed when his force is developed, to attack him as opportunity offers." This sums the situation.

In January, 1862, General Johnston found himself confronted by Halleck in the West, and by Buell, who had succeeded Anderson, in

Kentucky. With the exception of the army under Curtis in Missouri, about 12,000 strong, the whole resources of the North-west, from Pennsylvania to the Plains, were turned against General Johnston's lines in Kentucky. Halleck, with armies at Cairo and Paducah, under Grant and C. F. Smith, threatened equally Columbus, the key of the Mississippi River, and the water-lines of the Cumberland and Tennessee, with their defenses, at Forts Donelson and Henry.\* Buell's right wing also menaced Donelson and Henry, while his center was directed against Bowling Green, and his left was advancing against Zollicoffer at Mill Spring, on the upper Cumberland. If this last-named position could be forced, the way seemed open to East Tennessee on the one hand, and to Nashville on the other.

The campaign opened with the defeat of the Confederates under Crittenden and Zollicoffer, January 19, 1862, by General Thomas at Mill Spring. The fighting was forced by the Confederates, but the whole affair was in disregard of General Johnston's orders. The loss was not severe, but it ended in a rout which left General Johnston's right flank exposed.

There has been much discussion as to who originated the movement up the Tennessee River. Grant *made* it, and it *made* Grant. It was obvious enough to all the leaders on both sides. Great efforts were made to guard against it, but the popular fatuity and apathy prevented adequate preparations. It was only one of a number of possible and equally fatal movements, which could not have been properly met and resisted except by a larger force than was to be had.

As soon as General Johnston learned of the movement against Fort Henry he resolved to fall back to the line of the Cumberland, and make the defense of Nashville at Donelson. Buell was in his front with 90,000 men, and to save Nashville—Buell's objective point—he had to fall back upon it with part of his army. He kept for this purpose 14,000 men, including his sick,—only 8500 effectives in all,—to confront Buell's 90,000 men, and concentrated at Fort Donelson 17,000 men under Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner, his three most experienced generals, to meet Grant, who had 28,000 troops, but was reported as having only 12,000. He certainly reserved for himself the more difficult task, the place of greater hazard, leaving the chance of glory to others. The proposition that he should have left Nashville open to capture by Buell, and should have taken all his troops to Donelson, could not have been seriously considered

\* For descriptions of the military and naval engagements which opened these three rivers, see "The Capture of Fort Donelson," by Major-General Lew Wallace, and "Operations of the Western Flotilla," by Rear-Admiral Henry Walke, in *THE CENTURY* for December, 1884, and January, 1885, respectively.—ED.



MAP OF KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE, INCLUDING FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.

by any general of even moderate military capacity. The answer to any criticism as to the loss of the army at Donelson is *that it ought not to have been lost*. That is all there is of it.

At midnight of February 15-16 General Johnston received a telegram announcing a great victory at Donelson, and before daylight information that it would be surrendered. His last troops were then arriving at Nashville from Bowling Green. His first words were: "I must save this army." He at once determined to abandon the line of the Cumberland, and concentrate all available forces at Corinth, Mississippi, for a renewed struggle. He had indicated this as a probable event to several distinguished officers some time previous. It was now to be carried into effect. He had remaining only his little army from Bowling Green, together with the fragments of Crittenden's army, and the fugitives from Donelson. These he reorganized at Murfreesboro within a week. He saved the most of his valuable stores and munitions, which fully absorbed his railroad transportation to Stevenson, Alabama, and moved his men over the mud roads to Corinth, Mississippi, by way of Decatur, in a wet and stormy season. Nevertheless, he assembled his army—20,000 effectives—at Corinth, on the 25th day of March, full of enthusiasm and the spirit of combat. In the mean time the Confederate Government lent him all the aid in its power, reënforcing him with an army 10,000 strong, from the South-

ern coast, under General Braxton Bragg, and with such arms as could be procured.

When the capture of Fort Henry separated Tennessee into two distinct theaters of war, General Johnston assigned the district west of the Tennessee River to General Beauregard, who had been sent to him for duty. This officer had suddenly acquired a high reputation by the battle of Bull Run, and General Johnston naturally intrusted him with a large discretion. He sent him with instructions to concentrate all available forces near Corinth, a movement previously begun. His own plan was to defend Columbus to the last extremity with a reduced garrison, and withdraw Polk and his army for active movements. Beauregard made the mistake, however, of evacuating Columbus, and making his defense of the Mississippi River at Island Number Ten, which proved untenable and soon surrendered with a garrison of 6000 or 7000 men. He was ill most of the time and intrusted the actual command to Bragg, but did what he could from his sick-bed.

Besides the reënforcements brought by Bragg, General Beauregard found in the western district 17,500 effectives under Polk, and at or near Corinth 5000 men under Pope Walker and Chalmers, and 3000 under Rugles, sent from Louisiana by Lovell. He made eloquent appeals, which brought him several regiments more. Thus he had nearly 40,000 men collected for him, 10,000 of whom



he disposed for river defenses, and the remainder to protect the railroads from Grant's force which was concentrating at Pittsburg Landing. General Johnston's arrival increased the force at Corinth to about 50,000 men, nearly 40,000 of whom were effectives.

After the surrender at Donelson, the South, but especially the important State of Tennessee, was in a delirium of rage and terror. As the retreat from Nashville to the Tennessee River went on, the popular fury rose to a storm everywhere. The people who had refused to listen to his warnings, or answer his appeals for aid, now denounced General Johnston as an idiot, coward, and traitor. Demagogues joined in the wild hunt for a victim, and deputations waited on President Davis to demand his removal. To such a committee of Congressmen he replied: "If Sidney Johnston is not a general, I have none." General Johnston was too calm, too just, and too magnanimous to misapprehend so natural a manifestation. His whole life had been a training for this occasion. To encounter suddenly and endure calmly the obloquy of a whole nation is, to any man, a great burden. To do this with a serenity that shall not only not falter in duty, but restore confidence and organize victory, is conclusive proof of greatness of soul.

But while the storm of execration raged around him, the men who came into immediate contact with General Johnston never for a moment doubted his ability to perform all that was possible to man. To a friend who urged him to publish an explanation of his course he replied: "I cannot correspond with the people. What the people want is a battle and a victory. That is the best explanation I can make. I require no vindication. I trust that to the future." In his much quoted letter of March 18th to President Davis, written at Decatur, he said, in regard to the loss of Donelson:

"I observed silence, as it seemed to me to be the best way to serve the cause and the country. The facts were not fully known, discontent prevailed, and criticism or condemnation was more likely to augment than to cure the evil. I refrained, well knowing that heavy censures would fall upon me, but convinced that it was better to endure them for the present, and defer for a more propitious time an investigation of the conduct of the generals; for in the mean time their services were required, and their influence was useful. . . . The test of merit in my profession with the people is success. It is a hard rule, but I think it is right. If I join this corps to the forces of Beauregard (I confess a hazardous experiment), then those who are now declaiming against me will be without an argument."

General Johnston's plan of campaign may be summed up in a phrase. It was to concentrate at Corinth and interpose his whole force in front of the great bend of the Tennessee, the natural base of the Federal army:

this effected, to crush Grant in battle before the arrival of Buell. This meant immediate and decisive action. The army he had brought from Nashville was ready for the contest, but Generals Beauregard and Bragg represented to him that the troops collected by them were unable to move without thorough reorganization. Ten days were consumed in this work of reorganization. Moments were precious, but there was the hope of reinforcement by Van Dorn's army, which might arrive before Buell joined Grant, and which did arrive only a day or two later. But Buell's movements were closely watched, and, hearing of his approach on the 2d of April, General Johnston resolved to delay no longer, but strike at once a decisive blow.

In the reorganization of the army, he assigned General Bragg as chief of staff, with command of a corps. To Beauregard he tendered the immediate command of the army in the impending battle. Though General Beauregard declined the offer, he evidently misinterpreted its spirit and intention. He imagined it was a confession of inadequacy for the duty, in which case he ought to have accepted it. The truth was that, coming into this district which he had assigned to Beauregard, Johnston felt disinclined to deprive him of any reputation he might acquire from a victory. He had not the slightest idea, however, of abdicating the supreme command, and said to friends who remonstrated with him: "I will be there to see that all goes right." He was willing to yield to another the glory, if thereby anything was added to the chance of victory. The offer was rather quixotic, but characteristic. He then gave General Beauregard the position of second in command, without special assignment. Indeed, as is shown by his own frequent statements, General Beauregard was, from severe and protracted ill-health, inadequate to any more serious duty.

General Grant's army had been moved up the Tennessee River by boat, and had taken position on its left bank at Pittsburg Landing. It had been landed by divisions, and Bragg had proposed to Beauregard to attack Grant before he assembled his whole force. Beauregard forbade this, intending to await events, and attack him away from his base if possible. Grant's first object was to destroy the railroads which centered at Corinth, and, indeed, to capture that place if he could. But his advance was only part of a grand plan for a combined movement of his own and Buell's army. With Pittsburg Landing as a base, this army was to occupy North Mississippi and Alabama, command the entire railroad system of that section, and take Memphis in the rear, while Halleck forced his way down



the Mississippi River. General Johnston divined the movement before it was begun, and was there to frustrate it. Indeed, Grant was at Pittsburg Landing only one week before Johnston completed the concentration.

Grant has been severely criticised for placing his army with the river at its back. But he was there to take the initiative. He had the larger army, under cover, too, of his gunboats; he was expecting Buell daily; and the ground was admirable for defense. Indeed, his position was a natural stronghold. Flanked by Owl and Lick creeks, with their marshy margins, and with his front protected by a swampy valley, he occupied a quadrilateral of great strength. His troops were stationed on wooded heights, generally screened by heavy undergrowth and approached across boggy ravines or open fields. Each camp was a fortress in itself, and the line of retreat afforded at each step some like point to rally on. He did not fortify his camps, it is true; but he was not there for defense, but for attack. It must be admitted that he undervalued his enemy's daring and celerity; but he was a young general, exultant in his overwhelming victory at Donelson; and his generals and army shared his sense of security. He had an army of 58,000 men in camp, nearly 50,000 of whom were effectives. Buell was near at hand with 37,000 more, and Mitchell was moving against the railroad at Florence, Alabama, not far distant, with an additional force of 18,000. In all Grant had 105,000 effectives. Opposed to him were 50,000 Confederate troops, less than 40,000 of whom were available for combat. General Johnston's aggregate was 60,000 men, opposed to about 200,000 Federals in all, but the effective forces were as above.

Such was the position on April 2d, when General Johnston, learning that Buell was rapidly approaching, resolved to advance next day, and attack Grant before his arrival. His general plan was very simple in outline. It seems to have been to march out and attack the Federals by columns of corps, to make the battle a decisive test, and to crush Grant utterly or lose all in the attempt; this effected, to contend with Buell for the possession of Tennessee, Kentucky, and possibly the North-west.

General Beauregard also, it seems, had a plan, which, however, must have differed widely from that of General Johnston, as it was evidently tentative in its nature,—“a reconnaissance in force,” with a retreat on Corinth as one of its features,—and which admitted the possibility of finishing on Monday a battle which had to be won on Sunday or never. This was not in any sense General Johnston's

plan, and much useless discussion has arisen from a confusion of the two. But, as General Johnston intended to fight, and did fight, on his own plan as long as he lived, the battle may be considered his until Beauregard's order of retreat, about five o'clock Sunday evening, substituted “the reconnaissance in force” in place of the decisive test of victory or defeat.

General Beauregard had been on the ground some six weeks, and his prestige as an engineer and as the victor of Bull Run warranted General Johnston in committing to him the elaboration of the details of the march and order of battle. Unfortunately he changed what seems evidently General Johnston's original purpose of an assault by columns of corps into an array in three parallel lines of battle, which produced extreme confusion when the second and third lines advanced to support the first and intermingled with it. General Johnston's plan is summed up in the following dispatch to President Davis:

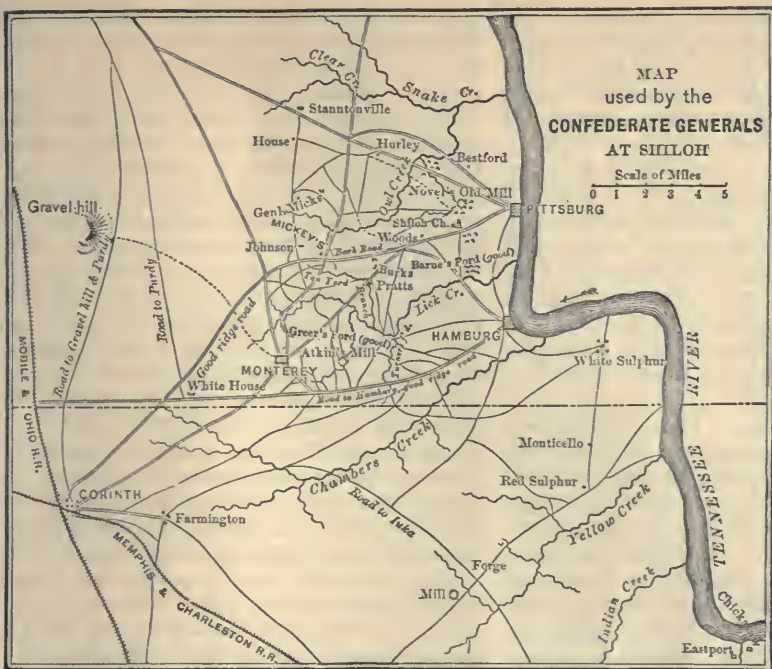
“CORINTH, April 3, 1862.

“General Buell in motion 30,000 strong, rapidly from Columbia by Clifton to Savannah. Mitchell behind him with 10,000. Confederate forces — 40,000 — ordered forward to offer battle near Pittsburg. Division from Bethel, main body from Corinth, reserve from Burnsville, converging to-morrow near Monterey on Pittsburg. Beauregard second in command, Polk the left, Bragg the center, Hardee the right wing, Breckenridge the reserve. *Hope engagement before Buell can form junction.*”

In the original dispatch, the words italicized are in General Johnston's own handwriting. Moreover, owing to ignorance of the country, the march was so ordered that the corps interfered with each other in their advance, and by a detention the battle was delayed an entire day, an almost fatal loss of time.

If it be asked why General Johnston accepted and issued an order of march and battle which he had not contemplated, the reply is that it had been prepared by his second in command, who was presumably more familiar with the country and the roads than himself, and hence with the necessities of the case. But the overruling reason was the question of *time*. Buell was at hand, and Johnston's plan was not to manœuvre, but to attack; and *any* plan which put him front to front with Grant was better than the best two days later.

He did not undervalue the importance of details. No man regarded more closely all the details subsidiary to a great result than General Johnston. But important as were the preliminaries,—the maps, the roads, the methods of putting his army face to face with the enemy, which General Johnston had to take on trust,—he knew that the chief *strategy* of the battle was in the decision to fight. Once in the presence of the enemy, he knew that the re-



the troops did not receive them from the adjutant-general's office until the next afternoon. When the soldiers learned that they were going out to fight, the long-restrained ardor burst into a blaze of enthusiasm, and they did all that was possible for inexperienced troops in both marching and fighting. Some of the arms were distributed that afternoon. With hasty preparations the movement began, and Hardee's corps was at Mickey's,

sult would depend on *the way in which his troops were handled*. This was his part of the work, and he felt full confidence in his own ability to carry it out successfully. He issued the order as presented by Beauregard, and moved his army against the enemy, April 3d, 1862. General Bragg, commenting on these facts, says:

"The details of that plan, arranged after General Sidney Johnston decided on delivering battle, and had given his instructions, were made up and published in full from the adjutant-general's office. My first knowledge of them was derived from this general order, the authorship of which has been claimed by General Beauregard. . . . In this case, as I understood then, and still believe, Johnston gave verbal instructions for the general movement. . . . Over Colonel Jordan's (the adjutant-general) signature, they reached the army. The general plan (General Johnston's) was admirable — *the elaboration simply execrable*."

"When the time arrived for execution, you know what occurred. In spite of opposition and prediction of failure, Johnston firmly and decidedly ordered and led the attack in the execution of his general plan, and, notwithstanding the faulty arrangement of the troops, was eminently successful up to the moment of his fall. *The victory was won*. How it was lost, the official reports will show, and history has recorded."

General Johnston gave orders about one o'clock on the night of Wednesday, the 2d of April, for the advance. But their elaboration seems to have required some time, and

within four or five miles of Pittsburgh, next morning. But some of the troops did not move until the morning of Saturday, the 5th, owing to a still further delay in the delivery of orders by the adjutant-general's office, and all were impeded by the heavy condition of the roads, through a dense forest, and across sloughs and marshes.

The order was to attack at three o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 5th; but the troops were not in position until late that afternoon. All day Friday the advancing columns had pushed on over the tangled, miry roads, hindered and embarrassed by a pelting rain. After midnight a violent storm broke upon them as they stood under arms in the pitch darkness, with no shelter but the trees. From detention by the rain, ignorance of the roads, and a confusion produced by the order of march, some divisions failed to get into line, and the day was wasted.

As they were waiting the disposition of troops late Saturday afternoon, a council of war occurred, in which Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Polk, and Breckenridge took part, and which added greatly to General Johnston's responsibilities, and the heavy burden he had already incurred by his experiment of concentration and his resolve to fight a pitched battle. The Confederate army was in full battle array, within two miles of Shiloh Church and Grant's line, when General Beauregard suddenly proposed that the army should be withdrawn and retreat to Corinth. He maintained that the delay and noise must have given



the enemy notice, and that they would be found intrenched and ready for attack. General Johnston seemed to be much surprised at the suggestion. Polk and Bragg differed with Beauregard, and a warm discussion ensued between him and Polk, in which General Johnston took little part, but closed it with the simple remark, "Gentlemen, we shall attack at daylight to-morrow," which he uttered with great decision. Turning to one of his staff-officers, he said: "I would fight them if they were a million. They can present no greater front between these two creeks than we can, and the more men they crowd in there, the worse we can make it for them. Polk is a true soldier and a friend."

General Bragg says: "The meeting then dispersed upon an invitation of the commanding general to meet at his tent that evening. At that meeting a further discussion elicited the same views, and the same firm, decided determination. The next morning, about dawn of day, the 6th, as the troops were being put in motion, several generals again met at the camp-fire of the general-in-chief. The discussion was renewed, General Beauregard again expressing his dissent, when, rapid firing in the front indicating that the attack had commenced, General Johnston closed the discussion by remarking, 'The battle has opened, gentlemen; it is too late to change our dispositions.' He proposed to move to the front, and his subordinates promptly joined their respective commands, inspired by his coolness, confidence, and determination. Few men have equaled him in the possession and display at the proper time of these great qualities of the soldier."

It will readily be perceived how much General Beauregard's urgent opposition to fighting must have added to the weight of General Johnston's responsibility. Beauregard was in the full tide of popular favor, while Johnston was laboring under the load of public obloquy and odium. Nothing short of complete and overwhelming victory would vindicate him in differing with so famous a general. A reverse, even a merely partial success, would leave him under condemnation. Nevertheless, without a moment's hesitation, he resolved to fight.

The sun set on Saturday evening in a cloudless sky, and night fell calm, clear, and beautiful. Long before dawn the forest was alive with silent preparations for the ensuing contest, and day broke upon a scene so fair that it left its memory on thousands of hearts. The sky was clear overhead, the air fresh, and when the sun rose in full splendor, the advancing host passed the water from lip to lip that it was the "sun of Austerlitz."

General Johnston, usually so self-contained, felt the inspiration of the scene, and welcomed with exultant joy the long-desired day. His presence inspired all who came near him. His sentences, sharp, terse, and clear, had the ring of victory in them. Turning to his staff, as he mounted, he exclaimed: "To-night we will water our horses in the Tennessee River." It was thus that he formulated his plan of battle. It must not stop short of entire victory. To Randall L. Gibson, who was commanding a Louisiana brigade, he said: "I hope you may get through safely to-day, but *we must win a victory.*" To Colonel John S. Marmaduke, who had served under him in Utah, he said, placing his hand on his shoulder: "My son, we must this day conquer or perish." To the ambitious Hindman, who had been in the vanguard from the beginning, he said: "You have *earned* your spurs as a major-general. Let this day's work win them." With such words, as he rode from point to point, he raised a spirit in that host which swept away the serried lines of the conquerors of Donelson. Friend and foe alike testify to the enthusiastic courage and ardor of the Southern soldiers that day.

General Johnston's strategy was completed. He was face to face with his foe, and that foe all unaware of his coming. His front line, composed of the Third Corps and Gladden's brigade, was under Hardee, and extended from Owl Creek to Lick Creek, more than three miles. (See maps.) Hindman's division of two brigades occupied the center, Cleburne's brigade had the left, and Gladden's the right wing—an effective total in the front line of 9024. Bragg commanded the second line. He had two divisions: Withers's, of two brigades, on the right, and Ruggles's, of three brigades, on the left. The brigades were, in order from right to left, as follows: Chalmers, Jackson, Gibson, Anderson, Pond. This second line was 10,731 strong. The third line, or reserve, was composed of the First Corps, under Polk, and three brigades under Breckenridge. Polk's command was massed in columns of brigades on the Bark road near Mickey's, and Breckenridge's on the road from Monterey toward the same point. Polk was to advance on the left of the Bark road, at an interval of about eight hundred paces from Bragg's line; and Breckenridge, to the right of that road, was to give support wherever it should become necessary. Polk's corps, 9136 strong in infantry and artillery, was composed of two divisions: Cheatham's on the left, made up of Bushrod R. Johnson's and Stephens' brigades, and Clark's on his right, formed of A. P. Stewart's and Russell's brigades. It followed Bragg's line at about eight hundred yards distance.



Breckenridge's reserve was composed of Traoué's, Bowen's, and Statham's brigades, with a total, infantry and artillery, of 6439. The cavalry, about 4300 strong, guarded the flanks or was detached on outpost duty; but, both from the newness and imperfections of their organization, equipment, and drill, and from the rough and wooded character of the ground, they could do little service that day. The effectiveness of all arms that marched out to battle were 38,773, or, exclusive of cavalry, 35,330.

The Federal army numbered present 49,232, and present for duty 41,543. But at Crump's Landing, five or six miles distant, was General Lew Wallace's division with 8820 present, and 7771 men present for duty. General Nelson's division of Buell's army had arrived at Savannah on Saturday morning, and was now about five miles distant; Crittenden's division also had arrived on the morning of the 6th. So that Grant, with these three divisions, may be considered as having about 22,000 men in immediate reserve, without counting the remainder of Buell's army, which was near by.

As General Johnston and his staff were taking their coffee, the first gun of the battle sounded. "Note the hour, if you please, gentlemen," said General Johnston. It was fourteen minutes past five. They immediately mounted and galloped to the front.

Some skirmishing on Friday between the Confederate cavalry and the Federal outposts, in which a few men were killed, wounded, and captured on both sides, had aroused the vigilance of the Northern commanders to some extent. Sherman reported on the 5th to Grant that two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry were in his front, and added: "I have no doubt that nothing will occur to-day more than some picket firing. . . . I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position." In his "Memoirs" he says: "I did not believe they designed anything but a strong demonstration." He said to Major Ricker that an advance of Beauregard's army "could not be possible. Beauregard was not such a fool as to leave his base of operations and attack us in ours, — mere reconnaissance in force." This shows a curious coincidence with the actual state of General Beauregard's mind on that day. And Grant telegraphed Halleck on Saturday night: "The main force of the enemy is at Corinth. . . . One division of Buell's column arrived yesterday. . . . I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us."

Nevertheless, some apprehension was felt among the officers and men of the Federal army, and General Prentiss had thrown for-

ward Colonel Moore, with the Twenty-first Missouri Regiment, on the Corinth road. Moore, feeling his way cautiously, encountered Hardee's skirmish-line under Major Hardcastle, and, thinking it an outpost, assailed it vigorously. Thus really the Federals began the fight. The struggle was brief, but spirited. The Eighth and Ninth Arkansas came up. Moore fell wounded. The Missourians gave way, and Shaver's brigade pursued them. Hindman's whole division moved on, following the ridge and drifting to the right, and drove in the grand guards and outposts until they struck Prentiss's camps. Into these they burst, overthrowing all before them.

To appreciate the suddenness and violence of the blow, one must read the testimony of eye-witnesses. General Bragg says, in a sketch of Shiloh made for the writer: "Contrary to the views of such as urged an abandonment of the attack, the enemy was found utterly unprepared, many being surprised and captured in their tents, and others, though on the outside, in costumes better fitted to the bedchamber than to the battle-field." General Preston says: "General Johnston then went to the camp assailed, which was carried between 7 and 8 o'clock. The enemy were evidently surprised. The breakfasts were on the mess tables, the baggage unpacked, the knapsacks, stores, colors, and ammunition abandoned."

The essential feature of General Johnston's strategy had been to get at his enemy as quickly as possible, and in as good order. In this he had succeeded. His plan of battle was as simple as his strategy. It had been made known in his order of battle, and was thoroughly understood by every brigade commander. The orders of the 3d of April were, that "every effort should be made to turn the *left flank of the enemy*, so as to cut off his line of retreat to the Tennessee River and *throw him back on Owl Creek, where he will be obliged to surrender.*" It is seen that, from the first, these orders were carried out in letter and spirit; and, as long as General Johnston lived, the success of this movement was complete. *The battle was fought precisely as it was planned.* The instructions delivered to General Johnston's subordinates on the previous day were found sufficient for their conduct on the battle-field. But, to accomplish this, his own personal presence and inspiration and direction were often necessary with these enthusiastic but raw troops. He had personal conference on the field with most of his generals, and led several brigades into battle. The criticism upon this conduct, that he exposed himself unnecessarily, is absurd to those who know how important rapid decision and instantaneous action are in the crisis of conflict.

His lines of battle were pushed rapidly to the front, and as gaps widened in the first lines, they were filled by brigades of the second and third. One of Breckenridge's brigades was sent to the left to support Cleburne, and the other two were led to the extreme right, only Chalmers being beyond them. Gladden, who was on Hindman's right, and had a longer distance to traverse to strike some of Prentiss's brigades further to the left, found them better prepared, but, after a sanguinary resistance, drove them from their camps. In this bitter struggle Gladden fell mortally wounded. Chalmers's brigade, of Bragg's line, came in on Gladden's right, and his Mississippians drove the enemy with the bayonet half a mile. He was about to charge again, when General Johnston came up, and moved him to the right, and brought John K. Jackson's brigade into the interval. Prentiss's left retreated sullenly, not routed, but badly hammered.

With Hindman as a pivot, the turning movement began from the moment of the overthrow of Prentiss's camps. While the front attacks were made all along the line with a desperate courage which would have swept any ordinary resistance from the field, and with a loss which told fearfully on the assailants, they were seconded by assaults in flank which invariably resulted in crushing the Federal line with destructive force and strewing the field with the wounded and the dead. The Federal reports complain that they were flanked and outnumbered, which is true; for, though fewer, the Confederates were probably stronger at every given point throughout the day except at the Hornets' Nest, where the Federals eventually massed nearly two divisions. The iron flail of war beat upon the Federal front and right flank with the regular and ponderous pulsations of some great engine, and these assaults resulted in a crumbling process which was continually but slowly going on, as regiment and brigade and division yielded to the continuous and successive blows. There has been criticism that there were no grand assaults by divisions and corps. The fact is that there were but few lulls in the contest. The fighting was a grapple and a death-struggle all day long, and, as one brigade after another wilted before the deadly fire of the stubborn Federals, still another was pushed into the combat and kept up the fierce assault. A breathing-spell, and the shattered command would gather itself up and resume its work of destruction. These were the general aspects of the battle.

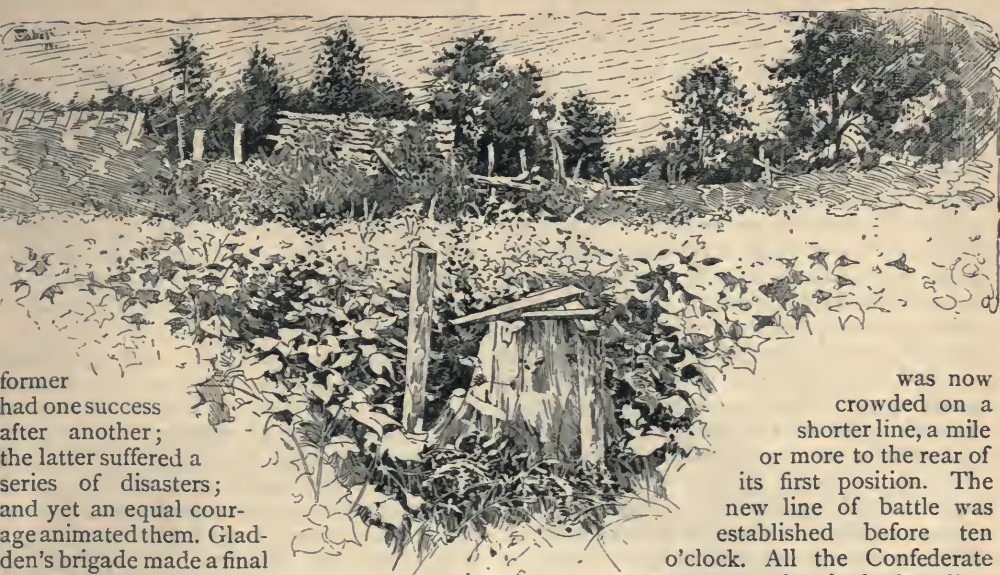
When the battle began Hindman, following the ridge, had easy ground to traverse; but Cleburne's large brigade, on his left, with its

supports, moving over a more difficult country, was slower in getting upon Sherman's front. That general and his command, aroused by the long roll, the advancing musketry, and the rush of troops to his left, got his division in line of battle and was ready for the assault of Cleburne, which was made about eight o'clock. General Johnston, who had followed close after Hindman, urging on his attack, saw Cleburne's brigade begin its advance, and then returned to where Hindman was gathering his force for another assault. Hardee said of Cleburne that he "moved quickly through the fields, and, though far outflanked by the enemy on our left, rushed forward under a terrific fire from the serried ranks drawn up in front of the camp. A morass covered his front, and, being difficult to pass, caused a break in this brigade. Deadly volleys were poured upon the men from behind bales of hay and other defenses, as they advanced; and after a series of desperate charges, they were compelled to fall back. . . . Supported by the arrival of the second line, Cleburne with the remainder of his troops again advanced, and entered the enemy's encampment, which had been forced on the center and right by the dashing charges of Gladden's, Wood's, and Hindman's brigades."

While Sherman was repelling Cleburne's attack, McClelland sent up three Illinois regiments to reinforce his left. But General Polk led forward Bushrod R. Johnson's brigade, and Major-General Clark Russell's brigade, against Sherman's left, while General Johnston himself put A. P. Stewart's brigade in position on their right. Supported by part of Cleburne's line, they attacked Sherman and McClelland fiercely. Polk said: "The resistance at this point was as stubborn as at any other point on the field." Clark and Bushrod R. Johnson fell badly wounded. Hildebrand's Federal brigade was swept from the field, losing in the onslaught 300 killed and wounded, and 94 missing.

Wood's brigade, of Hindman's division, joined in this charge on the right. As they hesitated at the crest of a hill, General Johnston came to the front and urged them to the attack. They rushed forward with the inspiring "Rebel yell," and with Stewart's brigade enveloped the Illinois troops. In ten minutes the latter melted away under the fire, and were forced from the field. In this engagement John A. McDowell's and Veatch's Federal brigades, as well as Hildebrand's, were demolished and heard of no more. Buckland retreated and took position with McClelland. In these attacks Anderson's and Pond's Confederate brigades joined with great vigor and severe loss, but with unequal fortune. The





SCENE OF GEN. JOHNSTON'S DEATH.

former had one success after another; the latter suffered a series of disasters; and yet an equal courage animated them. Glad-den's brigade made a final desperate and successful charge on Prentiss's line.

The whole Federal front, which had been broken here and there, and was getting ragged, gave way under this hammering process on front and flank, and fell back across a ravine to another strong position behind the Hamburg and Purdy road in rear of Shiloh. Sherman's route of retreat was marked by the thick-strewn corpses of his soldiers. At last, pressed back toward both Owl Creek and the river, Sherman and McClelland found safety by the interposition on their left flank of W. H. L. Wallace's fresh division. Hurlbut and Wallace had advanced about eight o'clock, so that Prentiss's command found a refuge in the intervals of the new and formidable Federal line, with Stuart on the left and Sherman's shattered division on the right.

General Johnston had pushed Chalmers to the right and front, sweeping down the left bank of Lick Creek, driving in pickets, until he encountered Stuart's Federal brigade on the Pittsburg and Hamburg road. Stuart was strongly posted on a steep hill near the river, covered with thick undergrowth, and with an open field in front. McArthur was to his right and rear in the woods. Jackson attacked McArthur, who fell back; and Chalmers went to Stuart's brigade. This command reserved its fire until Chalmers's men were within forty yards, and then delivered a heavy and destructive volley; but, after a hard fight, the Federals were driven back. Chalmers's right rested on the Tennessee River bottom-lands, and he fought down the bank toward Pittsburg Landing. The enemy's left was completely turned, and the Federal army

was now crowded on a shorter line, a mile or more to the rear of its first position. The new line of battle was established before ten o'clock. All the Confederate troops were then in the front line, except two of Breckenridge's

brigades, Bowen and Statham, which were moving to the Confederate right, and soon occupied the interval between Chalmers and Jackson. Hardee, with Cleburne and Pond, was pressing Sherman slowly but steadily back. Bragg and Polk met about half-past ten o'clock, and by agreement Polk led his troops against McClelland, while Bragg directed the operations against the Federal center. A gigantic contest now began which lasted more than five hours. In the impetuous rush forward of regiments to fill the gaps in the front line, even the brigade organization was broken; but, though there was dislocation of commands, there was little loss of effective force. The Confederate assaults were made by rapid and often unconnected charges along the line. They were repeatedly checked, and often repulsed. Sometimes counter-charges drove them back for short distances; but, whether in assault or recoil, both sides saw their bravest soldiers fall in frightful numbers. The Confederates came on in motley garb, varying from the favorite gray and domestic "butternut" to the blue of certain Louisiana regiments, which paid dearly the penalty of doubtful colors. Over them waved flags and pennons as various as their uniforms. At each charge there went up a wild yell, heard above the roar of artillery; only the Kentuckians, advancing with measured step, sang in chorus their war-song: "Cheer, boys, cheer; we'll march away to battle."

On the Federal left center W. H. L. Wallace and Hurlbut were massed, with Prentiss's fragments, in a position so impregnable, and thronged with such fierce defenders, that it



won from the Confederates the memorable title of the "Hornets' Nest." (See page 605.) Here, behind a dense thicket on the crest of a hill, was posted a strong force of as hardy troops as ever fought, almost perfectly protected by the conformation of the ground, and by logs and other rude and hastily prepared defenses. To assail it an open field had to be passed, enfiladed by the fire of its batteries. No figure of speech would be too strong to express the deadly peril of assault upon this natural fortress. For five hours brigade after brigade was led against it. Hindman's brigades, which earlier had swept everything before them, were reduced to fragments, and paralyzed for the remainder of the day. A. P. Stewart's regiments made fruitless assaults. Then Bragg ordered up Gibson's brigade. Gibson himself, a knightly soldier, was aided by colonels three of whom afterward became generals. The brigade made a gallant charge; but, like the others, recoiled from the fire it encountered. Under a cross-fire of artillery and musketry it at last fell back with very heavy loss. Gibson asked for artillery to be sent him; but it was not at hand, and Bragg sent orders to charge again. The colonels thought it hopeless; but Gibson led them again to the attack, and again they suffered a bloody repulse.

The brigade was four times repulsed, but maintained its ground steadily, until W. H. L. Wallace's position was turned, when, renewing its forward movement in conjunction with Cheatham's command, it helped to drive back its stout opponents. Cheatham, charging on Gibson's right, across an open field, was caught under a murderous cross-fire, but fell back in good order, and, later in the day, came in on Breckenridge's left in the last assault when Prentiss was captured. This bloody fray lasted till nearly four o'clock, without making any visible impression on the Federal center. But when its flanks were turned, these assaulting columns, crowding in on its front, aided in its capture.

General Johnston was with Statham's brigade, confronting Hurlbut's left, which was behind the crest of a hill, with a depression filled with chaparral in its front. The Confederates held the parallel ridge in easy musket-range; and "as heavy fire as I ever saw during the war," says Governor Harris, was kept up on both sides for an hour or more. It was necessary to cross the valley raked by this deadly ambushade and assail the opposite ridge in order to drive the enemy from his stronghold. When General Johnston came up and saw the situation, he said to his staff: "They are offering stubborn resistance here. I shall have to put the bayonet to them." It was the crisis of the conflict. The Federal key was in his front. If his assault were suc-

cessful, their left would be completely turned, and the victory won. He determined to charge. He sent Governor Harris, of his staff, to lead a Tennessee regiment; and, after a brief conference with Breckenridge, whom he loved and admired, that officer, followed by his staff, appealed to the soldiers. As he encouraged them with his fine voice and manly bearing, General Johnston rode out in front and slowly down the line. His hat was off. His sword rested in its scabbard. In his right hand he held a little tin cup, the memorial of an incident that had occurred earlier in the day. Passing through a captured camp, he had taken this toy, saying, "Let this be my share of the spoils to-day." It was this plaything which, holding it between two fingers, he employed more effectively in his natural and simple gesticulation than most men could have used a sword. His presence was full of inspiration. He sat his thorough-bred bay, "Fire-eater," with easy command. His voice was persuasive, encouraging, and compelling. His words were few; he said: "Men! they are stubborn; we must use the bayonet." When he reached the center of the line, he turned. "I will lead you!" he cried, and moved toward the enemy. The line was already thrilling and trembling with that irresistible ardor which in battle decides the day. With a mighty shout the line moved forward at a charge. A sheet of flame and a mighty roar burst from the Federal stronghold. The Confederate line withered; but there was not an instant's pause. The crest was gained. The enemy were in flight.

General Johnston had passed through the ordeal seemingly unhurt. His horse was shot in four places; his clothes were pierced by missiles; his boot-sole was cut and torn by a minie; but if he himself had received any severe wound, he did not know it. At this moment Governor Harris rode up from the right. After a few words, General Johnston sent him with an order to Colonel Statham, which having delivered, he speedily returned. In the mean time, knots and groups of Federal soldiers kept up a desultory fire as they retreated upon their supports, and their last line, now yielding, delivered volley after volley as they sullenly retired. By the chance of war, a minie-ball from one of these did its fatal work. As he sat there, after his wound, Captain Wickham says that Colonel O'Hara, of his staff, rode up, and General Johnston said to him, "We must go to the left, where the firing is heaviest," and then gave him an order, which O'Hara rode off to obey. Governor Harris returned, and, finding him very pale, asked him, "General, are you wounded?" He answered, in a very deliberate and em-

phatic tone: "Yes, and, I fear, seriously." These were his last words. Harris and Wickham led his horse back under cover of the hill, and lifted him from it. They searched at random for the wound, which had cut an artery in his leg, the blood flowing into his boot. When his brother-in-law, Preston, lifted his head, and addressed him with passionate grief, he smiled faintly, but uttered no word. His life rapidly ebbed away, and in a few moments he was dead.

His wound was not necessarily fatal. General Johnston's own knowledge of military surgery was adequate for its control by an extemporized tourniquet, had he been aware or regardless of its nature. Dr. D. W. Yandell, his surgeon, had attended his person during most of the morning; but, finding a large number of wounded men, including many Federals, at one point, General Johnston ordered Yandell to stop there, establish a hospital, and give them his services. He said to Yandell: "These men were our enemies a moment ago; they are prisoners now. Take care of them." Yandell remonstrated against leaving him, but he was peremptory. Had Yandell remained with him, he would have had little difficulty with the wound.

Governor Harris, and others of General Johnston's staff, promptly informed General Beauregard of his death, and General Beauregard assumed command, remaining at Shiloh Church, awaiting the issue of events.

Up to the moment of the death of the commander-in-chief, in spite of the dislocation of the commands, there was the most perfect regularity in the development of the plan of battle. In all the seeming confusion there was the predominance of intelligent design; a master mind, keeping in clear view its purpose, sought the weak point in the defense, and, finding it on the enemy's left, kept turning that flank. With the disadvantage of inferior numbers, General Johnston brought to bear a superior force on each particular point, and, by a series of rapid and powerful blows, broke the Federal army to pieces.

Now was the time for the Confederates to push their advantage, and, closing in on the rear of Prentiss and Wallace, to finish the battle. But, on the contrary, there came a lull in the conflict on the right, lasting more than an hour from half-past two, the time at which General Johnston fell. It is true that the Federals fell back and left the field, and the Confederates went forward deliberately, occupying their positions, and thus helping to envelop the Federal center. But there was no further general direction or concerted movement. The determinate purpose to capture Grant that day was lost sight of. The strong arm was withdrawn, and the bow remained un-

bent. Elsewhere there were bloody desultory combats, but they tended to nothing.

About half-past three the contest, which had throbbled with fitful violence for five hours, was renewed with the utmost fury. While an ineffectual struggle was going on at the center, a number of batteries opened upon Prentiss's right flank, the center of what remained of the Federals. The opening of so heavy a fire, and the simultaneous though unconcerted advance of the whole Confederate line, resulted at first in the confusion of the enemy, and then in the death of W. H. L. Wallace and the surrender of Prentiss.

These generals have received scant justice for their stubborn defense. They agreed to hold their position at all odds, and did so until Wallace received his fatal wound and Prentiss was surrounded and captured with nearly 3000 men. This delay was the salvation of Grant's army.

Breckenridge's command closed in on the Federal left and rear; Polk crushed their right by the violence of his assault, and in person, with Marshall J. Smith's Crescent regiment, received the surrender of many troops. Prentiss gave up his sword to Colonel Russell. Bragg's troops, wrestling at the front, poured in over the Hornets' Nest, and shared in the triumph. Polk ordered his cavalry to charge the fleeing enemy, and Colonel Miller rode down and captured a six-gun battery. His men "watered their horses in the Tennessee River." All now felt that the victory was won. Bragg, Polk, Hardee, Breckenridge, all the corps commanders, were at the front, and in communication. Their generals were around them. The hand that had launched the thunder-bolt of war was cold, but its influence still nerved this host and its commanders. A line of battle was formed, and all was ready for the last fell swoop, to compel an "unconditional surrender" by General Grant.

The only position on the high grounds left to the Federals was held by Colonel Webster, of Grant's staff, who had collected some twenty guns and manned them with volunteers. Soon after four o'clock Chalmers and Jackson, proceeding down the river-bank while Prentiss's surrender was going on, came upon this position. The approaches were bad from that direction; nevertheless, they attacked resolutely, and, though repeatedly repulsed, kept up their assaults till nightfall. At one time they drove some gunners from their guns, and their attack has been generally mistaken by Federal writers for the final assault of the Confederate army—which *was never made*. The Federal generals and writers attribute their salvation to the repulse of Chalmers, and the honor is claimed respectively for Webster's artillery and for Ammen's brigade of Buell's



army, which came up at the last moment. But neither they nor all that was left of the Federal army could have withstood five minutes the united advance of the Confederate line, which was at hand and ready to deal the death-stroke. Their salvation came from a different quarter. General Bragg gives the following account of the close of the battle: "Concurring testimony, especially that of the prisoners on both sides,—our captured being present and witnesses to the demoralization of the enemy, and their eagerness to escape or avoid further slaughter by surrender,—left no doubt but that a persistent, energetic assault would soon have been crowned by a general yielding of his whole force. About one hour of daylight was left to us. The enemy's gun-boats, his last hope, took position opposite us in the river, and commenced a furious cannonade at our supposed position. From the elevation necessary to reach the high bluff on which we were operating, this proved 'all sound and fury signifying nothing,' and did not in the slightest degree mar our prospects or our progress. Not so, however, in our rear, where these heavy shells fell among the reserves and stragglers; and, to the utter dismay of the commanders on the field, the troops were seen to abandon their inspiring work, and to retire sullenly from the contest when danger was almost past, and victory, so dearly purchased, was almost certain." Polk, Hardee, Breckenridge, Withers, Gibson, Gilmer, and all who were there confirm this statement. General Buell says of Grant's army that there were "not more than 5000 men in ranks and available on the battle-field at night-fall. . . . The rest were either killed, wounded, captured, or scattered in inextricable and hopeless confusion for miles along the banks of the river." General Nelson describes them as "cowering under the river-bank, . . . frantic with fright and utterly demoralized."

At this crisis came from General Beauregard an order for the withdrawal of the troops, of which his chief of staff says: "General Beauregard, in the mean time, observing the exhausted, widely scattered condition of his army, directed it to be brought out of battle, collected, and restored to order as far as practicable, and to occupy for the night the captured encampments of the enemy. This, however, had been done in chief part by the officers in immediate command of the troops before the order was generally distributed." For this last allegation, or that the army was exhausted, there is not the slightest warrant.

The concurrent testimony of the generals and soldiers at the front is at one on all essential points. General Beauregard at Shiloh, two miles in the rear, with the *débris* of the

army surging back upon him, the shells bursting around him, sick with his two months' previous malady, pictured in his imagination a wreck at the front, totally different from the actual condition there. Had this officer been with Bragg, and not greatly prostrated and suffering from severe sickness, I firmly believe his order would have been to advance, not to retire. And this in spite of his theory of his plan of battle, which he sums up as follows, and which is so different from General Johnston's: "By a rapid and vigorous attack on General Grant, it was expected he would be beaten back into his transports and the river, or captured in time to enable us to profit by the victory, and remove to the rear all the stores and munitions that would fall into our hands in such an event before the arrival of General Buell's army on the scene. It was never contemplated, however, to retain the position thus gained and abandon *Corinth, the strategic point of the campaign.*" Why, then, did General Beauregard stop short in his career? Sunday evening it was not a question of retaining, but of gaining, Pittsburg Landing. Complete victory was in his grasp, and he threw it away. General Gibson says: "General Johnston's death was a tremendous catastrophe. There are no words adequate to express my own conception of the immensity of the loss to our country. Sometimes the hopes of millions of people depend upon one head and one arm. The West perished with Albert Sidney Johnston, and the Southern country followed."

Monday was General Beauregard's battle, and it was well fought. But in recalling his troops from the heights which commanded the enemy's landing, he gave away a position which during the night was occupied by Buell's 20,000 fresh troops, who thus regained the high grounds that had been won at such a cost. Lew Wallace, too, had come up 6500 strong. Moreover, the orders had been conveyed by Beauregard's staff to brigades and even regiments to withdraw, and the troops wandered back over the field, without coherence, direction, or purpose, and encamped where chance provided for them. All array was lost, and, in the morning, they met the attack of nearly 30,000 fresh and organized troops, with no hope of success except from their native valor and the indomitable purpose roused by the triumph of Sunday. Their fortitude, their courage, and the free offering of their lives were equal to the day before. But it was a retreat, not an assault. They retired slowly and sullenly, shattered, but not overthrown, to Corinth, *the strategic point of General Beauregard's campaign.*

William Preston Johnston.



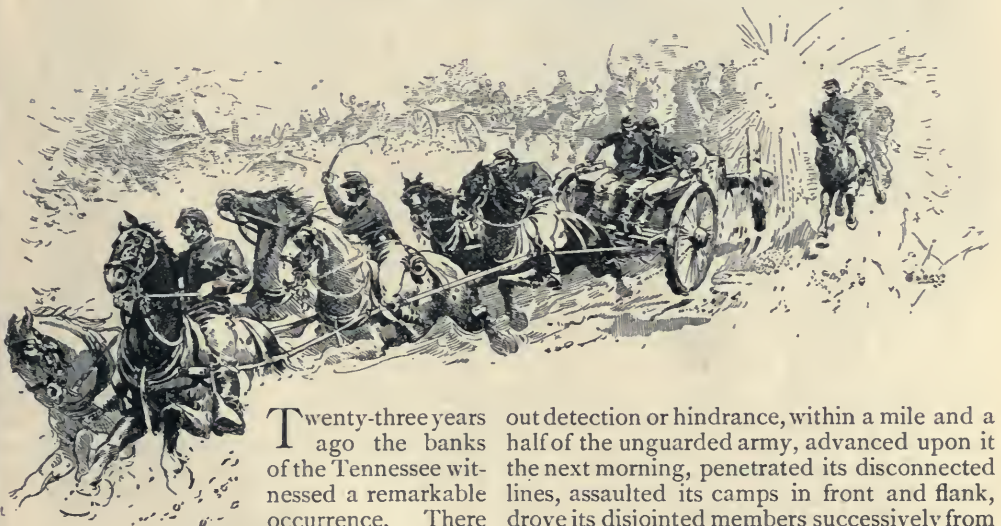
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Wm. H. Tapp

W. H. Brand

## SHILOH REVIEWED.

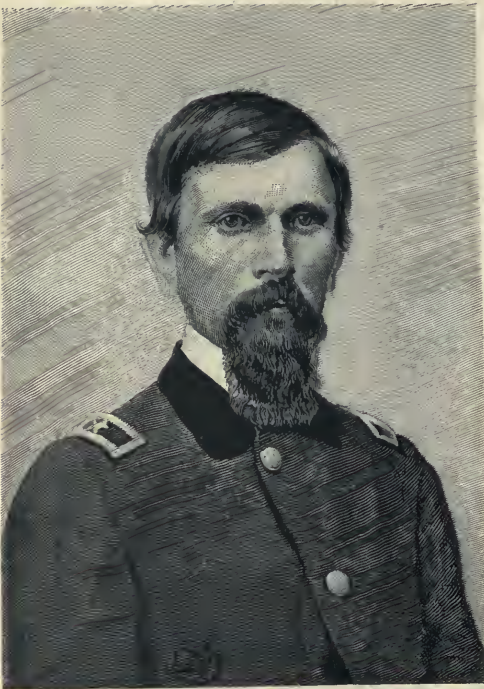


BATTERY, FORWARD!

Twenty-three years ago the banks of the Tennessee witnessed a remarkable occurrence. There was a wage of battle. Heavy blows were given and received, and the challenger failed to make his cause good. But there were peculiar circumstances which distinguished the combat from other trials of strength in the rebellion: An army comprising seventy regiments of infantry, twenty batteries of artillery, and a sufficiency of cavalry, lay for two weeks and more in isolated camps, with a river in its rear and a hostile army claimed to be superior in numbers twenty miles distant in its front, while the commander made his headquarters and passed his nights nine miles away on the opposite side of the river. It had no line or order of battle, no defensive works of any sort, no outposts, properly speaking, to give warning, or check the advance of an enemy, and no recognized head during the absence of the regular commander. On a Saturday the hostile force arrived and formed in order of battle, with-

out detection or hindrance, within a mile and a half of the unguarded army, advanced upon it the next morning, penetrated its disconnected lines, assaulted its camps in front and flank, drove its disjointed members successively from position to position, capturing some and routing others, in spite of much heroic individual resistance, and steadily drew near the landing and depot of its supplies in the pocket between the river and an impassable creek. At the moment near the close of the day when the remnant of the retrograding army was driven to refuge in the midst of its magazines, with the triumphant enemy at half-gunshot distance, the advance division of a reënforcing army arrived on the opposite bank of the river, crossed, and took position under fire at the point of attack; the attacking force was checked, and the battle ceased for the day. The next morning at dawn the reënforcing army and a fresh division belonging to the defeated force advanced against the assailants, followed or accompanied by such of the broken columns of the previous day as had not lost all cohesion, and after ten hours of conflict drove the enemy from the captured camps and the field of battle.





GENERAL THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Such are the salient points in the popular conception and historical record of the battle of Shiloh. Scarcely less remarkable than the facts themselves are the means by which the responsible actors in the critical drama have endeavored to counteract them. At society reunions and festive entertainments, in newspaper interviews and dispatches, in letters and contributions to periodicals, afterthought official reports, biographies, memoirs, and other popular sketches, the subject of Shiloh from the first hour of the battle to the present time has been invaded by pretensions and exculpatory statements, which revive the discussion only to confirm the memory of the grave faults that brought an army into imminent peril. These defenses and assumptions, starting first, apparently half suggested, in the zeal of official attendants and other partisans, were soon taken up more or less directly by the persons in whose behalf they were put forward; and now it is virtually declared by the principals themselves, that the Army of the Ohio was an unnecessary intruder in the battle, and that the blood of more than two thousand of its members shed on that field was a gratuitous sacrifice.

With the origin of the animadversions that were current at the time upon the conduct of the battle, the Army of the Ohio had little to do, and it has not generally taken a willing

part in the subsequent discussion. They commenced in the ranks of the victims, and during all the years that have given unwonted influence to the names which they affected, the witnesses of the first reports have without show of prejudice or much reiteration firmly adhered to their earlier testimony. It does not impair the value of that testimony if extreme examples were cited to illustrate the general fact; nor constitute a defense that such examples were not the general rule. I have myself, though many years ago, made answer to the more formal pleas that concerned the army which I commanded, and I am now called upon in the same cause to review the circumstances of my connection with the battle, and investigate its condition when it was taken up by the Army of the Ohio.

WHEN by the separate or concurrent operations of the forces of the Department of the Missouri, commanded by General Halleck, and the Department of the Ohio, commanded by myself, the Confederate line had been broken, first at Mill Springs by General Thomas, and afterward at Fort Henry and at Fort Donelson by General Grant and the navy, and Nashville and Middle Tennessee were occupied by the Army of the Ohio, the shattered forces of the enemy fell back for the formation of a new line, and the Union armies prepared to follow for a fresh attack. It was apparent in advance that the Memphis and Charleston railroad between Memphis and Chattanooga would constitute the new line, and Corinth, the point of intersection of the Memphis and Charleston road running east



GENERAL THOMAS J. WOOD. (COPIED FROM AN ENGRAVING,  
BY PERMISSION OF D. VAN NOSTRAND.)

and west, and the Mobile and Ohio road running north and south, soon developed as the main point of concentration.

While this new defense of the enemy and the means of assailing it by the Union forces were maturing, General Halleck's troops, for the moment under the immediate command of General C. F. Smith, were transported up the Tennessee by water to operate on the enemy's railroad communications. It was purely an expeditionary service not intended for the selection of a rendezvous or depot for future operations. After some attempts to debark at other points farther up the river, Pittsburg Landing was finally chosen as the most eligible for the temporary object; but when the concentration of the enemy at Corinth made that the objective point of a deliberate campaign, and the coöperation of General Halleck's troops and mine was arranged, Savannah, on the east bank of the river, was designated by Halleck as the point of rendezvous. This, though not as advisable a point as Florence, or some point between Florence and Eastport, was in a general sense proper. It placed the concentration under the shelter of the river and the gun-boats, and left the combined force at liberty to choose its point of crossing and line of attack.

On the restoration of General Grant to the immediate command of the troops, and his arrival at Savannah on the 17th of March, he converted the expeditionary encampment at Pittsburg Landing into the point of rendezvous of the two armies, by placing his whole force on the west side of the river, apparently on the advice of General Sherman, who, with his division, was already there. Nothing can be said upon any rule of military art or common expediency to justify that arrangement. An invading army may, indeed, as a preliminary step, throw an inferior force in advance upon the enemy's coast or across an intervening river to secure a harbor or other necessary foothold; but in such a case the first duty of the advanced force is to make itself secure by suitable works. Pittsburg Landing was in no sense a point of such necessity or desirability as to require any risk, or any great expenditure of means for its occupation. If the force established there was not safe alone, it had no business there; but having been placed there, still less can any justification be found for the neglect of all proper means to make it secure against a superior adversary. General Grant continued his headquarters at Savannah, leaving General Sherman with a sort of control at Pittsburg Landing. Sherman's rank did not allow him the command, but he was authorized to assign the arriving regiments to brigades and divi-

sions as he might think best, and designate the camping-grounds. In these and other ways he exercised an important influence upon the fate of the army.

The movement of the Army of the Ohio from Nashville for the appointed junction, was commenced on the night of the 15th of March by a rapid march of cavalry to secure the bridges in advance, which were then still guarded by the enemy. It was followed on the 16th and successive days by the infan-



GENERAL ALEXANDER McD. MCCOOK.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

try divisions, McCook being in advance with instructions to move steadily forward; to ford the streams where they were fordable, and when it was necessary to make repairs in the roads, such as building bridges over streams which were liable to frequent interruption by high water, to leave only a sufficient working party and guard for that purpose; to use all possible industry and energy, so as to move forward steadily and as rapidly as possible without forcing the march or straggling; and to send forward at once to communicate with General Smith at Savannah, and learn his situation.

When the cavalry reached Columbia the bridge over Duck River was found in flames, and the river at flood stage. General McCook immediately commenced the construction of a frame bridge, but finding, after several days, that the work was progressing less rapidly than had been expected, I ordered the building of a boat bridge also, and both were completed on the 30th. On the same day the river became fordable. I arrived at Columbia on the 26th. General Nelson succeeded in getting a portion of his division across by fording on the 29th, and was given the ad-





GENERAL WILLIAM NELSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

General Nelson had an altercation with General Jefferson C. Davis in the Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky, on the morning of September 29, 1862. General Davis shot General Nelson, who died almost instantly.—EDITOR.

vance. Most of his troops crossed by fording on the 30th. The other divisions followed him on the march with intervals of six miles, so as not to incommode one another—in all five divisions, about thirty-seven thousand effective men. On the first day of April, General Halleck and General Grant were notified that I would concentrate at Savannah on

Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th, the distance being ninety miles. On the 4th General Nelson received notification from General Grant that he need not hasten his march, as he could not be put across the river before the following Tuesday, but the rate of march was not changed.

After seeing my divisions on the road, I



left Columbia on the evening of the 3d, and arrived at Savannah on the evening of the 5th with my chief of staff and an orderly, leaving the rest of my staff to follow rapidly with the headquarters train. Nelson had already arrived and gone into camp, and Crittenden was close in his rear. We were there to form a junction for the contemplated forward movement under the command of General Halleck in person, who was to leave St. Louis the first of the following week to join us. General Grant had been at Nelson's camp before my arrival, and said he would send boats for the division "Monday or Tuesday, or some time early in the week." "There will," he said, "be no fight at Pittsburg Landing; we will have to go to Corinth, where the rebels are fortified. If they come to attack us we can whip them, as I have more than twice as many troops as I had at Fort Donelson." I did not see General Grant that evening—probably because he was at Pittsburg Landing when I arrived, but he had made an appointment to meet me next day.

We were finishing breakfast at Nelson's camp Sunday morning, when the sound of artillery was heard up the river. We knew of no ground to apprehend a serious engagement, but the troops were promptly prepared to march, and I walked with my chief of staff, Colonel James B. Fry, to Grant's quarters at Savannah, but he had started up the river. I there saw General C. F. Smith, who was in his bed sick, but apparently not dangerously ill. He had no apprehension about a battle, thought it an affair of outposts, and said that Grant had sixty thousand men. This would agree approximately with the estimate which Grant himself made of his force, at Nelson's camp.

As the firing continued, and increased in volume, I determined to go to the scene of action. Nelson only waited for the services of a guide to march by land. The river bottom between Savannah and Pittsburg Landing was a labyrinth of roads from which the overflows had obliterated all recent signs of travel, and left them impassable except in certain places, and it was with great difficulty that a guide could be obtained. The artillery had to be left behind to be transported by water. After disposing of these matters and sending orders for the rear divisions to push forward without their trains, I took a small steamer at the Landing and proceeded up the river, accompanied only by my chief of staff. On the way we were met by a descending steamer which came alongside and delivered a letter from General Grant addressed to the "Commanding Officer, advanced forces, near Pittsburg, Tenn.," and couched in the following words:

"PITTSBURG, April 6, 1862.—GEN.: The attack on my forces has been very spirited since early this morning. The appearance of fresh troops on the field now would have a powerful effect, both by inspiring our men and disheartening the enemy. If you will get upon the field, leaving all your baggage on the east bank of the river, it will be a move to our advantage, and possibly save the day to us. The rebel forces are estimated at over one hundred thousand men. My headquarters will be in the log building on the top of the hill, where you will be furnished a staff-officer to guide you to your place on the field.

"Respectfully, &c. U. S. GRANT, Maj.-Gen."

About half-way up we met a stream of fugitives that poured in a constantly swelling current along the west bank of the river. The mouth of Snake Creek was full of them swimming across. We arrived at the Landing about one o'clock. I inquired for General Grant and was informed that he was on his headquarters boat, nearly against which we had landed. I went on board, and was met by him at the door of the ladies' cabin, in which there were besides himself two or three members of his staff. Other officers may have entered afterward. He appeared to realize that he was beset by a pressing danger, and manifested by manner more than in words that he was relieved by my arrival as indicating the near approach of succor; but there was nothing in his deportment that the circumstances would not have justified without disparagement to the character of a courageous soldier. Certainly there was none of that masterly confidence which has since been assumed with reference to the occasion. After the first salutation, and as I walked to a seat, he remarked that he had just come in from the front, and held up his sword to call my attention to an indentation, which he said the scabbard had received from a shot. I did not particularly notice it, and after inquiring about the progress of the battle and requesting him to send steamers to bring up Crittenden's division, which was coming into Savannah as I left, I proposed that we should go ashore. As we reached the gangway I noticed that the horses of himself and his staff were being taken ashore. He mounted and rode away, while I walked up the hill; so that I saw him no more until the attack occurred at the Landing late in the evening. I state these particulars of our meeting with so much detail because a totally incorrect version of the place, manner, and substance of the interview has been used to give a false impression of the state of the battle, and a false coloring to personal traits which are assumed to have had the issue in control.

On the shore I encountered a scene which has often been described. The face of the bluff was crowded with stragglers from the battle. The number there at different hours has been estimated at from five thousand in the morn-



ing to fifteen thousand in the evening. The number at nightfall would not have fallen short of fifteen thousand, including those who had passed down the river, and the less callous but still broken and demoralized fragments about the camps on the plateau near the landing. At the top of the bluff all was confusion. Men mounted and on foot, and wagons with their teams and excited drivers, all struggling to force their way closer to the river, were mixed up in apparently inextricable confusion with a battery of artillery which was standing in park without men or horses to man or move it. The increasing throng already presented a barrier which it was evidently necessary to remove, in order to make way for the passage of my troops when they should arrive. In looking about for assistance I fell upon one officer, the quartermaster of an Ohio regiment, who preserved his senses, and was anxious to do something to abate the disorder. I instructed him to take control of the teams, and move them down the hill by a side road which led to the narrow bottom below the landing, and there park them. He went to work with alacrity and the efficiency of a strong will, and succeeded in clearing the ground of the wagons. It proved before night to have been a more important service than I had expected, for it not only opened the way for Nelson's division, but extricated the artillery and made it possible to get it into action when the attack occurred at the Landing about sunset.

It is now time to glance at the circumstances which had brought about and were urging on the state of affairs here imperfectly portrayed.

UPON learning on the 2d of April of the advance of the Army of the Ohio toward Savannah, General Sidney Johnston determined to anticipate the junction of that army with General Grant's force, by attacking the latter, and at once gave orders for the movement of his troops on the following day. It was his expectation to reach the front of the army at Pittsburg Landing on Friday, the 4th, and make the attack at daylight on Saturday; but the condition of the roads, and some confusion in the execution of orders, prevented him from getting into position for the attack until three o'clock on Saturday. This delay and an indiscreet reconnoissance which brought on a sharp engagement with the Federal pickets, rendered it so improbable that the Union commander would not be prepared for the attack, that General Beauregard advised the abandonment of the enterprise, to the success of which a surprise was deemed to be essential. General Johnston overruled the proposition, however, and the attack was ordered for the following morning. The army was drawn up in three parallel lines, covering the front of the Federal position. Hardee commanded the first line, Bragg the second, and Polk and Breckinridge the third, the latter being intended as a reserve.



The locality on which the storm of battle was about to burst has often been described with more or less of inaccuracy or incompleteness. It is an undulating table-land, quite broken in places, elevated a hundred feet or thereabout above the river; an irregular triangle in outline, nearly equilateral, with the sides four miles long, bordered on the east by the river, which here runs nearly due north, on the north-west by Snake Creek and its tributary, Owl Creek, and on the south, or south-west, by a range of hills which immediately border Lick Creek on the north bank, two hundred feet or more in height, and sloping gradually toward the battle-field. In these hills rise the eastern tributaries of Owl Creek, one of them, called Oak Creek, extending half-way across the front or south side of the battle-field, and interlocking with a ravine called Locust Grove Creek, which runs in the opposite direction into Lick Creek a mile from its mouth. Other short, deep ravines start from the table-land and empty into the river, the principal among them being Dill's Branch, six hundred yards above the Landing. Midway in the front, at the foot of the Lick Creek hills, start a number of surface drains which soon unite in somewhat difficult ravines and form Tillman's Creek, or Brier Creek. It runs almost due north, a mile and a quarter from the river, in a deep hollow, which divides the table-land into two main ridges. Tillman's Creek empties into Owl Creek half a mile above the Snake Creek bridge by which the division of Lew. Wallace arrived. Short, abrupt ravines break from the main ridges into Tillman's Hollow, and the broad surface of the west ridge is further broken by larger branches which empty into Owl Creek. Tillman's Hollow, only about a mile long, is a marked feature in the topography, and is identified with some important incidents of the battle.

Pittsburg Landing is three-quarters of a mile above the mouth of Snake Creek, and two and a quarter miles below the mouth of Lick Creek. Shiloh Church is on Oak Creek two miles and a half south-west of Pittsburg Landing. The table-land comes up boldly to the river at the Landing and for a mile south. Beyond those limits the river bends away from the high land, and the bottom gradually widens.

The principal roads are the River road, as it will here be called, which crosses Snake Creek at the bridge before mentioned, and running a mile west of Pittsburg Landing, obliquely along the ridge east of Tillman's Creek, crosses Lick Creek three quarters of a mile from the river at the east end of the Lick Creek hills; the Hamburg and Purdy road, which branches from the River road a mile and two-thirds in a straight line south of

Pittsburg Landing, and extends north-west four hundred yards north of Shiloh Church; and two roads that start at the Landing, cross the River road two-thirds of a mile apart, and also cross or run into the Hamburg and Purdy road nearly opposite the church. In the official reports these various roads are called with some confusion, but not altogether inaccurately, Crump's Landing road, Hamburg road, Corinth road or Purdy road, even over the same space, according to the idea of the writer. The Corinth road from the Landing has two principal branches. The western branch passes by the church, and the eastern passes a mile east of the church into the Bark road, which extends along the crest of the Lick Creek hills. The military maps show many other roads, some of them farm-roads, and some only well-worn tracks made in hauling for the troops. In some places the old roads were quite obliterated, and are improperly represented on the maps, as in the case of the River road, which is not shown on the official map between McArthur's and Hurlbut's headquarters, immediately west of the Landing. It is shown on Sherman's camp map, and its existence is not doubtful. At the time of the battle, much the largest part of the ground was in forest, sometimes open, sometimes almost impenetrable for horsemen, with occasional cleared fields of from twenty to eighty acres; and these variations operated in a signal manner upon the fortune of the combatants. There was not a cleared field within the limits of the battle that has not its history.

We may now locate the troops in their encampments, for there is where the battle found them, and its currents and eddies will frequently be discovered by the reference to certain camps in the official reports. The camp map which I received from General Sherman will serve as a useful guide, subject to some necessary modifications, to make a field sketch agree with an actual survey. But the regimental camps did not always conform to the lines laid down for the brigades and divisions. Sometimes they were in front, sometimes in rear of the general line. I have not pretended generally to introduce these variations into the map which I have prepared to accompany this article.

Starting at the Landing, we find the Second Division, commanded by W. H. L. Wallace, in the space bounded by the river, Snake Creek, the River road, and the right-hand road leading west from the Landing. Along that road are, in this order, the camps of the Twelfth, Seventh, Fourteenth and Second Iowa, and the Fifty-second and Ninth Illinois. At the point where that road crosses the River road,



in the south-west angle of the intersection, are the headquarters of General McArthur. On the east side of the River road, north of McArthur are, first, the Fourteenth Missouri, called "Birge's Sharpshooters" (not on the Sherman camp map), and next the Eighty-first Ohio. The Sixteenth Wisconsin has been assigned to Prentiss's division since the Sherman map was made, and the Thirteenth Missouri has probably taken that ground. All these points are particularly mentioned in the reports of the battle and have been verified.

On the left-hand road where it crosses the River road, three-quarters of a mile from the Landing, is the Fourth Division (Hurlbut's), its Third Brigade between the road and the river, and the line of the two other brigades bearing off to the north-west. I have located the Third Iowa, of that division, on the ground just in front of which Crittenden's division was first formed in line Monday morning, because it was stated to me at the time that General Prentiss was killed at that camp; the fact being that near that point Prentiss was captured and W. H. L. Wallace mortally wounded.

At the fork of the River road and the Hamburg and Purdy road, is the camp of Sherman's Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Stuart, two miles from the division to which it belongs, and one mile from Hurlbut's division. On both sides of the eastern Corinth road half a mile south of the Hamburg and Purdy road, is Prentiss's division (the Sixth) of two brigades. It is not shown on the Sherman map. Stretching across the western Corinth road at the Church, along Oak Creek, are the other three brigades of the Fifth Division (Sherman's)—Hildebrand's brigade being on the east side of the road, Buckland's next on the west side, and McDowell's next on Buckland's right. Only one regiment (the Sixth Iowa) of McDowell's brigade is shown on the Sherman map.

The official reports and other authority locate the First Division (McClelland's) as follows: The right of the Third Brigade is at the point where the western Corinth road crosses the Hamburg and Purdy road, five hundred yards

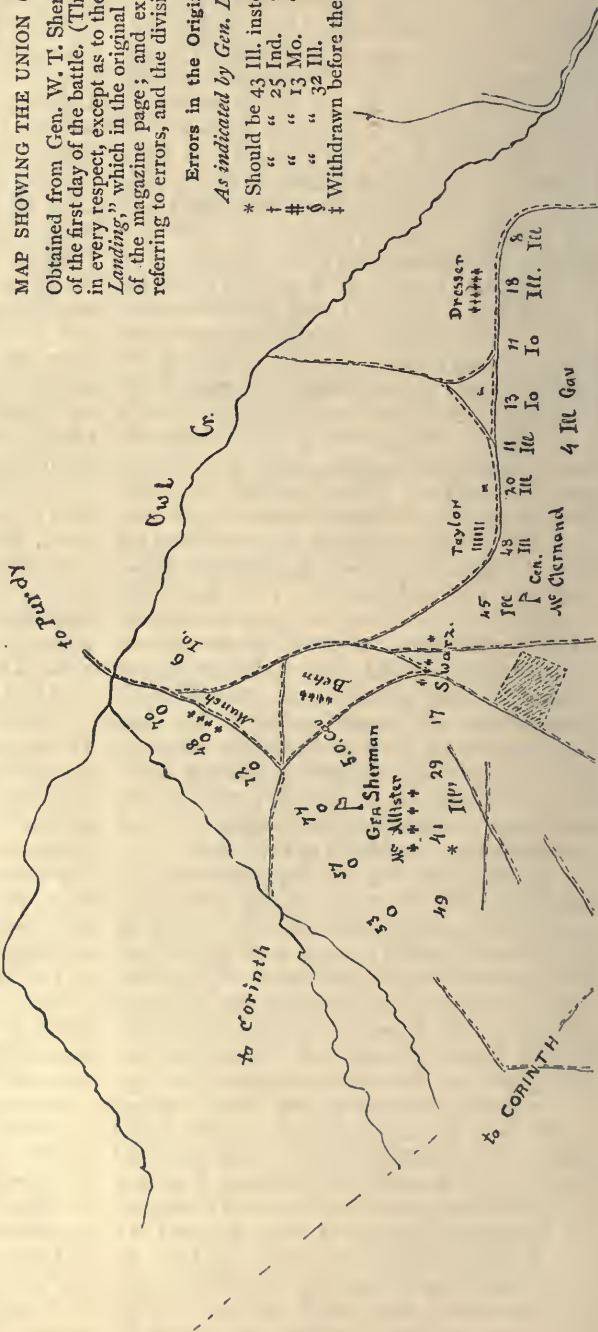
MAP SHOWING THE UNION CAMPS AT SHILOH,

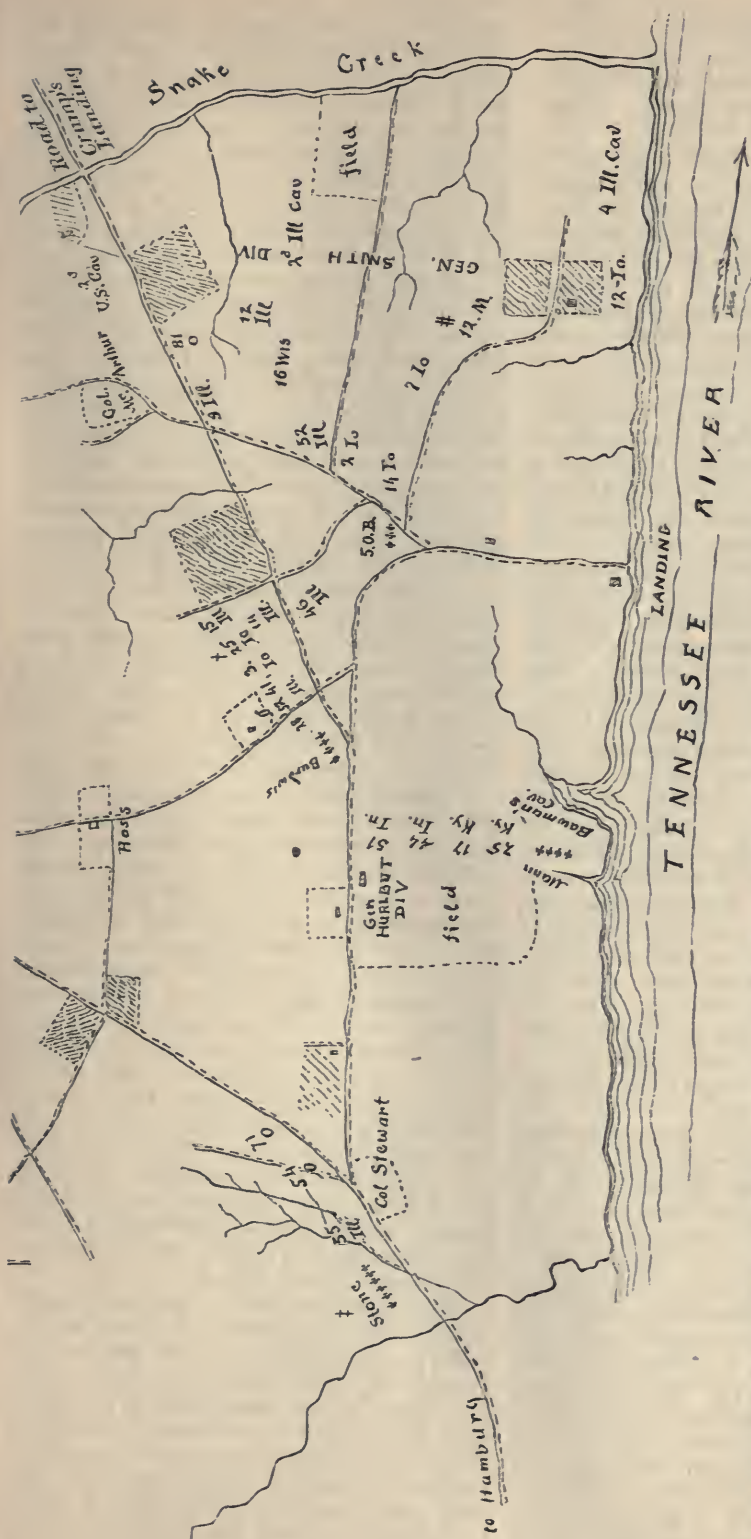
Obtained from Gen. W. T. Sherman on the evening of the first day of the battle. (This map is a fac-simile in every respect, except as to the words "*To Crump's Landing*," which in the original are outside the limits of the magazine page; and except as to the signs referring to errors, and the division into two parts.)

Errors in the Original Map,

As indicated by Gen. D. C. Buell.

- \* Should be 43 Ill. instead of 41 Ill.
- † " " 25 Ind. " " 25 Io.
- ‡ " " 13 Mo. " " 12 Mo.
- § " " 32 Ill. " " 52 Ill.
- ‡ Withdrawn before the battle.





from the church, and the left is two hundred yards from Hildebrand's brigade, which is thus obliquely in its front. The other two brigades, on a general line starting from the right of the Third, form an obtuse angle with the Third, and are along the ridge nearly parallel with Tillman's Creek, the extreme right being not far from the bluff overlooking Owl Creek bottom. The First Brigade is on the east side of the adjacent field instead of the west side, as the Sherman map, according to the road, would seem to place it, though that map does not show the field. It remains to be added that three of the five divisions were for that period of the war old and experienced troops. Hurlbut's Third Brigade belonged to the Army of the Ohio, and had been sent to reinforce Grant before Donelson. Eight other regiments were furnished by me for the first movement up the Tennessee, and remained with Grant's army. Sherman's division, one of the newest, had been under his command more than a month, and ought to have been in a tolerably efficient state of discipline. Prentiss's division, composed largely of raw regiments, had only been organized a few days; yet it was posted in the most exposed and assailable point on the front. The effective force at the date of the battle, exclusive of Lew. Wallace's division, which was at or near Crump's Landing, six miles below, is stated by Gen-



eral Sherman at 32,000 men; by General Grant at 33,000. General Wallace left two regiments of his division and a piece of artillery at Crump's Landing, and joined the army Sunday evening, with, as he states, not more than 5000 men.

I proceed now, in the light of the official reports and other evidence, to explain briefly what happened: the object being not so much to criticise the manner of the battle, or give a detailed description of it, as to trace it to its actual condition at the close of the first day, and outline its progress during the second. With this object the question of a surprise has little to do. I stop, therefore, only to remark that each revival of that question has placed the fact in a more glaring light. The enemy was known to be at hand, but no adequate steps were taken to ascertain in what force or with what design. The call to arms blended with the crash of the assault, and when the whole forest on the rising ground in front flashed with the gleam of bayonets, then General Sherman, as he reports, "became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack." Yet among the more watchful officers in the front divisions, there was a nervous feeling that their superiors were not giving due heed to the presence of hostile reconnoitering parties, though they little imagined the magnitude of the danger that impended. On Saturday General Sherman was notified of these parties. He answered that the pickets must be strengthened, and instructed to be vigilant; that he was embarrassed for the want of cavalry; his cavalry had been ordered away, and the cavalry he was to have instead had not arrived; as soon as they reported he would send them to the front and find out what was there. In one of his brigades the regimental commanders held a consultation, at which it was determined to strengthen the pickets. These are curious revelations to a soldier's ear.

Prentiss's vigilance gave the first warning of the actual danger, and in fact commenced the contest. On Saturday, disquieted by the frequent appearance of the enemy's cavalry, he increased his pickets, though he had no evidence of the presence of a large force. Early Sunday morning one of these picket-guards, startled no doubt by the hum of forty thousand men half a mile distant, waking up for battle, went forward to ascertain the cause, and soon came upon the enemy's pickets, which it promptly attacked. It was then a quarter-past five o'clock, and all things being ready, the Confederate general, accepting the signal of the pickets, at once gave the order to advance. Previously, however, General Prentiss, still apprehensive, had sent forward

Colonel Moore of the Twenty-first Missouri, with five companies to strengthen the picket-guard. On the way out Colonel Moore met the guard returning to camp with a number of its men killed and wounded. Sending the latter on to camp and calling for the remaining companies of his regiment, he proceeded to the front in time to take a good position on the border of a cleared field and open fire upon the enemy's skirmishers, checking them for a while; but the main body forced him back upon the division with a considerable list of wounded, himself among the number. All this occurred in front of Sherman's camp, not in front of Prentiss's. This spirited beginning, unexpected on both sides, gave the first alarm to the divisions of Sherman and Prentiss. The latter promptly formed his division at the first news from the front, and moved a quarter of a mile in advance of his camp, where he was attacked before Sherman was under arms. He held his position until the enemy on his right passed him in attacking Sherman, whose left regiment immediately broke into rout. He then retired in some disorder, renewing the resistance in his camp but forced back in still greater disorder, until at nine o'clock he came upon the line which Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace were forming half a mile in rear.

Upon the first alarm in his camp, which was simultaneous with the attack upon Sherman, McClelland rapidly got under arms, and endeavored to support Sherman's left with his Third Brigade, only two hundred yards in rear, while he placed his First and Second Brigades in inverted order still farther to the rear and left, to oppose the enemy's columns pouring in upon his left flank through the opening on Sherman's left; but his Third Brigade was forced back with the fugitives from Sherman's broken line by the advancing enemy, and endeavored with only partial success to form on the right of McClelland's line, which at first was formed with the left a little south, and the center north of the Corinth road. Before the formation was completed the line was compelled to retire by the pressure on its front and left flank, with the loss of six pieces of artillery, but it re-formed three hundred yards in rear.

Hildebrand's brigade had now disappeared in complete disorder from the front, leaving three pieces of artillery in the hands of the enemy. Buckland formed promptly at the first alarm, and in order to keep the enemy back endeavored by Sherman's direction to throw a regiment beyond Oak Creek, which covered his front at a distance of two hundred yards, but on reaching the brow of the low hill bordering the stream the enemy was



encountered on the hither side. Nevertheless the brigade resisted effectively for about two hours the efforts of the assailants to cross the boggy stream in force. The enemy suffered great loss in these efforts, but succeeded at last. Before being quite forced back, Buckland received orders from Sherman to form line on the Purdy road four hundred yards in rear, to connect with McClernand's right. Orders were also given to McDowell, who had not yet been engaged, to close to the left on the same line. These orders were in effect defeated in both cases, and five pieces of artillery lost by faults in the execution and the rapid advance of the enemy. Sherman's division as an organized body disappeared from the field from this time until the close of the day. McDowell's brigade preserved a sort of identity for a while. Sherman reports that at "about 10:30 A. M. the enemy had made a furious attack on General McClernand's whole front. Finding him pressed, I moved McDowell's brigade against the left flank of the enemy, forced him back some distance, and then directed the men to avail themselves of every cover—trees, fallen timber, and a wooded valley to our right." It sounds like the signal to disperse, and a little after one o'clock the brigade and regiments are seen no more. Some fragments of the division and the commander himself attached themselves to McClernand's command, which now, owing to its composite and irregular organization, could hardly be denominated a division.

The contest which raged in McClernand's camp was of a fluctuating character. The ground was lost and won more than once, but each ebb and flow of the struggle left the Union side in a worse condition. In his fifth position McClernand was driven to the camp of his First Brigade, half of his command facing to the south and half to the west, to meet the converging attack of the enemy. His nominal connection with the left wing of the army across the head of Tillman's Hollow had been severed, by the dispersion or defeat of the detached commands that formed it. Another reverse to his thinned ranks would drive him over the bluff into Owl Creek bottom, and perhaps cut him off from the river. He determined, therefore, between two and three o'clock to retire across Tillman's Hollow in the direction of the Landing. That movement was effected with a good deal of irregularity, but with the repulse of a small body of pursuing cavalry, and a new line was formed on the opposite ridge along the River road, north of Hurlbut's headquarters. I shall have occasion farther along to remark upon the display of force on the right of this line in

the vicinity of McArthur's headquarters. The movement must have been completed about three o'clock. Leaving the right wing, as it may be called, in this position prior to the attack of four o'clock, which drove it still farther back, we will return to the current of events in the left wing.

With Stuart on the extreme left, as with the other commanders, the presence of the enemy was the first warning of danger. He was soon compelled to fall back from his camp to a new position, and presently again to a third, which located him on the prolongation and extreme left of the line formed by Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace, but without having any connection with it. As soon as the first advance of the enemy was known, these two commanders were called upon by those in front for support. In the absence of a common superior it was sent forward by regiments or brigades in such manner as seemed proper to the officer appealed to, and after that was left to its own devices. It seldom formed the connection desired, or came under the direction of a common superior. Indeed, the want of cohesion and concert in the Union ranks, is conspicuously indicated in the official reports. A regiment is rarely overcome in front, but falls back because the regiment on its right or left has done so, and exposed its flank. It continues its backward movement at least until it is well under shelter, thus exposing the flank of its neighbor, who then must also needs fall back. Once in operation, the process repeats itself indefinitely. In a broken and covered country which affords occasional rallying points and obstructs the pursuit, it proceeds step by step. On an open field in the presence of light artillery and cavalry, it would run rapidly into general rout.

This outflanking, so common in the Union reports at Shiloh, is not a mere excuse of the inferior commanders. It is the practical consequence of the absence of a common head, and the judicious use of reserves to counteract partial reverses and preserve the front of battle. The want of a general direction is seen also in the distribution of Hurlbut's and Wallace's divisions. Hurlbut sent a brigade under Colonel Veatch, to support Sherman's left; Wallace sent one under General McArthur to the opposite extreme to support Stuart; and the two remaining brigades of each were between the extremes—Wallace on Veatch's left but not in connection with it, and Hurlbut on McArthur's right, also without connection. Stuart himself with his brigade was two miles to the left of Sherman's division to which he belonged. When the three Confederate lines were brought together successively at the front, there was, of course, a great apparent

mingling of organizations; but it was not in their case attended with the confusion that might be supposed, because each division area was thereby supplied with a triple complement of brigade and division officers, and the whole front was under the close supervision of four remarkably efficient corps commanders. The evils of disjointed command are plainly to be seen in the arrangement of the Federal line, but the position of the left wing after the forced correction of the first faulty disposition of Hurlbut's brigades was exceedingly strong, and in the center was held without a break against oft-repeated assaults from nine o'clock until five o'clock. From twelve until two it was identical with the second position taken by Nelson and Crittenden on Monday, and it was equally formidable against attack from both directions. Its peculiar feature consisted in a wood in the center, with a thick undergrowth, flanked on either side by open fields, and with open but sheltering woods in front and rear. The Confederates gave the name of Hornets' Nest to the thicket part of it on Sunday, and it was in the open ground on the east flank that General Sidney Johnston was killed.

On this line, between and under the shelter of Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace, Prentiss rallied a considerable force, perhaps a thousand men, of his routed division at nine o'clock, and fought stubbornly until near the close of the day. By three o'clock the withdrawal of the right wing, accompanied by Veatch's brigade, exposed Wallace's right flank, which also partially crumbled away; and the retirement of Stuart about the same hour before the strong attack brought against him, and of Hurlbut at four o'clock under the same powerful pressure upon his left flank, left Prentiss, and Wallace with his remaining regiments isolated and unsupported. Still they held their ground while the enemy closed upon each flank. As they were about being completely enveloped, Wallace endeavored to extricate his command, and was mortally wounded in the attempt at five o'clock. Some of his regiments under Colonel Tuttle fought their way through the cross-fire of the contracting lines of the enemy, but six regiments of the two divisions held fast until the encompassment was complete, and one by one with Prentiss, between half-past five and six o'clock, they were forced to surrender. This gallant resistance, and the delay caused by the necessary disposition of the captives, weakened the force of the attack which McClernand sustained in his seventh position on the River road at four o'clock, and retarded the onward movement of the enemy for nearly three hours after the retirement of the right wing from the west side of Tillman's Creek.

Before the incumbrance of their success

was entirely put out of the way the Confederates pressed forward to complete a seemingly assured victory, but it was too late. Jackson's brigade, and the Ninth and Tenth Mississippi of Chalmers's brigade crossed Dill's ravine, and their artillery on the south side swept the bluff at the landing, the missiles falling into the river far beyond. Hurlbut had hurriedly got into line in rear of the reserve artillery five hundred yards from the river, but from there to the Landing there was not a soldier in ranks or any organized means of defense. Just as the danger was perceived Colonel Webster, Grant's chief of artillery, rapidly approached Colonel Fry and myself. The idea of getting the battery which was standing in park into action was expressed simultaneously by the three, and was promptly executed by Colonel Webster's immediate exertion. General Grant came up a few minutes later, and a member of his escort was killed in that position. Chalmers's skirmishers approached to within one hundred yards of the battery. The number in view was not large, but the gunners were already abandoning their pieces, when Ammen's brigade, accompanied by Nelson, came into action. The attack was repelled, and the engagement ended for the day.

In his report of April 9, to General Halleck, General Grant says of this incident:

"At a late hour in the afternoon a desperate effort was made by the enemy to turn our left and get possession of the landing, transports, &c. This point was guarded by the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, Captains Gwin and Shirk, U. S. Navy, commanding, four twenty-pounder Parrott guns, and a battery of rifled guns. As there is a deep and impassable ravine for artillery or cavalry, and very difficult for infantry, at this point, no troops were stationed here, except the necessary artillerists and a small infantry force for their support. Just at this moment the advance of Maj.-Gen. Buell's column (a part of the division under General Nelson) arrived, the two generals named both being present. An advance was immediately made upon the point of attack and the enemy soon driven back. In this repulse, much is due to the presence of the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, and their able commanders, Captains Gwin and Shirk."

My own official report is to the same effect. In a calm review of the battle, not unfriendly to General Grant, and written some years after the occurrence, General Hurlbut said:

"About six p. m. this movement (for a final attack at the Landing) was reported to General Hurlbut. He at once took measures to change the front of two regiments, or parts of regiments, of which the Fifty-fifth Illinois was one, and to turn six pieces of artillery to bear upon the point of danger. At that instant, he being near the head of the Landing road, General Grant came up from the river, closely followed by Ammen's brigade of Nelson's division. Information of the expected attack was promptly given, and two of Ammen's regiments deployed into line, moved rapidly forward, and after a few sharp exchanges of volleys from them, the enemy fell back, and the bloody series of engagements of Sunday at Pittsburg Landing closed with that last repulse."





PITTSBURG LANDING. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE.)

Of the six transports, the one farthest up stream, on the right, is the *Tycoon*, which was dispatched by the Cincinnati Branch of the Sanitary Commission with stores for the wounded. The next steamer, lower down, is the *Tigress*, which was General Grant's headquarters boat. On the opposite side of the river is seen the gun-boat *Tyler*.—EDITOR.

The reports of all the officers who took part in the action at the Landing, Nelson, Ammen, and the regimental commanders, fully sustain the main point in these accounts, and are totally at variance with General Grant's statement in his CENTURY article. I have myself never described the attack at the Landing as "a desperate effort" of the enemy; but I have said that the condition of affairs at that point made the occasion critical. We know from the Confederate reports that the attack was undertaken by Jackson's and Chalmers's brigades as above stated; that the reserve artillery could effect nothing against the attacking force under the shelter of Dill's ravine; that the fire of the gun-boats was equally harmless on account of the elevation which it was necessary to give the guns in order to clear the top of the bluff; and that the final assault, owing to the show of resistance, was delayed. Jackson's brigade made its advance without cartridges. When they came to the crest of the hill and found the artillery supported by infantry, they shrank from the assault with bayonets alone, and Jackson went in search of coöperation and

support. In the meantime the attack was superseded by the order of the Confederate commander calling off his troops for the night. The attack was poorly organized, but it was not repelled until Ammen arrived, and it cannot be affirmed under the circumstances that the action of his brigade in delaying and repelling the enemy was not of the most vital importance. Had the attack been made before Nelson could arrive, with the means which the enemy had abundantly at hand, it would have succeeded beyond all question.

As fast as Nelson's division arrived it was formed in line of battle in front of Grant's troops, pickets were thrown across Dill's ravine, and the dawn of another day was awaited to begin the second stage in the battle; or speaking more correctly, to fight the second battle of Shiloh. Let us in the meantime examine more in detail the condition in which the first day had left General Grant's command, and its prospects unaided for the morrow.

THE evidence relied upon to refute the accepted belief in the critical condition of





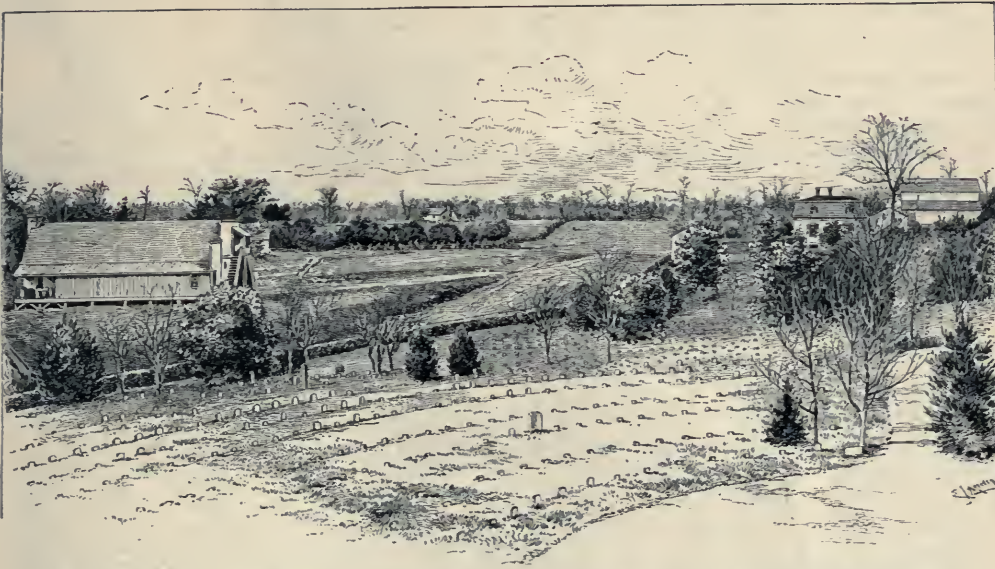
PITTSBURG LANDING, VIEWED FROM THE FERRY LANDING ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Grant's command on Sunday evening is of two sorts: first, the *official map*, as it is called, and second, the personal statements and assumptions of General Grant and General Sherman. I shall examine these data upon the evidence of the official reports and my own observation.

The official map was prepared after the arrival of General Halleck at Pittsburg Landing, by his topographical engineer, General Thom. The topographical part of it was made from an approximate survey, and though not strictly accurate, is sufficiently so for an intelligent study of the battle. For the errors in the location of the troops General Thom cannot be supposed to be responsible, since he could have no knowledge of the facts except what he derived from the statements of others; but in what is given and what is withheld they are of a very misleading nature. They consist, first, in the extension of Grant's line on the evening of the 6th a full half-mile to the west of its true limit—placing Hurlbut's division on the front actually occupied by McClelland, McClelland on and four hundred yards beyond Sherman's ground, and Sherman entirely on the west side of Tillman's Hollow on the right of the camping-ground of McClelland's division, and within the lines occupied by the Confederates. On the morning of the 7th they place, from left to right, McClelland, then Sherman, then Lew. Wallace, along the bluff bordering Owl Creek bottom, all west of Tillman's Creek, and on ground which we did

not possess until after four hours of fighting; followed on the left by Hurlbut's division; thus occupying a solid front of a mile and a third, in comparison with which the undeveloped front of my army presents a very subordinate appearance. They give no account of the positions during the battle, in which the right of that army was substantially in contact with Wallace's division on the extreme right. They give two of its positions,—one in the first formation before its front was developed, and the other at the close of the day, when Grant's troops had taken possession of their camps again, and mine had been withdrawn from the ground on which they fought. These two positions are taken from my official map, but not the intermediate positions shown on that map. On the copy of the Thom map published with General Grant's article in the February number of *THE CENTURY* (1885), it is stated that "the positions of the troops were indicated in accordance with information furnished at the time by Generals Grant, Buell, and Sherman." It would be presumed that Grant and Sherman, the latter especially, in consequence of his intimate relations with Halleck's headquarters, were consulted about the location of the troops; and it is not to be doubted that their information was the guide. If any information of mine was adopted, it was only through the map that accompanied my report, and with reference to the position of my own troops.

Nineteen years after the battle General



ABOVE THE LANDING—THE STORE, AND A PART OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

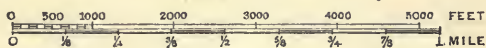
Sherman revised the official map, and deposited his version with the archives of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee for historical use. Ostensibly it accepts the topography of the Thom map, but modifies the positions of the troops in the most radical manner. On the Thom map the line of battle Sunday evening is represented as being along the right-hand road leading west from the Landing, with the reserve artillery and Nelson's and Crittenden's divisions on the left, and Hurlbut, McClernand, and Sherman in the order mentioned, toward the right. The modification of this position of the troops by the Sherman edition, may be described as follows: Looking west over the map, we see a line on the east bank of the river marked "Buell." No part of my army is represented on the west bank. On the west side of the river, four hundred yards back from the Landing and parallel with the river, is a line one hundred yards long marked "Grant." Extending back from the river along Dill's Branch, is a line half a mile long marked "Detachments." This might mean the Reserve Artillery. From the outer extremity of the "Detachments" is a line two-thirds of a mile long running west, but swelling in the center well to the south, with its right resting on Tillman's Creek, and marked "Hurlbut." On the right of Hurlbut extending in the same west course, and entirely on the west side of Tillman's Creek, is a double line one-eighth of a mile long marked "McClernand." Then commencing one hundred yards north-west of McClernand's right and extending due north,

along the edge of the field in front of the camp of McClernand's First Brigade, is a line two-thirds of a mile long marked "Sherman." On the right of this line are three houses covered in front by a sort of demi-lune and wing, between which and the main Sherman line is a bastion-like arrangement. The demi-lune figure General Sherman designates as a "strong flank," and says it was occupied by Birge's Sharpshooters. Off to the right is seen Lew. Wallace's division crossing Snake Creek bridge, and marching toward the demi-lune by a road which had no existence in fact or on the original Thom map. At the angle between Sherman and McClernand is a ravine which extends into the camp of McClernand's division, and along the sides of this ravine from the right and left respectively of McClernand and Sherman are two dotted lines terminating in a point at the head of the ravine. In his speech submitting his map to the society, General Sherman explains how that horn-like projection was formed, with other particulars, as follows:

"In the very crisis of the battle of April 6, about four o'clock p. m., when my division occupied the line from Snake Creek bridge to the forks of the Corinth and Purdy road, there occurred an incident I have never seen recorded. Birge's Sharpshooters, or 'Squirrel Tails,' occupied the stables, granaries and house near the bridge as a strong flank. My division occupied a double line from it along what had once been a lane with its fences thrown down, and the blackberry and sassafras bushes still marking the border of an open cotton-field in front, and the left was in a ravine near which Major Ezra Taylor had assembled some ten or twelve guns. This ravine was densely wooded and extended to the front near two hundred



# SCALE



## EXPLANATIONS:

- Army of the Ohio.
- Army of the Tenn.
- Confederate Lines.
- Regimental Camps at the date of the battle.
- Headquarters.

## REFERENCES:

- A. McCook, 2d Division,
- B. Nelson, 4th Division,
- C. Crittenden, 5th Division,
- D. Wood, 6th Division,
- E. Terrill's Battery,
- F. Mendenhall's Battery,
- G. Bartlett's Battery,
- H. McClelland, 1st Division,
- I. W. H. L. Wallace, 2d Div.
- K. Lew Wallace, 3d Division,
- L. Hurlbut, 4th Division,
- M. Sherman, 5th Division,
- N. Prentiss, 6th Division,
- O. McArthur.
- P. Oglesby.
- Q. Birge's Sharpshooters (14 th Mo.)
- R. 13th Missouri.
- S. 43d Illinois.
- T. McDowell.
- U. Stuart.
- V. Thompson's & Thurber's Batteries.
- W. McAllister's Battery.

Brigades: a, 1st; b, 2d; c, 3d; d, 4th.

Numbers indicate hours of the day, or periods of the battle, as follows:

1. Attack at the Landing, evening of the 6th.
2. Night of the 6th, and morning of the 7th, before the advance. At that period the Confederates, for the most part, occupied the various captured camps.
3. Between 6 and 8 A. M. on the 7th.
4. " 9 " 10 " " "
5. " 11 " 12 " " "
6. Between 12 and 1 P. M. " "
7. " 2 " 3 " " "
8. " 4 " 5 " " "

At the period indicated by "8," the Confederates had withdrawn from the field, and Gen. Grant's troops had retired, to their respective camps.

9. Night of the 7th.

When a corps is missing in the consecutive series, it means that in the interval its action was unrecorded and its position not defined.





# MAP OF THE FIELD OF SHILOH.

Near Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn., showing the positions of the U. S. forces under the command of Maj.-Gen'l U. S. Grant, U. S. Vol., and Maj.-Gen'l D. C. Buell, U. S. Vol., on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862. Surveyed under the direction of Col. Geo. Thom, Chief of Top'l Eng'rs, Dept. of the Mississippi.

REVISED AND AMENDED BY GEN. D. C. BUELL.

*Note.*—The topography is substantially that of the original Thom, or "Official Map," with some proper corrections taken from a survey made under the direction of Capt. A. T. Andreas, an officer in the battle, and now President of the Western Art Association; and from the official map of the Army of the Ohio, made by Capt. Michler, Topographical Engineers.

The camps are located partly in accordance with a camp map made prior to the battle, and obtained from Gen. W. T. Sherman; partly from information, original or confirmatory, obligingly furnished by Capt. Andreas, and from other authority. All camps referred to in the official reports have been carefully identified.

The positions, A, B, and C, numbers, 3 and 9, agree with the positions of McCook, Nelson, and Crittenden for "the morning," and "evening of the 7th" on the Thom map, and also on the Michler map.

The positions of Terrill's, Mendenhall's and Bartlett's batteries also correspond with those maps.

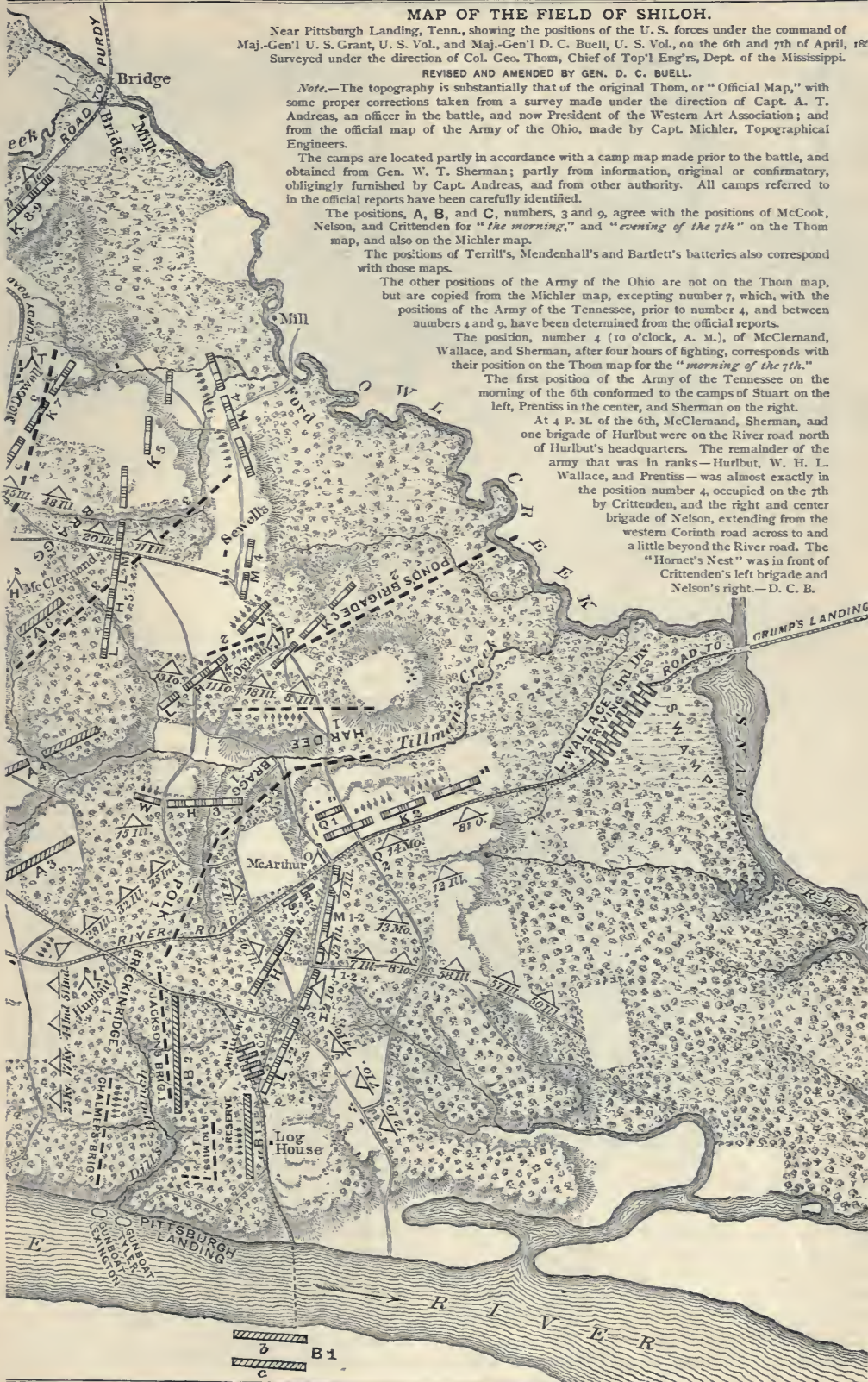
The other positions of the Army of the Ohio are not on the Thom map, but are copied from the Michler map, excepting number 7, which, with the positions of the Army of the Tennessee, prior to number 4, and between numbers 4 and 9, have been determined from the official reports.

The position, number 4 (10 o'clock, A. M.), of McClernand, Wallace, and Sherman, after four hours of fighting, corresponds with their position on the Thom map for the "morning of the 7th."

The first position of the Army of the Tennessee on the morning of the 6th conformed to the camps of Stuart on the left, Prentiss in the center, and Sherman on the right.

At 4 P. M. of the 6th, McClernand, Sherman, and one brigade of Hurlbut were on the River road north of Hurlbut's headquarters. The remainder of the army that was in ranks—Hurlbut, W. H. L.

Wallace, and Prentiss—was almost exactly in the position number 4, occupied on the 7th by Crittenden, and the right and center brigade of Nelson, extending from the western Corinth road across to and a little beyond the River road. The "Hornet's Nest" was in front of Crittenden's left brigade and Nelson's right.—D. C. B.







THE SIEGE BATTERY, ABOVE THE LANDING, THAT WAS A PART OF THE "LAST LINE" IN THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE.)

yards, and I feared it might be occupied by the enemy, who from behind the trees could drive the gunners from their posts. I ordered the colonel of one of my regiments to occupy that ravine to anticipate the enemy, but he did not quickly catch my meaning or comprehend the tactics by which he could fulfill my purpose. I remember well that Colonel Thomas W. Sweeny, a one-armed officer who had lost an arm in the Mexican War and did not belong to my command, stood near by and quickly spoke up: 'I understand perfectly what you want; let me do it.' 'Certainly,' said I, 'Sweeny, go at once and occupy that ravine, converting it into a regular bastion.' He did it, and I attach more importance to that event than to any of the hundred achievements which I have since heard 'saved the day,' for we held that line and ravine all night, and the next morning advanced from them to certain victory."

And yet it will be seen that this new line, prepared with such elaboration of detail and introduced with such richness of anecdotal embellishment, was a thorough delusion; that Birge's Sharpshooters were not there, and that General Sherman was in a different place! Setting aside historical accuracy, however, the advantage of the revised arrangement is obvious. It extended General Grant's territory a half mile to the south, fully as much to the west, taking in Tillman's Hollow, one-third of McClernand's captured camp, and a large part of the Confederate army, giving a battle front of two miles and a half instead of one mile, and requiring no greater power of imagination to man it than to devise it. In presenting his map to the society, General Sherman said: "The map as thus modified tells the story of the battle!"

There can be no doubt that General Sher-

man's position will carry unhesitating credence to his naked assertion in the minds of a considerable number of persons; while the more cautious but still unsearching readers will say, that until the accuracy of the official map is disproved, it must be accepted as the standard representation of the battle. It is proper, therefore, to cite the proof which rejects both, and establishes a materially different version. The investigation may be confined, for the present, to the location of the Federal line of battle on Sunday evening. The other errors in the maps will be developed incidentally as the general subject progresses. Moreover, the inquiry will be directed specifically to the Sherman map, as that includes the faults of the Thom map as well as its own peculiar errors.

It is unnecessary to remark upon the exclusion of Nelson's leading brigade from the west bank of the river on the Sherman map. Its presence there at the time in question is as notorious as the battle itself. The distance from the Landing to Dill's Branch is six hundred yards. Sherman places his "Detachments," *i. e.*, the "Reserve Artillery," exactly on the line of that branch, whereas, they were five hundred yards north of it. During the engagement the Confederates passed the ravine and reached the crest of the hill on the north side. After the engagement Nelson's division occupied the ravine, and his pickets held ground beyond it during the night. None of Grant's troops were ever in that position.

In adducing evidence from the official reports to determine the further position of the



Union line, the extracts will be somewhat extended when the context is pertinent, in order to show at the same time the number and condition of the troops occupying it. The reader will be spared the impression of some irrelevancy if he will keep these additional objects in mind.

Of the position of General Hurlbut's division, the next on the right of the "Detachments," that officer says in his official report :

"On reaching the twenty-four-pounder siege-guns in battery near the river, I again succeeded in forming line of battle *in rear of the guns.*"

That brought his division on the line of the right-hand road leading back from the river, but not entirely to the right of the artillery where the Thom map places it. He adds :

"I passed to the right and found myself in communication with General Sherman, and received his instructions. In a short time the enemy appeared on the crest of the ridge, led by the Eighteenth Louisiana," etc. . . . "General Sherman's artillery also was rapidly engaged, and after an artillery contest of some duration, the enemy fell back." . . . "About dark the firing ceased. I advanced my division one hundred yards to the front, threw out pickets, and officers and men bivouacked in a heavy storm of rain. About twelve p. m. General Nelson's leading columns passed through my line and went to the front, and I called in my advance guard."

The next division in the regular order is McClernand's, though the reader will not have failed to observe the presence of General Sherman, with at least a portion of his command, in communication with Hurlbut's right. General Sherman, it will be remembered, locates this division (McClernand's) on the west side of Tillman's Creek. We trace its retrogression step by step, from its permanent camp, across Tillman's Hollow, at the close of the day, by the following extracts from General McClernand's report :

"Continuing this sanguinary conflict until several regiments of my division had exhausted their ammunition, and its right flank had been borne back, and it was in danger of being turned, the remainder of my command . . . also fell back to the camp of the First Brigade. Here the portion that had first fallen back re-formed parallel with the camp, and fronting the approach of the enemy from the west, while the other portion formed at right angles with it, still fronting the approach of the enemy from the south. . . . It was two o'clock when my fifth line had been thus formed. . . . Deterred from direct advance, he (the enemy) moved a considerable force by the right flank, with the evident intention of turning my left. To defeat this purpose, *I ordered my command to fall back in the direction of the Landing, across a deep hollow and to re-form on the east side of another field, in the skirts of a wood. This was my sixth line.* Here we rested a half hour, continuing to supply our men with ammunition;

until the enemy's cavalry were seen rapidly crossing the field to the charge. Waiting until they approached within some thirty paces of our line, I ordered a fire, which was delivered with great coolness and destructive effect. First halting, then wavering, they turned and fled in confusion, leaving behind a number of riders and horses dead on the field. The Twenty-ninth Illinois Infantry, inspired by the courageous example of their commanding officer, Lt.-Colonel Ferrell, bore the chief part in this engagement. . . . In the mean time, under cover of this demonstration strengthened by large additions from other portions of the field yielded by our forces, the enemy continued his endeavors to turn the flanks of my line, and to cut me off from the landing. To prevent this I ordered my left wing to fall back a short distance and form an obtuse angle with the center, opposing a double front to the enemy's approach. Thus disposed, my left held the enemy in check, *while my whole line slowly fell back to my seventh position. Here I re-formed the worn and famishing remnant of my division, on favorable ground along a north and south road, supported on my right by fragments of General Sherman's division, and on my left by the [Fourteenth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Indiana] under command of Colonel Veatch, acting brigadier-general.*"

The identity of this seventh position of General McClernand is determined by the following extracts. Colonel Marsh, commanding McClernand's Second Brigade, says :

"At this time, my command having been reduced to a merely nominal one, I received orders to fall a short distance to the rear and form a new line, detaining all



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM R. TERRILL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Terrill, who, as Captain, was Chief of Artillery of McCook's Division at Shiloh, was killed at the battle of Perryville, October 8th, 1862.—EDITOR.

stragglers, portions of commands, and commands which should attempt to pass. In obedience to this, though with some difficulty as regarded portions of some commands, whose officers seemed little inclined to halt short of the river, . . . I had gathered quite a force, and formed a line near the camp of the Second Division, concealing my men in the timber facing an open field. I here requested Colonel Davis, of the Forty-sixth





VICINITY OF THE "HORNETS' NEST."  
(FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS.)

The stump in the field on the right is said to mark the spot where General Albert Sidney Johnston was killed. The point of woods beyond the field is supposed to be the place which the Confederates called the "Hornets' Nest." The "peach orchard" was a little to the left of the field in the middle ground, and behind the house which is across the road from the field in which General Johnston was killed. — EDITOR.

*near General McArthur's headquarters. We here took up quarters for the night, bivouacking without fires within four hundred yards of our regimental camp."*

*Illinois, to take position on my right. He promptly and cheerfully responded . . . In a short time General McClelland, with portions of the First and Third Brigades of his own division, and two regiments of Ohio troops, came up and formed on the left of the line I had already established."*

Colonel Davis, of the Forty-sixth Ill., says:

*"It being now one o'clock, my ammunition exhausted, the men tired and hungry, and myself exhausted, having lost my horse in the first engagement, and compelled to go on foot the balance of the time, and finding myself within one-half mile of my regimental encampment, I marched my men to it and got dinner for them. Calling my men into line immediately after dinner, I formed them upon the right of the brigade commanded by Colonel C. C. Marsh, at his request, in front and to the left of my camp, where we again met the enemy on Sunday evening."*

Colonel Engelmann, of the Forty-third Illinois, whose report in many respects is a remarkably clear and interesting one, says:

*"We now fell back by degrees (from McClelland's sixth position), and a new line being formed, we found ourselves posted between the Forty-sixth Illinois and the Thirteenth Missouri, our position being midway between the encampments of the Forty-sixth and Ninth Illinois."*

Colonel Wright, Thirteenth Mo., of McArthur's brigade, Second Division, but attached during the battle to Sherman's division, says:

*"After advancing and falling back several times, the regiment was forced to retire, with all the others there, to the road which crosses the Purdy road at right angles*

The "Purdy road" here mentioned is the continuation of the right-hand road leading from the Landing. The camp of the Ninth Illinois was in the north-east angle of the intersection of that road with the River road, and General McArthur's headquarters were in the south-west angle of the same intersection. The camp of the Forty-sixth Illinois was located in the south-east angle of the intersection of the River road and a middle road leading west from the Landing, about five hundred yards from McArthur's headquarters. These reports plainly identify General McClelland's seventh position, of which General Sherman formed part, with the River road between McArthur's and Hurlbut's headquarters. It is a full half-mile in rear of the position given to Sherman's division on the Thom map, and of the position which General Sherman assigns to himself on his edition, with the deep hollow of Tillman's Creek intervening.

The struggle which drove General McClelland from his seventh position is described by that officer as follows:

*"The enemy renewed the contest by trying to shell us from our position. . . . Advancing in heavy columns led by the Louisiana Zouaves to break our center, we awaited his approach within sure range, and opened a terrific fire upon him. The head of the*



column was instantly mowed down; the remainder of it swayed to and fro for a few seconds, and turned and fled. This second success of the last two engagements terminated a conflict of ten and a half hours' duration, from 6 o'clock a. m. to 4:30 o'clock p. m. and probably saved our army, transports and all, from capture. Strange, however, at the very moment of the flight of the enemy, the right of our line gave way, and immediately after, notwithstanding the indignant and heroic resistance of Colonel Veatch, the left, comprising the [Fourteenth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Indiana] was irresistibly swept back by the tide of fugitive soldiers and trains seeking vain security at the Landing. . . . *Left unsupported and alone, the Twentieth and Seventeenth Illinois, together with other portions of my division not borne back by the retreating multitude, retired in good order under the immediate command of Colonel Marsh and Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, and re-formed under my direction, the right resting near the former line, and the left at an acute angle with it. A more extended line, comprising portions of regiments, brigades, and divisions, was soon formed on this nucleus by the efforts of General Sherman, myself, and other officers. Here, in the eighth position occupied by my division during the day, we rested in line of battle upon our arms, uncovered and exposed to a drenching rain during the night.*"

This last position would locate McClernand, excepting his First Brigade, perhaps three hundred yards south of, and obliquely with reference to the right-hand road leading from the Landing, facing a little to the west. His First Brigade is traced to within half a mile of the river, where it was rallied by its commander "in front of the camp-ground of the Fourteenth Iowa," on the road to the Landing. It did not join the division again until after the battle, but acted in connection with my troops. Colonel Veatch, who was on McClernand's left with the Fourteenth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Indiana in the seventh position, fell back in rear of the reserve artillery, and became reunited there with Hurlbut's division to which he belonged. The space along the road in rear of McClernand was filled in with various fragments which constituted Sherman's command, including at last Buckland's two regiments. General Sherman describes Colonel Sweeny as being with him. No doubt some of Sweeny's men also were there. It was the camp-ground of his brigade — the camp of his own regiment, the Fifty-second Illinois, being immediately on the road. Two of his regiments were captured with Prentiss, and the remainder had been driven back from W. H. L. Wallace's right and virtually broken up. One of his regiments, the Fiftieth Illinois, was sent in the morning to support Colonel Stuart on the extreme left, and shared the fate of the sufferers in that quarter. The space along the road between Sherman and Hurlbut was occupied by the remnant of Colonel Tuttle's brigade and a portion of McClernand's First Brigade which united itself to Tuttle. It was Tuttle's camp-ground. Two of his regiments had been captured with Prentiss.

From the reports of the Thirteenth Missouri

and Forty-third Illinois it is inferred that those two regiments did not move from their position on the River road in the last falling back. But that, if certain, is not important. They were at any rate substantially on the general line above indicated. The same, in a careless reading, might be presumed of the Forty-sixth Illinois, which was immediately on the left of the Forty-third. The report of that regiment says: "The regiments both *on my right and left fell back*, but my line did not *waver under the fire of the enemy*." But it evidently fell back at last, for the report continues: "After breakfast on Monday morning, still retaining my position on the right of Colonel Marsh's brigade, I moved with him until *I reached and went beyond the ground of our last engagement of Sunday*, where our pickets were driven in," etc. It remains now to determine the question of the extreme right of the general line.

General Sherman says, and his statement on that point is sustained by the reports, that Birge's Sharpshooters were immediately on his right and constituted the extreme right of the line. The official report of that regiment shows that during the afternoon it occupied a "*position near Colonel McArthur's headquarters*" in an open field. Its camp was in its rear along the opposite or east side of the River road. This would fix General Sherman's right at the cross-roads near McArthur's headquarters. It is more than a mile from the Snake Creek bridge. Other evidence confirms these positions. The official reports of Lew. Wallace's division show that he marched along the River road from the bridge, and formed in line of battle, facing Tillman's Creek in front of the camp of Birge's Sharpshooters and the Eighty-first Ohio, the right of the division being in front of the latter, and the left in front of the former; and that it came in actual contact with the "Sharpshooters," who occupied their camp that night and received the new-comers with cheers. This is clearly and more circumstantially explained by General Force in his book entitled "From Fort Henry to Corinth," page 163. He was present and commanded the right regiment of Lew. Wallace's division on that occasion. The position thus assigned to Wallace must have taken his left well up to the cross-road at McArthur's headquarters, and covered the entire field toward the north; for the distance from the cross-road to the right of the camp of the Eighty-first Ohio was only half a mile.

It is particularly to be observed that in no report, either from Sherman's division or from Lew. Wallace's, is there any mention of actual contact or of any definite proximity of these two divisions on the evening of the sixth, or earlier than ten o'clock on the morning of the

seventh. The inference is, that at the time of Wallace's arrival and subsequently, no part of Sherman's division was on the River road, or anywhere along the heights of Tillman's Creek north of McArthur's headquarters. General Sherman, in his report, says: "General Wallace arrived from Crump's Landing shortly after dark, and formed his line to my right and rear." That relative position could only exist by assuming that Sherman's command was on the road leading to the landing east of McArthur's headquarters, and nearly at right angles with Wallace,—a supposition which is strengthened by the condition indicated in Sherman's revised map, that Birge's Sharpshooters were on his right—not entirely in his front, as they would have been if his front had been on the River road. It is also sustained by General Buckland's statement in the "Journal of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee" for 1881, p. 82: "About dark," he says, "General Wallace's division commenced arriving, and formed to the right of my brigade." Buckland states in his report and in the "Journal" that he lay "on the road." If he had been on the River road, Wallace would have come in contact with him, and when he formed in line would have been entirely in his front—not in rear or on his right. Buckland seems to know nothing about Birge's Sharpshooters. The probable explanation is that when he came along the road from the bridge they were on the west side of the road, in the field near McArthur's headquarters. After Lew. Wallace arrived and formed in front of them, they probably retired to their camp on the east side of the road. The explanation of Buckland's position is that, after the retreat across Tillman's Creek from the west side, he found himself, as he says, near Snake Creek bridge "late in the afternoon, after the repulse of the right of the line," entirely apart from the rest of the army, and that to reestablish his connection with it he started on the road to the Landing, where one of his regiments actually went and remained over night; and that he came upon the outer flank of the new line where General Sherman soon after found him, east of McArthur's headquarters, and thus placed himself where he is described by Sherman as being, between Birge's Sharpshooters and the rest of the line.

The Confederate reports mention a considerable appearance of force in a camp opposite their extreme left in the afternoon, evidently referring to McArthur's camp. The student of the reports will not be misled by this appearance. It was caused by the force that clustered with Sherman on McClernand's right near McArthur's headquarters; by the

Ninth Illinois, Eighty-first Ohio, and Birge's Sharpshooters, all belonging to McArthur's brigade; and by the movement of Buckland's regiments from the bridge as already explained. The Sharpshooters and the Eighty-first Ohio had been posted at the bridge, and returned to their camps probably at the time of the retreat from the west side of Tillman's Creek. The Ninth Illinois had during the morning been engaged on the extreme left under its brigade commander. It had lost two hundred and fifty men out of five hundred and fifty, and was ordered to its camp "to replenish cartridge-boxes, clean guns, and be ready for action." While there at three o'clock it was ordered "to support the right wing of General Sherman's division," as the report expresses it, and in the subsequent engagements retired to within half a mile of the Landing. Birge's Sharpshooters retained their position at or in front of their camp. The movements of the Eighty-first Ohio are not very clearly defined, but in the advance next morning, it is found on McClernand's left. The "ten or twelve guns" mentioned by General Sherman in his map-presentation speech as being near a ravine on his left, Sunday afternoon, were Taylor's battery, as it was called, though commanded by Captain Barrett, and Bouton's battery. The former had retired for ammunition from McClernand's camp, probably to near McArthur's headquarters, but afterwards evidently went near the river, where it received "one lieutenant and twenty-four men with three horses" from Fitch's battery. Bouton's battery was taken into action in the field in front of McClernand's right about four o'clock, and was forced to retire, its support helping to draw off its guns. Both the battery and the support went back toward the river, for in the advance next morning the support is found on McClernand's left, and the battery was brought into service with McCook in the afternoon. Sherman had no artillery with him on Monday until about ten o'clock. Major Taylor then brought up three pieces of an Illinois battery under Lieutenant Wood, not belonging to Sherman's command. The final retreat from McClernand's seventh position, Sunday evening, undoubtedly carried with it all of the fragments connected with Sherman near McArthur's headquarters, along the road toward the river, where I found him about dark, excepting Birge's Sharpshooters, the Thirteenth Missouri, and the Forty-third Illinois. The latter belonged to McClernand's Third Brigade, but remained with the Thirteenth Missouri Sunday night. After crossing Tillman's Creek next morning, both were brought into line on McClernand's left, and



did not form with Sherman, though the Thirteenth Missouri subsequently joined him.

My own observation as to the position and extent of General Grant's line accords substantially with the evidence of the reports. In the dusk of the evening after the close of the engagement on Sunday, I walked out with my chief-of-staff, following the road and the line of the troops. My object was to gain information by which to determine the formation of my divisions, and I not only observed all that I could see at such an hour, but I made inquiry as I passed along. I came to Hurlbut's left five hundred yards from the river; I passed to the front and came to troops that answered as McClelland's, and which I supposed at the time to constitute his division, but which were probably his First Brigade only; I passed to the front of these troops, and when I turned in toward the road again, I came upon Sherman's line, as it happened, not far from where he was, and I was conducted to him. It was then growing dark. I judge the distance to have been about three-quarters of a mile from the river—less than half a mile from Hurlbut's left, and I think now that it was near the camp of Colonel Sweeny's regiment, the Fifty-second Illinois, that I found General Sherman.

The impression made upon my mind by that interview has remained as vivid as the circumstances were peculiar. I had no thought of seeing General Sherman when I set out, but on every score I was glad to meet him, and I was there to gain information. By what precise words I sought and he gave it, I did not pretend at this day to repeat. It is sufficient for the present to say that I learned the nature of the ground in front; that his right flank was some three hundred yards from us; and that the bridge by which Lew. Wallace was to cross Snake Creek was to his right and rear at an angle, as he pointed, of about forty degrees. I do not know whether I asked the question, but I know now that it was a mile and a quarter from his flank, and that he did not cover it in any practical sense, though in advancing Wallace would approach by his right and rear. I also see now that I was mistaken in supposing that these several commands retained a regular organization and had distinct limits; whereas they were in fact much intermixed.

Of course we talked of other incidental matters. In all his career he has, I venture to say, never appeared to better advantage. There was the frank, brave soldier, rather subdued, realizing the critical situation in which causes of some sort, perchance his own fault chiefly, had placed him, but ready, without affectation or bravado, to do any-

thing that duty required of him. He asked me what the plans were for the morrow. I answered that I was going to attack the enemy at daylight, and he expressed gratification at my reply, though apparently not because of any unmixed confidence in the result. I had had no consultation with General Grant, and knew nothing of his purpose. I presumed that we would be in accord, but I had been only a few hours within the limits of his authority, and I did not look upon him as my commander, though I would zealously have obeyed his orders. General Sherman allowed me to take with me the map of which a fac-simile accompanies this article. I never imagined that in the future it would have the interest which now attaches to it, and after the battle it was laid aside and forgotten.

Within two years after that meeting, quite contrary opinions developed themselves between General Sherman and myself concerning the battle of Shiloh, and his Memoirs give a different account of the interview above described. He says that he handed the map to my engineer-officer, Captain Michler, who, in fact, was not present, and complains that it was never returned to him. He says that I grumbled about the stragglers, and that he feared I would not bring my army across the river. One would suppose that his fears would have been allayed by the fact that at that very moment my troops were arriving and covering his front as fast as legs and steamboats could carry them.

In the execution of the retreat described in the reports of McClelland and Sherman, from the west to the east side of Tillman's Creek, there was a quite thorough disintegration of divisions and brigades, lacking nothing but the pressure of a vigorous pursuit to convert it into a complete rout. In its seventh position, McClelland's division recovered some force, and preserved a recognized organization; but not so with Sherman's. Indeed, in that division the disorganization occurred, as has already been stated, at an earlier period. In Hildebrand's brigade it was almost coincident with the enemy's first assault. With McDowell's it commenced with the unsuccessful attempt to form line of battle along the Purdy road, and was complete very soon after one o'clock; and these two brigades never recovered their aggregation again until after the battle. With Buckland's brigade also it occurred at the miscarriage at the Purdy road about ten o'clock, but it was not so thorough as in the other brigades—at least it was afterwards partially repaired during the first day, as his report explains. He says, after the retreat from his camp about ten o'clock, "We formed line on

the Purdy road, but the fleeing mass from the left broke through our lines, and many of our men caught the infection and fled with the crowd. Colonel Cockerill became separated from Colonel Sullivan and myself, and was afterward engaged with part of his command at McClernand's camp. Colonel Sullivan and myself kept together, and made every effort to rally our men, but with very poor success. They had become scattered in all directions. We were borne considerably to the left, but finally succeeded in forming a line, and had a short engagement with the enemy, who made his appearance soon after our line was formed. The enemy fell back, and we proceeded to the road where you (General Sherman) found us. At this point I was joined by Colonel Cockerill, and we there formed line of battle and slept on our arms Sunday night. Colonel Sullivan being out of ammunition, marched to the landing for a supply, and while there was ordered to support a battery at that point."

It is only after a close examination of the records that we can understand the full significance of the following passage in General Sherman's report:

"In this position we rested for the night. My command had become decidedly of a mixed character. Buckland's brigade was the only one with me that retained its organization. Colonel Hildebrand was personally there, but his brigade was not. Colonel McDowell had been severely injured by a fall from his horse, and had gone to the river, and the three regiments of his brigade were not in line. The Thirteenth Missouri, Colonel Crafts J. Wright, had reported to me on the field, and fought well, retaining its regimental organization, and it formed part of my line during Sunday night and all of Monday; other fragments of regiments and companies had also fallen into my division, and acted with it during the remainder of the battle."

It thus appears that from about one o'clock until the time when General Sherman found Colonel Buckland with two regiments on the road from the bridge to the Landing, not a single regiment of his division excepting Cockerill's, and not one prominent individual representative of it excepting that officer and Colonel Hildebrand, was present with him. The only body of troops besides Cockerill's regiment having any recognized organization was the Thirteenth Missouri, which belonged to another division. All the rest were squads or individual stragglers. In all the official reports, not a regiment or part of a regiment is described as being with him at this juncture or for several hours before. Of the nine regiments that composed the three brigades under his immediate command at the church, only five rendered reports, and three of these were from Buckland's brigade. The division did not exist except in the person of its com-

mander. Such is the story of the official reports. The number of men present could not have been large. Less than one thousand, including Buckland's two regiments after they were found, would have told the number that lay on their arms in Sherman's ranks on Sunday night.

This explains the close relation of McClernand and Sherman during the last five hours of Sunday, and the identity of their experiences. General Sherman has nothing to report of his own command distinctively. Everything is conjunctive and general as between McClernand and himself. "*We held this position, General McClernand and myself acting in perfect concert.*" "*General McClernand and I, on consultation, selected a new line.*" "*We fell back as well as we could.*" "The enemy's cavalry charged *us*, and was handsomely repulsed." General McClernand's account of this incident has been quoted on a preceding page. When Colonel Hildebrand lost his brigade, it is not with General Sherman that he is identified, but with McClernand, on whose staff he served part of the day. Hildebrand seems to have been active, but not under the direction of his division commander. "About three o'clock," he says, "I assumed command of a regiment already formed of fragmentary regiments. I marched in a northwestern direction, where I aided a regiment of sharpshooters in defeating the enemy in an attempt to flank our rear." This movement was evidently made from McClernand's and Sherman's seventh position, and the troops assisted were Birge's Sharpshooters. General Sherman makes no mention of this significant if not important occurrence. His right flank was threatened, and the regiment of Sharpshooters posted in the field near McArthur's headquarters met and, in conjunction with Hildebrand's temporary regiment, repelled the danger.

We have in the official reports a good clue to the condition of McClernand's division also. It was in a far better state. It was shattered and worn, but it was represented by at least some recognized following of regiments and brigades. One of the brigades had five hundred men, and another, the commander reports, was "merely nominal," not long before McClernand took up his seventh position. In the last collision, one of the brigades became entirely separated from the division, and did not return to it until after the battle. Fifteen hundred, exclusive of that brigade, would cover the number of men that rested that night under McClernand's colors.

Hurlbut's division was in a somewhat better condition than either of the others. Its loss in killed and wounded was greater than



McClelland's, but it had not like the latter been affected in its organization by oft repeated shocks sustained in a cramped and embarrassing position, and his command had received some accessions from the driftings of other divisions. The estimate which he makes of his force is wholly fallacious. It could not have stood on the space which he occupied. There may have been two thousand men in his line on the night of the 6th. These three divisions, if they may be so called, and Tuttle's command, with Birge's Sharpshooters on the extreme right, and the reserve artillery on the left, which, according to General Grant's report, consisted of "four twenty-pounder Parrott guns and a battery of rifled guns," constituted the line of battle, which extended a mile from the river. Five thousand men occupied it. Other partially organized fragments were crowded together about the river and the camps on the plateau, and with proper effort could have been fitted for good service; but no steps to that end were taken. The defect in the command that opened the way for the disaster, facilitated its progress at every step—the want of a strong executive hand guided by a clear organizing head. Some of these fragmentary commands sought places for themselves in the advance next day. The remnant of the Second Division under Colonel Tuttle was one of these. Indeed it deserves a higher name. It presented itself to me on the field without orders, and rendered efficient service with my divisions. There may have been fifteen hundred or two thousand men of these unrecognized commands that went to the front on Monday without instructions. Seven thousand men at the utmost besides Lew. Wallace's five thousand, were ready Sunday night to take part in the struggle which was to be renewed in the morning. Of the original force seven thousand were killed or wounded, three thousand were prisoners, at least fifteen thousand were absent from the ranks and hopelessly disorganized, and about thirty pieces of artillery were in the hands of the enemy.

The physical condition of the army was an exact type of its moral condition. The ties of discipline, not yet of long enough duration or rigidly enough enforced to be very strong, were in much the largest part of the army thoroughly severed. An unbroken tide of disaster had obliterated the distance between grades, and brought all men to the standard of personal qualities. The feeble groups that still clung together, were held by force of individual character more than by discipline, and a disbelief in the ability of the army unaided to extricate itself from the peril that environed it, was, I do not hesitate to affirm, universal. In my opinion that feeling was

shared by the commander himself. A week after the battle the army had not recovered from its shattered and prostrated condition. On the 14th, three days after Halleck's arrival, he instructed Grant: "Divisions and brigades should, where necessary, be reorganized and put in position, and all stragglers returned to their companies and regiments. Your army is not now in condition to resist an attack." We are told that the enemy had stragglers too. Yes, every cause which demands effort and sacrifice will have them; but there is a difference between the straggling which is not restrained by the smile of fortune, and that which tries to elude the pursuit of fate—it is the difference between victory and defeat. The Confederates in their official reports make no concealment of their skeletons, but when the time for action arrived they were vital bodies, and, on Sunday, always in sufficient force to do the work at last.

General McClelland, it will have been observed, ascribes the breaking up of his seventh position to a panic among the troops, but the other reports show a different reason. Colonel Veatch on McClelland's left says:

"Our men were much encouraged by the strength of our position, and our fire was telling with terrible effect. Our forces were eager to advance and charge him (the enemy), when we were surprised by his driving back the whole left wing of our army, and advancing close to our rear near General Hurlbut's headquarters. A dense mass of baggage wagons and artillery crowded upon our ranks, while we were exposed to a heavy fire of the enemy both in front and rear."

General Hurlbut thus describes the crisis at that stage of the battle:

"I had hoped to make a stand on the line of my camp, but masses of the enemy were pressing rapidly on each flank, while their light artillery was closing rapidly in the rear. On reaching the 24-pounder siege-battery in battery near the river, I again succeeded in forming line of battle in rear of the guns."

We see here that there was a stern cause for the falling back. It was the tide of defeat and pursuit from the left wing of the army, and was compulsory in the strictest sense. How fortunate that it did not set in an hour earlier, and strike in flank the disorganized material of the right wing as it struggled across the ravines of Tillman's Creek! How more than fortunate that the onward current of the victor was obstructed still an hour longer by the unyielding tenacity of the remaining regiments of W. H. L. Wallace and Prentiss! From the self-assuring interview in which, according to one of General Sherman's reminiscences, it was "agreed that the enemy had expended the furor of his attack" at four o'clock, and General Grant told the "anecdote of his Donelson battle," that officer was aroused by the renewal of the din of the strife, and made his way to the river through



the disorganized throng of his retreating army. While those mutual felicitations were in progress, the enemy, a mile to the left, was disarming and marching six captured regiments to the rear. Thus disembarrassed, his *furor* revived, and manifested itself at last at the very Landing. What worse state of affairs than this could have existed when at noon General Grant wrote: "If you will get upon the field, leaving all your baggage on the east bank of the river, it will be a move to our advantage, and possibly save the day to us."

Under the circumstances here described, General Grant and General Sherman have said that reinforcements other than Lew. Wallace's division were in no wise necessary at the close of the first day, and that, without reference to them, General Grant would have assumed the offensive and defeated the Confederate army next morning. Those who study the subject attentively will find no ground to accept that declaration as regards either the purpose or the result. The former indeed presents an intangible question which it would seem to be useless to discuss. At the time it is alleged to have been entertained, the reinforcements were actually at hand, and their presence gives to the announcement the semblance of a vain boast, which could never have been put to the test of reality. That with the reinforcements from my army, General Grant confidently expected that the enemy would be defeated the following day, it is impossible to doubt; but it was not known Sunday night that the enemy had withdrawn from our immediate front, and the evidence establishes that General Grant had not determined upon or had not promulgated a plan of action in the morning. Not an order was given or a note of preparation sounded for the struggle which, with or without his assistance, was to begin at daybreak. To my certain knowledge, if words and actions were not wholly misleading, General Sherman when I saw him on the night of the 6th, did not consider that any instructions had been given for battle, and if he had such instructions he did not obey them. His report sustains the impression which I derived from our interview. "At daylight on Monday," he says, "I received General Grant's orders to advance and recapture our original camps." Then only it was that he dispatched several members of his staff to bring up all the men they could find. Is that the way in which General Sherman would have acquitted himself of the obligation of orders received the day before to engage in battle? I answer unhesitatingly, no! The reports of the other division commanders are to the same effect. General McClelland says: "Your (General

Grant's) order of the morning of the 7th for a forward movement," etc. The hour of the delivery of this order is indicated approximately by the following passage in the report of Colonel Marsh:

"At daylight on Monday morning the men in line were supplied with some provisions. While this was being done firing opened on our right, afterwards ascertained to come from a portion of General Lew Wallace's command. Directly afterwards, firing commenced to our left and front, both artillery and musketry, supposed by me to be a portion of General Buell's command, who, I had been informed during the night, had taken position on our left and considerably in advance. I now received orders from General McClelland to throw out skirmishers and follow with my whole command."

We must presume that General McClelland proceeded to the execution of General Grant's order as soon as it was received, which must then have been after the commencement of the battle in front of Nelson.

General Hurlbut says: "On Monday, about eight a. m., my division was formed in line close to the river bank, and I obtained a few crackers for my men. About nine a. m., I was ordered by General Grant to move up to the support of General McClelland." Colonel Tuttle, commanding the Second Division, acted without any orders. He says: "On Monday morning I collected all of the division that could be found, and such other detached regiments as volunteered to join me, and formed them in column by battalion closed in mass as a reserve for General Buell." The action of General Lew. Wallace was not the result of orders, but proceeded from his own motion on discovering the enemy in his front at daylight across Tillman's Hollow. While that action was in progress, General Grant came up and gave Wallace "the direction of his attack." Nelson had been in motion an hour, and was sharply engaged before any of these orders were given.

General Grant's official reports of the battle are in accord with the subordinate reports upon this question. In his first telegraphic announcement of the battle to General Halleck, he says:

"Yesterday the rebels attacked us here with an overwhelming force, driving our troops in from their advanced position to near the Landing. General Wallace was immediately ordered up from Crump's Landing, and in the evening, one division of General Buell's army and General Buell in person arrived. During the night one other division arrived, and still another to-day. *This morning, at the break of day, I ordered an attack, which resulted in a fight, which continued until late this afternoon, with severe loss on both sides, but a complete repulse of the enemy. I shall follow to-morrow far enough to see that no immediate renewal of an attack is contemplated.*"

In his more detailed report of April 9th he says:

"During the night (Sunday) all was quiet, and *feeling that a great moral advantage would be gained by becoming the attacking party, an advance was ordered*

as soon as day dawned. The result was a gradual repulse of the enemy at all parts of the line from morning until probably five o'clock in the afternoon, when it became evident that the enemy was retreating. Before the close of the action the advance of General T. J. Wood's division arrived in time to take part in the action. *My force was too much fatigued from two days' hard fighting and exposure in the open air to a drenching rain during the intervening night, to pursue immediately.* Night closed in cloudy and with heavy rain, making the roads impracticable for artillery by the next morning. General Sherman, however, followed the enemy, *finding that the main part of the army had retreated in good order."*

Several points worthy of note present themselves in these dispatches of General Grant. There is still, at the close of the second day, the impression of the enemy's overwhelming force, which the day before he "estimated at over one hundred thousand men." He felt on Monday, after the arrival of reinforcements to the number of twenty-five thousand fresh troops, that "a great moral advantage would be gained by becoming the attacking party." There was, then, a question in his mind, namely, to attack, or to await attack; it was necessary to consider all the advantages, moral and physical; he concluded to secure the former at least, and accordingly gave the order, not on Sunday but on Monday "at break of day," to attack. The severity of the contest on Monday is affirmed in both dispatches; it was of such a nature as to prevent an immediate pursuit, which at any rate he would only make the next morning after the battle, far enough to see that no immediate renewal of the attack was contemplated. The pursuit was made on that plan, and found "that the main part of the army had retreated in good order." If the fact were not duly authenticated, one would wonder whether these dispatches were actually written by an officer who, twenty-three years afterwards, said with boastful assurance over his own signature, "Victory was assured when Wallace arrived with his division of five thousand effective veterans, even if there had been no other support!"

With this tedious but necessary review of the results of the first day, I take up the story of the second.

THE engagement was brought on, Monday morning, not by General Grant's order, but by the advance of Nelson's division along the River road in line of battle, at the first dawn of day, followed by Crittenden's division in column. The enemy was encountered at 5:20 o'clock, and a little in advance of Hurlbut's camp Nelson was halted while Crittenden came into line on his right. By this time the head of McCook's division came up and was formed on the right of Crittenden. Before McCook's rear brigade was up the line moved forward, pushing back the enemy's light troops, until

Nelson and Crittenden reached the very position occupied by Hurlbut, Prentiss, and W. H. L. Wallace at four o'clock the previous day where the enemy was found in force. McCook was on the north side of the western Corinth road, and eventually swept across half of McClernand's camp and released his headquarters. "The Hornets' Nest" was in front of Crittenden's left brigade; and "the peach orchard" and the ground where Albert Sidney Johnston fell were in front of Nelson.

Without following the vicissitudes of the struggle in this part of the field, I enter with a little more detail, but still cursorily, upon the operations of Grant's troops, which have not been connectedly explained in any official report. The action here was commenced by Lew. Wallace, one of whose batteries at half-past five o'clock opened fire on the enemy, who was discovered on the high ground across Tillman's Hollow. There is some diversity of statement among the official reports as to the priority of artillery firing in front of Nelson and Wallace. Colonel Hovey, who was in immediate support of Wallace's battery, gives the priority to Nelson, while Colonel Marsh, who was half a mile farther to the left, gives it to Wallace. But this is unimportant. Nelson was in motion three-quarters of an hour before that time, and had been engaged with the enemy's light troops. The first artillery fire was from the enemy, Nelson at first having no artillery. Wallace's action was not yet aggressive, no orders having been given for his advance; but while the firing was in progress General Grant came up, and gave him his "direction of attack, which was formed at a right angle with the river, with which at the time his line ran almost parallel." The enemy's battery and its supports having been driven from the opposite height by the artillery of Wallace, the latter moved his line forward about seven o'clock, crossed the hollow, and gained the crest of the hill almost without opposition. "Here," he says, "as General Sherman's division, next on my left, had not made its appearance to support my advance, a halt was ordered for it to come up." Wallace was now on the edge of the large oblong field which was in front of the encampment of McClernand's right brigade.

The next of Grant's commands to advance was McClernand's. The orders to that effect have already been cited, and their execution is explained by Colonel Marsh, into whose brigade what was present of McClernand's division seems to have merged. He says:

"Moving steadily forward for half a mile, I discovered a movement of troops on the hill nearly a quarter of a mile in front. Dispatching scouts to ascertain who they were, they were met by a message from Colonel



Smith, commanding the left brigade of the Third Division (Wallace's), informing me that he would take position on the right and wait my coming up."

Sherman, it thus appears, was not yet in motion. Hurlbut moved out about nine o'clock, and formed one brigade on McClernand's left.

When Lew. Wallace advanced across Tillman's Hollow, followed next on the left by McClernand, the force opposed to him fell gradually back upon reinforcements beyond the field on the edge of which was the encampment of McClernand's First Brigade; the enemy's left then clinging a little to the bluffs of Owl Creek in that quarter, but yielding without a very stubborn resistance, chiefly because of McCook's vigorous pressure along the western Corinth road, until it fell into a general line running through the center of McClernand's camp, and nearly parallel with the Hamburg and Purdy road. This swinging back of the enemy's left, and the direction of the Owl Creek bluffs, naturally caused a change in the direction of Wallace's front, until about ten o'clock it faced south at right angles to its direction in the beginning. A sharp artillery contest and some infantry fighting had been going on all the time. It was at ten o'clock, according to Sherman's report, that McClernand formed line obliquely in rear of the camp of his First Brigade, to advance against the enemy's position. Here for the first time Sherman's division appears in the movement, from which its absence at an earlier period is mentioned by both McClernand and Wallace. The statement in General Sherman's report in regard to its movements, is as follows:

"At daylight I received General Grant's orders to advance and recapture our original camps. I dispatched several members of my staff to bring up all the men they could find, and especially the brigade of Colonel Stuart, which had been separated from the division all the day before; and at the appointed time the division, or, rather, what remained of it, with the Thirtieth Missouri and other fragments, marched forward and reoccupied the ground on the extreme right of General McClernand's camp, where we attracted the fire of a battery located near Colonel McDowell's former headquarters. Here I remained patiently waiting for the sound of General Buell's advance upon the main Corinth road. About ten a. m. the heavy firing in that direction and its steady approach satisfied me, and General Wallace being on our right flank with his well-conducted division, I led the head of my column to General McClernand's right, formed line of battle, facing south, with Buckland's brigade directly across the ridge, and Stuart's brigade on its right in the woods, and thus advanced slowly and steadily under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery."

The contest thus inaugurated in and around McClernand's camp involved the whole of Grant's available force and McCook's division of the Army of the Ohio, and continued with great violence from ten until four o'clock. The significant facts connected with it are, the narrowness of the space covered by the

interior divisions,—McClernand's, Hurlbut's, and Sherman's,—the lapping over them by McCook, so as to form, in fact, a connection with the division of Wallace on the extreme right, and the decisive part ascribed to McCook's division in that part of the field in the reports of McClernand, Wallace and Sherman. McClernand says:

"Here one of the severest conflicts ensued that occurred during the two days. We drove the enemy back . . . to the edge of a field . . . where reserves came to his support. Our position at this moment was most critical, and a repulse seemed inevitable; but fortunately the Louisville Legion, forming part of General Rousseau's brigade, came up at my request and succored me. Extending and strengthening my line, this gallant body poured into the enemy's ranks one of the most terrible fires I ever witnessed. Thus breaking his center, he fell back in disorder, and thenceforth he was beaten at all points."

General Wallace mentions particularly an important service rendered to the left of his division at a crisis in its operations, by one of McCook's regiments.

Colonel McGinnis, of the Eleventh Indiana, whose regiment was on Wallace's extreme left, describes this incident as follows:

"At 2:30 o'clock I discovered that the Federal forces on our left were falling back and the rebels advancing, and that they were nearly in rear of our left flank. I immediately notified you (the brigade commander) of their position, changed front with our left wing, opened our fire upon them, and sent to you for assistance. During this the most trying moment to us of the day, I received your order to fall back if it got too hot for us. . . . Fortunately and much to our relief, at this critical moment the Thirty-second Indiana, Colonel Willich, came up on our left, and with their assistance the advancing enemy was compelled to retire."

General Sherman says:

"We advanced until we reached the point where the Corinth road crosses the line of McClernand's camp, and here I saw for the first time the well-ordered and compact columns of General Buell's Kentucky forces, whose soldierly movements at once gave confidence to our newer and less-disciplined forces. Here I saw Willich's regiment advance upon a point of water-oaks and thicket behind which, I knew the enemy was in great strength, and enter it in beautiful style. Then arose the severest musketry fire I ever heard, which lasted some twenty minutes, when this splendid regiment had to fall back. This green point of timber is about five hundred yards east of Shiloh Meeting House, and it was evident that here was to be the struggle. The enemy could be seen forming his lines to the south. . . . This was about two o'clock p. m. . . . Willich's regiment had been repulsed, but a whole brigade of McCook's division advanced beautifully, deployed, and entered this dreaded woods. . . . Rousseau's brigade moved in splendid order steadily to the front, sweeping everything before it."

This occurred in front of Sherman, who was between McClernand and Wallace, for he says: "I ordered my Second Brigade . . . to form on its right, and my Fourth Brigade, Colonel Buckland, on its right, all to advance abreast with this Kentucky brigade." Of the action of McCook's division, General Sherman further says: "I concede that General McCook's



splendid division from Kentucky drove back the enemy along the Corinth road, which was the great central line of this battle."

The conclusion to be drawn from these several reports is that at this stage of the battle McCook's division reached across and practically connected the Army of the Ohio with Wallace's division, which formed the extreme right of Grant's force, and that its steady valor and effective service, not without the coöperation of McClelland's, Hurlbut's, and Sherman's commands, decided the issue of the conflict on that portion of the field. The result, however, was not brought about without the concurrence of decisive action, at other points.

While the battle was going on in McClelland's camp, it raged with great fury from an earlier hour in front of Nelson and Crittenden on the left, and vigorously but with less destructive effects in front of Wallace on the right. As soon as the enemy's right began to yield, the splendid batteries of Mendenhall and Terrill directed an enfilading fire upon the Confederate batteries playing fiercely upon McCook, and they were soon silenced. General Sherman ascribes that result to the action of two pieces of artillery to which he says he gave personal direction, but it is probable that he mistook the principal cause. A Confederate view of the contest in front of Nelson and Crittenden is seen in the report of Colonel Trabue, whose brigade at a certain stage of the battle (about one o'clock) was moved with Anderson's brigade to their right, in front of Crittenden. The report describes the conflict at this point as terrific, the ground being crossed and recrossed four times in the course of it. I refer to it, chiefly because in some accounts of the battle it has erroneously been identified with McCook's front, where Trabue's brigade was first engaged.

Without going further into details in which the official reports abound, it may be sufficient to add briefly, that at four o'clock the flag of the Union floated again upon the line from which it had been driven the previous day, and General Grant's troops at once resumed their camps.

What more need be said? Must I sketch the scenes with twenty thousand of the soldiers of the Army of the Ohio left out of their place in the combat, as it is described by General Grant and his own officers? Shall I not, indeed, already have wearied the reader with the citation of evidence to substantiate a view of the case which unbiased intelligence is forbidden to deny?

But if the Army of the Ohio had not arrived, and General Grant had remained on the defensive, what then? Some of those who

frankly acknowledge the reality of their discomfort on Sunday, like now to believe with natural pride and the difficulties that beset them then far in the past, that they would have been more successful the second day; and it has been argued that the withdrawal of the Confederates from their advanced positions on the night of the 6th threw doubt upon the final result. A newspaper interviewer has even said for General Grant that they were then preparing to retreat. The inconsistency of that observation is evident. A general who stops to fight a fresh army is not likely to have had it in contemplation to flee before one that he had already defeated on the same ground. The published reports show that the withdrawal on Sunday night did not proceed from any faltering of the Confederate commander. On the contrary, he believed the victory to have been substantially won, and that the fruit would certainly be gathered the following day. His confidence in that respect was shared in the fullest manner by his entire army, backed by a particularly able body of high officers. All demanded to be led against the last position: not one doubted the result. We can imagine the effort such an army would have put forth when animated by such a spirit.

With the usual apologies for defeat on Monday, they rated their strength at 20,000 men, but with the fruits of victory in view, it will be safe to say they would have brought at least 25,000 into action; and it has been claimed that 25,000, according to the Confederate method of computation, would have been equal to about 28,000 according to the Federal method. Their relative strength would have been materially increased by the large accession of captured cannon. They had also improved their condition by exchanging their inferior arms for better captured ones. Comparatively, the enemy was in a more efficient state than before the battle.

The Union ranks might have been swelled to 15,000—not more. That force could not on such ground have ventured to cover a line of more than a mile—its left at the river and its right near the ravines of Tillman's Creek. The high ground beyond the creek would have enfiladed it, and the ravines would have afforded a lodgment and shelter for the enemy. Dill's ravine on the left might also have proved an element of weakness, and though that flank could not be turned, the peculiar advantage of position that aided the Union troops on the left so much on Sunday would not have existed on Monday.—The field of action in front was a uniform wooded surface.

Nowhere in history is the profane idea that

in a fair field fight, Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions, more uniformly sustained than in our Civil War. It presents no example of the triumph of 15,000 or even 20,000 men against 25,000. It affords some such instances where the stronger force was surprised by rapid and unexpected movements, and still others where it was directed with a want of skill against chosen positions strengthened by the art of defense; but nowhere else. The weaker force is uniformly defeated or compelled to retire. In this case the missiles of the assailant would have found a target in the battle-line of the defense and in the transportation and masses of stragglers crowded together about the Landing. The height of the bluff would have rendered the gun-boats powerless—the example of Belmont could only have been partially repeated, if at all—the bulk of the defeated force must have laid down its arms. There are those who have met the question with the argument that General Grant's personal qualities were a guarantee for his triumph. That is a poor sort of logic, and there are thousands of patriotic citizens, not unfriendly to General Grant, who would draw back in alarm from the contemplation of any contingency that would have deprived the Union cause of its superior numbers at more than one period of his career.

IN the usual extravagant newspaper dispatches from the field of battle there was a statement of charges led by General Grant and his staff, which were assumed to have decided the fate of the day on Monday, or at least to have given a crowning touch to the victory. It would be a satire to reproduce that statement in its original form at this time. Its adoption, however, by various books and sketches, and especially the reference to such an incident by General Grant in his recent *CENTURY* article, makes it properly an object of inquiry. Such an act as leading a charge is a conspicuous incident rarely resorted to by the commander of an army. General Grant in some former newspaper interview is made to assume that General Sidney Johnston lost his life under such circumstances, from which he argues the failing fortune of the Confederate attack on Sunday. General Johnston's conduct in that affair is described in the Confederate reports. It was an outburst of impatient valor not caused by any crisis in the battle, though an attack at a certain point had been repulsed. He did not lose his life in the act, and the most substantial successes of the Confederates were achieved at a later hour. We likewise naturally look in the official reports for a circumstantial account of the charge said to have

been led by General Grant, for no colonel of a regiment is likely to overlook the honor of having been led in a charge by the commander of the army.

In the report of Colonel Veatch of Hurlbut's division there occurs the following passage: "Maj.-Gen. Grant now ordered me forward to charge the enemy. I formed my brigade in column of battalions, and moved forward in double-quick through our deserted camps and to the thick woods beyond our lines in pursuit of the retreating enemy, following until we were in advance of our other forces, and were ordered to fall back by General Buell." It is proper to remark that I witnessed this movement. I was in advance on the line toward which it was made, and understand its bearing. It does not answer the description of a charge led by General Grant, since he is not said to have been present in it.

In the report of General Rousseau occurs the following:

"When thus repulsed, the enemy fell back and his retreat began; soon after which I saw two regiments of government troops advancing in double-quick time across the open fields in our front, and saw that one of them was the First Ohio, which had been moved to our left to wait for ammunition. I galloped to the regiment and ordered it to halt, as I had not ordered the movement, but was informed that it was advancing by order of General Grant, whom I then saw in rear of the line with his staff. I ordered the regiment to advance with the other, which it did some two or three hundred yards farther, when it was halted, and a fire was opened upon it from one of our camps, then occupied by the enemy. The fire was instantly returned, and the enemy soon fled, after wounding eight men of the First Ohio."

There is in the official reports no other mention of such an occurrence. This must have been the charge referred to, though it does not satisfy the description, since it appears that General Grant was not taken into the enemy's fire; and there is nothing in it which fills the definition of a charge. The professional soldier at least understands that the term implies something more serious than a movement of troops upon the field of battle, even at a rapid pace, in the presence of an enemy. But putting out of the question all appropriate distinctions in the use of terms, there was nothing in the occasion or in these simple movements which promised any advantage, or entitled them to the slightest prominence. The enemy had retired from the last line, and was believed to be in retreat; but he had withdrawn in good order, and it is known that he halted a half-mile beyond, fully prepared to repel a careless pursuit. The topographical feature of larger fields and intervening woods made the left and left-center of the battle-field more difficult for attack than the ground about McCler-



nand's camp, as was illustrated by the battle of the previous day. The antagonists, except when in immediate contact, were kept at a greater distance apart, and were more screened from the observation of each other. The resistance, quelled for the moment, would be renewed unexpectedly by reinforcements or on a new line with increased vigor, and did not always allow the assailant to retain the advantage he had gained.

Nelson and Crittenden were working their way step by step over this difficult ground, when the cheers of victory commenced on the right where the enemy could be better observed. It was my misfortune to know nothing about the topography in front, and when at that moment the enemy on the left was found to be yielding readily to our advance, it was my mistake to suppose that the retirement was more precipitate and disordered than proved to be the case. On that supposition Nelson was ordered rapidly to the lower ford of Lick Creek, by which I supposed a part of the enemy had advanced and would retreat, and was thus out of position for the state of the case as it turned out. The last attack of Crittenden was made through thick woods, and his division had become a good deal scattered; but a brigade of Wood's division came up just then and was pushed forward on the eastern Corinth road. It soon came upon and engaged the enemy's skirmishers, and was attracting a flank fire from a battery a considerable distance off on the right. The orderly withdrawal of the enemy was now discovered, and indicated that a single brigade unsupported would be insufficient for a pursuit. Wood's brigade was therefore halted while its skirmishers occupied the enemy's cavalry, and orders were sent to McCook and Crittenden to form on the new line. Just at that moment a feeble column was seen to the right and rear of Wood's brigade, moving in a direction which would bring it into the flank fire of the enemy's artillery on the right. I therefore ordered it to be halted until other dispositions were made; but misapprehending the object of the order, or deeming perhaps that enough had been done for one day, it withdrew altogether, and like the rest of Grant's troops, retired to its camp. Following the same example, and most probably with General Grant's authority, McCook's division had started to the river. Before these misconceptions could be corrected, and my divisions got into position, night came on, and the time for a further forward movement passed for the day. Indeed, while my troops were being called up, I received from General Grant, who had retired to the Landing, the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS DIST. OF W. TENN., PITTSBURG, April 7, 1862. Major-General D. C. Buell, Gen.: When I left the field this evening, my intention was to occupy the most advanced position possible for the night, with the infantry engaged through the day, and follow up our success with cavalry and fresh troops expected to arrive during my last absence on the field. The great fatigue of our men—they having been engaged in two days' fight, and subject to a march yesterday and a fight to-day—would preclude the idea of making any advance to-night without the arrival of the expected reinforcements. My plan, therefore, will be to feel out in the morning, with all the troops on the outer lines, until our cavalry force can be organized (one regiment of your army will finish crossing soon), and a sufficient artillery and infantry support to follow them are ready for a move. Under the instructions which I have previously received, and a dispatch also of to-day from Major-General Halleck, it will not then do to advance beyond Pea Ridge, or some point which we can reach and return in a day. General Halleck will probably be here himself to-morrow. Instructions have been sent to the division commanders, not included in your command, to be ready in the morning either to find if an enemy was in front, or to advance. Very respectfully, Your obedient Servant, U. S. Grant, Major-General Commanding."

This letter implies the hypothesis expressed also in General Grant's dispatch of the same evening to General Halleck, that the enemy might still be in our front with the intention of renewing the attack. I make no comment on that point further than to contrast it with the later pretensions with which the battle has been reviewed by General Grant and his friends. The idea is again indicated in his orders to his division commanders on the eighth:

"I have instructed Taylor's cavalry to push out the road toward Corinth to ascertain if the enemy have retreated. . . . Should they be retreating, I want all the cavalry to follow them."

Something in the same vein, which I would by no means be understood as dwelling upon censoriously, is seen in a dispatch of the next day to Halleck

"I do not" [he says] "like to suggest, but it appears to me that it would be demoralizing upon our troops here to be forced to retire upon the opposite bank of the river, and unsafe to remain on this many weeks without large reinforcements."

The passage is chiefly noteworthy as showing that the fault of Shiloh was not in an excess of rashness or contempt for the adversary, and that the lesson of the occasion had not yet pointed out a means of security other than in reinforcements or retreat. The introduction of the evidence is not to be ascribed to any motive of disparagement. It is entirely pertinent to the subject under consideration.

General Grant has recently admitted that a pursuit ought to have been made, and vaguely intimates that somebody else than himself was responsible that it was not done. The reason given in his letter to me is, of course, insufficient. General McCook may have told him that his men were hungry and tired; but if the order had been issued, both McCook



and his troops would cheerfully have shown how much tired and hungry soldiers can do when an emergency demands it. If General Grant meant to imply that I was responsible that the pursuit was not made, I might perhaps answer that it is always to be expected that the chief officer in command will determine the course to be pursued at such a juncture, when he is immediately upon the ground; but I inwardly imposed upon myself the responsibility of employing the army under my command as though the whole duty of the occasion rested upon it. There was no doubt in my mind or hesitation in my conduct as to the propriety of continuing the action, at least as long as the enemy was in our presence, as I considered him still to be; and I make no attempt to excuse myself or blame others when I say that General Grant's troops, the lowest individual among them not more than the commander himself, appear to have thought that the object of the battle was sufficiently accomplished when they were reinstated in their camps; and that in some way that idea obstructed the reorganization of my line until a further advance that day became impracticable.

MUCH harsh criticism has been passed upon General Lew. Wallace for having failed to reach the field in time to participate in the battle on Sunday. The naked fact is apt to be judged severely, and the reports made a year afterward by General Grant's staff-officers—the report of Colonel Rawlins especially—are calculated to increase the unfavorable impression. But some qualification of that evidence must be made, on account of the anxiety produced in the minds of those officers by their peculiar connection with the exciting circumstances of the battle. The statement of Rawlins is particularly to be received with reservation. They found Wallace on a different road from the one by which they expected him, and assumed that he was wrongfully there. Rawlins pretends to give the words of a verbal order that would have taken him to a different place. Wallace denies that version of the order, and the circumstances do not sustain it. He was on the road to and not far from the upper ford of Owl Creek, which would have brought him on the right flank of the Federal line, as it was in the morning, and as he presumed it still to be. It would have been at least an honest if not a reasonable interpretation of the order that took him to a point where the responsibility and danger were liable to be greatly increased. The impression of Major Rowley, repeated more strongly by General Grant in his *CENTURY* article, that when found he was farther from the battle-field

than when he started, the map shows to have been incorrect. The statement of Rawlins that he did not make a mile and a half an hour, is also not correct of the whole day's march. He actually marched nearly fifteen miles in six hours and a half. That is not particularly rapid marching, but it does not indicate any loitering. At the same time it must be said that, under the circumstances, the manner in which the order was given to Wallace is liable to unqualified disapproval, both as it concerned the public interest and the good name of the officer.

To these qualifying facts it must be added that a presumption of honest endeavor is due to Wallace's character. He did good service at Donelson, and at Shiloh on the 7th, and on no other occasion have his zeal and courage been impugned. The verdict must perhaps remain that his action did not respond to the emergency as it turned out, but that might fall far short of a technical criminality, unless under a more austere standard of discipline than prevailed at that, or indeed at any other, period of the war. If he had moved energetically after McPherson and Rawlins arrived and informed him of the urgency of the occasion, no just censure could be cast upon his conduct. The reports of those officers imply that he did not do so, but McPherson, who was most likely to be correct, is least positive on that point. It would probably be easy in any of the armies to point to similar examples of a lack of ardent effort which led to grave disappointment without being challenged, and to many more that would have been attended with serious consequences if any emergency had arisen. It was a defect in the discipline which it was not possible at that time to remedy completely.

WHEN this article was urged upon me by the recent revival of the discussion, I was advised by friends in whose judgment I have great confidence, to write an *impersonal* account of the battle. The idea was perfectly in harmony with my disposition, but a moment's reflection showed me that it was impracticable. It would ignore the characteristics which have made the battle of Shiloh the most famous, and to both sides the most interesting of the war. The whole theme is full of personality. The battle might be called, almost properly, a personal one. It was ushered in by faults that were personal, and the resistance that prolonged it until succor came was personal. This does not pretend to be a history of it, but only a review of some of the prominent facts which determined its character and foreshadowed its result. Even

this fragmentary treatment of the subject would be incomplete without a revision of the roll of honor. The task is not difficult, for the evidence is not meager or doubtful. It says of McClelland, that, crippled at the start by the rudeness of the unexpected attack and the wreck of the division in his front, before he had time well to establish his line, he struggled gallantly and long with varying fortune to keep back the columns of the enemy; and though he failed in that, he was still able to present an organized nucleus which attracted the disrupted elements of other divisions: of Hurlbut, that he posted the two brigades under his immediate command, not in the strongest manner at first, but with judgment to afford prompt shelter to the defeated division of Prentiss, and maintained his front with some serious reverses to his left flank, for seven hours and until his left was turned, with a greater list of mortality than any other division sustained: of W. H. L. Wallace, that, never dislodged, he sacrificed his life in a heroic effort with Prentiss to maintain his front between the enemy and the Landing: of Prentiss, that with the rawest troops in the army his vigilance gave the earliest warning of the magnitude of the danger, and offered a resolute resistance to its approach; that, though overwhelmed and broken in advance, he rallied in effective force on the line of Hurlbut and Wallace, and firmly held his ground until completely surrounded and overpowered: and of Sherman, that he too strove bravely, but from an early hour with a feeble and ineffective force, to stay the tide of disaster for which his shortcoming in the position of an advanced guard was largely responsible; but it discloses no fact to justify the announcement of General Halleck that he "saved the fortune of the day on the 6th." On the contrary it shows, that of all the division com-

manders, not one was less entitled to that distinction. This will be a strange and may seem like a harsh utterance to many readers, but it is the verdict of the record. The similar indorsement of General Grant a year later that "he held the key-point to the Landing" is equally alien to the evidence, and still further without intelligent meaning. If the key-point was any other than the Landing itself, it was on the left where the attack was strongest and the resistance longest maintained.

Into the list of brave men in the inferior grades — captains and even lieutenants who for the moment led the wrecks of regiments and brigades, and field-officers who represented brigades and divisions, and who poured out their lives on the field or survived its carnage — I cannot here pretend to enter, though it is a most interesting chapter in the battle.

And of Grant himself — is nothing to be said? The record is silent and tradition adverse to any marked influence that he exerted upon the fortune of the day. The contemporaneous and subsequent newspaper accounts of personal adventure are alike destitute of authenticity and dignity. If he could have done anything in the beginning, he was not on the ground in time. The determining act in the drama was completed by ten o'clock. From Sherman's report and later reminiscences we learn that he was with that officer about that hour, and again, it would seem, at three and five o'clock, and he was with Prentiss between ten and eleven; but he is not seen anywhere else in front. We read of some indefinite or unimportant directions given without effect to straggling bodies of troops in rear. That is all. But he was one of the many there who would have resisted while resistance could avail. That is all that can be said, but it is an honorable record.

AIRDRIE, KY., June, 1885.

*D. C. Buell.*

## MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

### Controversies in regard to Shiloh.

#### A STAFF-OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF THE ATTACK AND WITHDRAWAL.

AT the time of the battle of Shiloh I was on General Bragg's staff as his chief engineer, with the rank of captain. On the night of April 5th I accompanied him to General Johnston's headquarters, where the last council of war was held. I was not present at the meeting of the generals, but with a number of other staff-officers remained near by. We could hear the low, earnest discussion of our superiors, but could not distinguish the words spoken.

When the council closed, and General Bragg started to his own bivouac, I joined him, and received the following instructions: That as the attack would be

made at daylight, the next morning at four o'clock I should proceed to the front along the Bark road, with Lieutenant Steel of the engineers and a squad of cavalry, until I came to the enemy's camp; that I should very carefully and cautiously reconnoiter the camp from where I struck it towards the enemy's left flank; that I should by no means allow any firing by my little force, or do anything to attract attention; that my duty was to get all the information possible about the enemy's position and condition, and send it back by couriers from point to point, as my judgment should suggest. Those orders I carried out the next morning. Lieutenant Steel, now Major Steel, of Nashville, Tenn., had been a civil engineer and surveyor in that section of the country, had already made



several daring and valuable reconnaissances of the Federal camps, and knew the country thoroughly. He was a splendid scout, and as brave a man as ever lived. Under his skillful guidance I reached in safety a point which he said was not more than a few hundred yards from the Federal camps. Here our cavalry escort and our own horses were left, and we two, leaving the road, passed down a narrow valley or gorge, got beyond the Federal pickets, and came within a few rods of a sleepy camp sentinel leaning against a tree. In front of us was a large camp as still and silent as the grave; no signs of life except a few smoldering fires of the last night's supper. Noting these facts, and without disturbing the man at the tree, we returned to our cavalry squad, and I dispatched a courier to General Bragg with a note telling what I had seen. We then moved by our right flank through the woods, from a quarter to half a mile, and repeated our former manoeuvre. This time we found the cooks of the camp astir preparing breakfast. While we were watching the process reveille was sounded, and I saw one or two regiments form by companies, answer to roll-call, and then disperse to their tents. Once more I returned to my cavalry and dispatched a courier.

A third time I made a descent from the hills, down a narrow hollow, still farther to our right, and saw Federal soldiers cleaning their guns and accouterments and getting ready for Sunday morning inspection. By this time firing had begun on our left, and I could see that it caused some commotion in the camps, but it was evident that it was not understood. Soon the firing became more rapid and clearer and closer, and I saw officers begin to stir out of their tents, evidently anxious to find out what it all meant. Then couriers began to arrive, and there was great bustle and confusion; the long roll was beaten; there was rapid falling in, and the whole party in front of me was so thoroughly awake and alarmed that I thought my safest course was to retreat while I could and send another courier to the rear.

How long all this took I cannot now recall, but perhaps not more than an hour and a half or two hours. When I reached my cavalry squad I knew that the battle had opened in earnest, but I determined to have one more look at the Federal position and moved once more to the right. Without getting as near as our former positions, I had a good view of another camp with a line of soldiers formed in front of it. Meantime the Confederate troops had moved on down the hills, and I could plainly see from the firing that there was hot and heavy work on my left and in advance of my present position. I then began to fear that the division in front of me would swing around and take our forces in flank, as it was manifest that the Federal line extended farther in that direction than ours. I therefore disposed my little cavalry force as skirmishers, and sent a courier with a sketch of the ground to General Bragg, and urged the importance of having our right flank protected. How long I waited and watched at this point it is hard to say. Finally, becoming very uneasy at the state of affairs, I left Lieutenant Steel with the cavalry and rode to the left myself to make a personal report. In this ride I passed right down the line of battle of the Confederate forces, and saw some splendid duels both of artillery and infantry. Finally, as I have always thought,

about eleven o'clock, I came to General A. S. Johnston and his staff standing on the brow of a hill watching the conflict in their front. I rode up to General Johnston, saluted him, and said I wished to make a report of the state of affairs on our extreme right. He said he had received that report and a sketch from Captain Lockett of the engineers. I told him I was Captain Lockett. He replied, "Well, sir, tell me as briefly and quickly as possible what you have to say." When my report was finished he said, "That is what I gathered from your note and sketch, and I have already ordered General Breckinridge to send forces to fill up the space on our right. Ride back, sir, towards the right, and you will probably meet General Breckinridge; lead him to the position you indicate, and tell him to drive the enemy he may find in his front into the river. He needs no further orders." The words are, as near as I can remember them, exactly the ones General Johnston used. I obeyed the order given, met General Breckinridge, conducted him to the place where I had left my cavalry, but found both them and the Federal division gone. I rode with General Breckinridge a few hundred yards forward, and we soon received a volley which let us know that the Federal forces had retired but a very short distance from their original position. General Breckinridge deployed Bowen's and Statham's brigades, moved them forward, and soon engaged the Federal forces. I bade the General good-day and good luck, and once more rode down the line of battle until I found General Bragg. With him I remained, excepting when carrying orders and making reconnaissances under his orders, until the close of the first day's fight.

I witnessed the various bloody and unsuccessful attacks on the "hornets' nest." During one of the dreadful repulses of our forces, General Bragg directed me to ride forward to the central regiment of a brigade of troops that was recoiling across an open field, to take its colors and carry them forward. "The flag must not go back again," he said. Obeying the order, I dashed through the line of battle, seized the colors from the color-bearer, and said to him, "General Bragg says these colors must not go to the rear." While talking to him the color-sergeant was shot down. A moment or two afterwards I was almost alone on horseback in the open field between the two lines of battle. An officer came up to me with a bullet-hole in each cheek, the blood streaming from his mouth, and asked, "What are you doing with my colors, sir?" "I am obeying General Bragg's orders, sir, to hold them where they are," was my reply. "Let me have them," he said. "If any man but my color-bearer carries these colors, I am the man. Tell General Bragg I will see that these colors are in the right place. But he must attack this position in flank; we can never carry it alone from the front." It was Colonel Allen, afterwards Governor Allen of Louisiana. I returned, miraculously preserved, to General Bragg, and reported Colonel Allen's words. I then carried an order to the same troops, giving the order I think to General Gibson, to fall back to the fence in the rear and reorganize. This was done, and then General Bragg dispatched me to the right, and Colonel Frank Gardner (afterwards Major-General) to the left, to inform the brigade and division commanders on either side that a combined movement would be made on the



front and flanks of that position. The movements were made, and Prentiss was captured.

As Colonel William Preston Johnston says, that capture was a dear triumph to us—dear for the many soldiers we had lost in the first fruitless attacks, but still dearer on account of the valuable time it cost us. The time consumed in gathering Prentiss's command together, in taking their arms, in marching them to the rear, was inestimably valuable. Not only that; the news of the capture spread, and grew as it spread; many soldiers and officers believed we had captured the bulk of the Federal army, and hundreds left their positions and came to see the "captured Yanks." But after a while the Confederates were gotten into ranks, and a perfect line of battle was formed, with our left wing resting on Owl Creek and our right on the Tennessee River. General Polk was on the left, then Bragg, then Hardee, then Breckinridge. In our front only one single point was showing fight, a hill crowned with artillery. I was with General Bragg, and rode with him along the front of his corps. I heard him say over and over again, "One more charge, my men, and we will capture them all." While this was going on a staff-officer (or rather, I think, it was one of the detailed clerks of General Beauregard's headquarters, for he wore no uniform) came up to General Bragg and said, "The General directs that the pursuit be stopped; the victory is sufficiently complete; it is needless to expose our men to the fire of the gun-boats." General Bragg said, "My God, was a victory ever sufficiently complete?" and added, "Have you given that order to any one else?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "to General Polk, on your left; and if you will look to the left, you will see that the order is being obeyed." General Bragg looked, and said, "My God, my God, it is too late!" and turning to me he said, "Captain, carry that order to the troops on the right"; and to Captain Frank Parker, "You carry it to the left." In a short time the troops were all falling back—and the victory was lost. Captain Parker and myself were the only members of General Bragg's staff who were with him at that time. Captain Parker, I think, is still living in South Carolina, and will surely remember all that I have narrated.

In this hasty sketch I have intentionally omitted everything but the beginning and end of that day's operations, to throw what light I can upon the two grand points of dispute: Was the Federal army surprised by our attack? and whose fault was it that the victory was not sufficiently complete on the first day?

In regard to the second day's fight I will touch upon but one point. I, like a great many other staff-officers, was principally occupied in the early hours of the second day in gathering together our scattered men and getting them into some sort of manageable organization. In this duty I collected and organized a body of men about a thousand strong. They were composed of men of at least a half-dozen different regiments. The Seventh Kentucky, with a tattered flag, and the Ninth Arkansas were the most numerous represented. We had not one single field-officer in the command. When I reported to General Beauregard that I had the troops divided into companies, had assigned a captain to duty as lieutenant-colonel and a first lieutenant as major, he himself put me in command of them as colonel. In order that

my command might have a name, I dubbed it the "Beauregard Regiment,"—a name that was received with three rousing cheers. Not long after my regiment was thus officered and christened, a message came from General Breckinridge on our extreme right that he was hard pressed, and needed reinforcements. My regiment, which was at the time just behind General Beauregard, held in reserve by his orders, was sent by him to General Breckinridge's assistance. We marched down the line of battle to the extreme right, passed beyond General Breckinridge's right, wheeled by companies into line of battle, and went in with the "rebel yell." The men on our left took up the yell and the charge, and we gained several hundred yards of ground. From this point we fought back slowly and steadily for several hours, until word came that the army was ordered to retreat, that the commands would fall back in succession from the left, and that the right wing would be the rear-guard. This order was carried out, and when night came the right wing was slowly falling back with face to the foe. We halted on the same ground we had occupied on the morning of the 6th, just before the battle began. If there was any "breaking" and "starting," as General Grant expresses it, I did not witness it.

As a sequel I will state that in the retreat of our troops before General Sherman from Jackson to Meridian in 1864, I was lieutenant-colonel and chief engineer of the Confederate forces; and in one of our day's marches to the rear, while I was passing the army to select a defensive position for our next halt, I recognized the captain whom I had made lieutenant-colonel at the battle of Shiloh. He was then a real lieutenant-colonel, commanding the Ninth Arkansas Regiment. We had not met since the battle of Shiloh, and I could not but slacken my pace a little to recall old memories. I have forgotten his name, but I trust he is still alive. He was as brave as a lion, and led the Beauregard Regiment into that charge at Shiloh like a veteran of a thousand battles.

S. H. Lockett.

THE PLAN OF THE BATTLE, AND THE WITHDRAWAL  
OF THE FIRST DAY.

IN his paper published in THE CENTURY for February, 1885, Colonel William Preston Johnston, assuming to give the Confederate version of the campaign and battle of Shiloh, at which he was not present, has adventured material statements regarding operations on that field, which must have been based on misinformation or misunderstanding in essential particulars, as I take occasion to assert from personal knowledge acquired as an eye-witness and aide-de-camp on the staff of General Beauregard. My personal knowledge runs counter to many of his statements and deductions, but I shall here confine myself to two points.

First, I must dispute that the battle order as promulgated was in any wise different from the one submitted by General Beauregard at his own quarters at Corinth, early in the morning of the 3d of April, to General A. S. Johnston, and which was accepted without modification or suggestion. This assertion I base on these facts: About one o'clock in the morning the adjutant-general of the Confederate forces, Colonel Jordan, aroused me from sleep in my tent, close by General Beauregard's chamber, and desired

me to inform the General at dawn that General Johnston had agreed to his recommendation to move offensively against Pittsburg Landing at meridian that day, and that the circular orders to the corps commanders had been already issued by Colonel Jordan to that effect. Acting upon this request, I found that General Beauregard had already during the night made full notes on loose scraps of paper of the order of march and battle, from which he read aloud for me to copy — my copy being given to Colonel Jordan as soon as completed, as the basis of the official order that he was to frame, and did frame and issue in the name of General Johnston. And that is the order which Colonel Johnston erroneously alleges upon the posthumous authority of General Bragg to differ essentially from the plan settled upon by General Johnston for the battle. This allegation I know to be unfounded, as the order as issued varies in no wise from the notes dictated to me by General Beauregard, excepting the mere verbiage and the details relating to transportation and ordnance service added by Colonel Jordan: that is to say, the plan explained by General Beauregard and accepted by General Johnston at the quarters of the former.

Being limited as to space, I shall pass over a throng of facts within my personal knowledge, which would establish that General Beauregard was as actively and directly handling the Confederate forces engaged in their general conduct of the battle before the death of General Johnston, as he was after that incident. I shall confine myself on this occasion to relating that after General Beauregard became cognizant of the death of General Johnston, he dispatched me to the front with orders that led to the concentration of the widely scattered and disarrayed Confederate forces, which resulted in the capture of General Prentiss and so many of his division after five o'clock on the 6th.

I also, later in the day, carried orders to Hardee, who was engaged on our extreme left or Federal right, where I remained with that officer until almost dark, up to which time no orders had reached him to cease fighting. On the contrary, he was doing his best to force back the enemy in his front. As he was without any of his staff about him for the nonce, I acted as his aide-de-camp. Meantime the gun-boats were shelling furiously, and their huge missiles crushed through the branches of the trees overhead with such a fearful din, frequency, and closeness, that, despite the excitement of our apparently complete victory, there was room left in our minds for some most unpleasant sensations, especially when the top of some lofty tree, cut off by a shell, would come toppling down among the men.

Possibly, had Colonel Johnston been present on the field at that last hour of the battle of the 6th, a witness of the actual fruitless efforts made to storm the last position held by the enemy upon the ridge covering the immediate landing-place, known as Pittsburg, he might be better informed why it was that that position was not carried, and be less disposed to adduce such testimony as that of General Bragg, to the effect that but for the order given by Beauregard to withdraw from action he would have carried all before him.

It so happened that I rejoined General Beauregard at a point near Shiloh Chapel (having escorted General Prentiss from the field to General Beaure-

gard), when General Bragg rode up from the front, and I heard him say in an excited manner: "General, we have carried everything before us to the Tennessee River. I have ridden from Owl to Lick Creek, and there is none of the enemy to be seen." Beauregard quietly replied: "Then, General, do not unnecessarily expose your command to the fire of the gun-boats."

*Alexander Robert Chisolm.*

#### The Fourth Regular Infantry at Gaines's Mill.

PROBABLY not much credit attaches to the particular organized force which was the last to cross the Chickahominy River after the battle of Gaines's Mill; but in order to settle the question I desire to state that the cavalry was not the last to cross the river — even if they did leave at the time General Merritt states in the September CENTURY. The Fourth U. S. Infantry was the last organization which crossed, and that regiment passed over about *two hours after daylight* on the morning of the 28th, and a bridge had to be partly relaid to enable it to do so. This regiment was posted on the extreme right flank of the army at the battle of Gaines's Mill, and was ordered to support Weed's battery. Weed was afterwards reinforced by Tidball's battery, and the Fourth Infantry held its position from the commencement of the engagement (about 11 A. M.) until twilight of the 27th, without receiving an order or stirring from its position until Weed reported that he had no more ammunition, and retired from the field by way of the Cold Harbor road, covered by the Fourth Infantry. Night came upon the regiment as it was retiring on this road. It went into bivouac, in line of battle, in the Chickahominy Valley on the road by which it retired from the field. When daylight came we expected orders to renew the engagement, and took up our march to return to the battle-field, about a mile and a half distant. It was then that some wounded were met, who informed that all the army had crossed during the night. We then marched from Grapevine Bridge to Alexander's Bridge, in sight of the enemy's pickets, and when we arrived on the south side we were astonished to find that it was thought we had been captured. We learned afterwards that orders had been sent to the Fourth Infantry during the action but the officer who started with them was killed; another who took them was wounded before they could be delivered, and an orderly who was subsequently dispatched with them did not arrive at his destination, and was never heard of afterwards.

FORT OMAHA, September 8, 1885. *William H. Powell,*  
Captain Fourth Infantry, Brevet-Major U. S. A.

#### A Correction from General Longstreet.

My attention has just been called to a dispatch of General John Buford, written on August 29th, 1862, at 9:30 A. M., in which he gives information of my troops moving through Gainesville some three-quarters of an hour before his note was written. This would place the head of my column at Gainesville about 9 A. M., and the line deployed and ready for battle at 12 M., which agrees with my recollection, and with my evidence in the F. J. Porter case. It seems that the Washington Artillery was halted some distance in rear to await my selection of the position to which it was assigned, — hence the late hour (11:30) mentioned in the diary from which I quoted, in my article in the February CENTURY, in fixing the hour of our arrival at Gainesville.

*James Longstreet.*

GAINESVILLE, GA., 8th January, 1886.









RIGHT AND LEFT PROFILES OF GENERAL GRANT. (SEE NOTE, PAGE 129.) FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY WALKER IN 1875, AND LENT BY MAJOR C. C. SNIFFIN.





MUSIC ON SHERIDAN'S LINE OF BATTLE.

## GRANT'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

### I.

#### THE CAPTURE OF PETERSBURG.\*

AT 9 o'clock in the morning of the 29th of March, 1865, General Grant and the officers of his staff bid good-bye to President Lincoln and started by special train from City Point to the front.

The military railroad connecting headquarters with the camps south of Petersburg was a surface road, built up hill and down dale, and its undulations were so emphasized, that a train moving along it looked in the distance like a fly crawling over a corrugated wash-board. The general sat down near the end of the car, drew from his pocket the flint and slow match that he always carried, which unlike a match never missed fire in a gale of wind, and was soon wreathed in the smoke of the inevitable cigar. I took a seat near him with several other officers of the staff, and he at once began to talk over his plans in detail. They had been discussed in general terms before starting out from City Point.

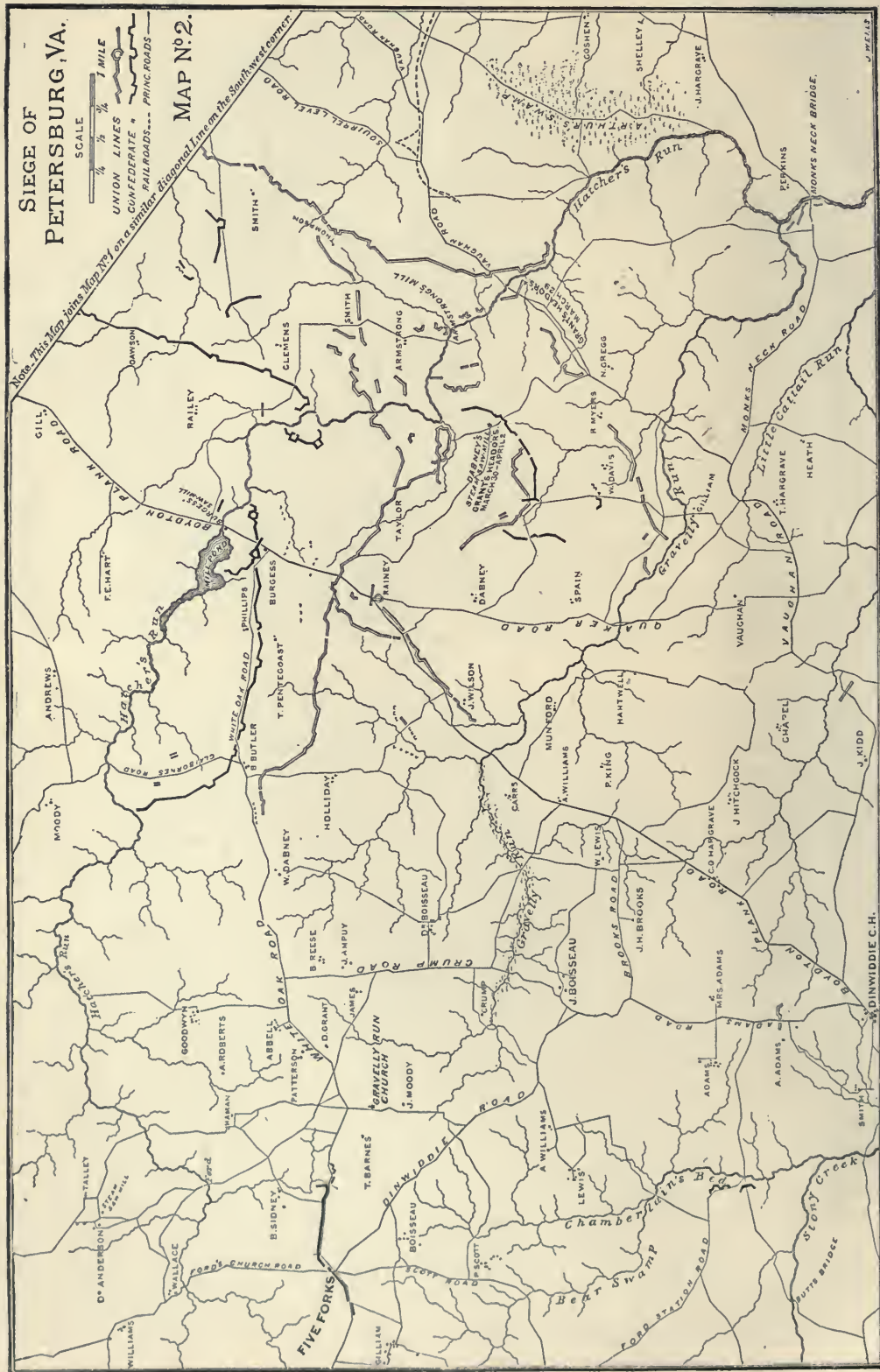
For a month or more, General Grant's chief apprehension had been that Lee might suddenly pull out from his intrenchments, and fall back into the interior, where he might unite with General Joe Johnston against Sherman and force our army to follow him to a great distance from its present base. General Grant had been sleeping with one eye open and one

foot out of bed for many weeks, in the fear that Lee would thus give him the slip. Each army, in fact, had been making preparations for either a fight or a foot-race, or both, and the starting time had now arrived, for the weather had been fair for several days, and the roads were getting in good condition for the movement of troops, that is, as good as could be expected, through a section of country in which the dust in summer was generally so thick that the army could not see where to move, and the mud in winter was so deep that it could not move anywhere. On the train General Grant said: "The President is one of the few visitors I have had who has not attempted to extract from me a knowledge of my plans. He not only never asks them, but says it is better he should not know them, and then he can be certain to keep the secret."

When we reached the end of the railway, we rode down the Vaughn road, and went into camp for the night in a field just south of that road, close to Gravelly Run (see map, page 128). That night (March 29th), the army was disposed in the following order from right to left: Weitzel in front of Richmond, with a portion of the Army of the James, Parke and Wright holding our works in front of Petersburg, Ord extending to the intersection of Hatcher's Run and the Vaughn road, Humphreys stretching beyond Dabney's Mill, Warren on the extreme left reaching as far as the junction of the Vaughn road and the Boydton

\* The reader is referred to the September CENTURY for articles on the siege of Petersburg, the last event described there being the Confederate sortie and repulse at Fort Stedman on March 25th. In order to bring the first half of General Horace Porter's paper within the limits of the present magazine article, many interesting details, including those of the fighting at

Five Forks, have been necessarily omitted. The paper will be given entire in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," a work now being published by subscription, by the Century Co., in thirty-two parts—or four volumes—containing THE CENTURY war series in permanent and greatly extended and embellished form.—EDITOR.















*Photo by Brady*

*Eng. & by J.C. Rogers*

*Phil. H. Sheridan*

MAJ. GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN U.S.A.

plank-road, and Sheridan at Dinwiddie Court House. The weather had become cloudy, and towards evening rain began to fall. It fell in torrents during the night and continued with but little interruption all the next day. The country was densely wooded, and the ground swampy, and by the evening of the 30th whole fields had become beds of quicksand in which horses sank to their bellies, and the bottoms of the roads seemed to be falling out. The men began to feel that if any one in after years should ask them whether they had been through Virginia, they could say, "Yes, in a number of places." The roads had become sheets of water; and it looked as if the saving of that army would require the services not of a Grant but of a Noah.

While standing in front of the general's tent on the morning of the 30th, discussing the situation with several others of the staff, General Sheridan turned in from the Vaughn road with his escort and came up to our headquarters camp. He dismounted, entered General Grant's tent, and had a long interview. The general informed Sheridan that he had intended to send him a corps of infantry that day, but the condition of the roads prevented, and that he hoped he could feel the enemy the next day, and if possible seize Five Forks with his cavalry. The next morning, the 31st, Sheridan reported that the enemy had been hard at work intrenching at Five Forks and to a point about a mile west of there. Lee had been as prompt as Grant to recognize Five Forks as a strategic point of great importance, and, to protect his right, had sent Pickett there with a large force of infantry and nearly all the cavalry. The rain continued during the night of the 30th, and the weather was cloudy and dismal on the morning of the 31st.

General Grant had anticipated that Warren would be attacked that morning and had warned him to be on the alert. Warren advanced his corps to develop with what force the enemy held the White Oak road and to try to drive him from it; but before he had gone far, he met with a vigorous assault. When news came of the attack, General Grant directed me to go to the spot and look to the situation of affairs there. Upon meeting him afterwards, about 1 o'clock, as he was riding out to Warren's command he directed me to go to Sheridan and explain what was taking place in Warren's and Humphreys's front, and have a full understanding with him as to further operations in his vicinity. I rode rapidly

down the Boydton plank-road, and hearing heavy firing in the direction of the Five Forks road, hurried on in that direction by way of the Brooks road.

I found Sheridan a little north of Dinwiddie Court House, and gave him an account of matters on the left of the Army of the Potomac. He said he had had one of the liveliest days in his experience, fighting infantry and cavalry with only cavalry, but that he was concentrating his command on the high ground just north of Dinwiddie, and would hold that position at all hazards. He begged me to go to General Grant at once and urge him to send him the Sixth Corps, because it had been under him in the Shenandoah Valley, and its people knew his people and were familiar with his way of fighting. I told him, as had been stated to him before, that the Sixth Corps was next to our extreme right, and that the only one which could reach him by daylight was the Fifth. I started soon after for General Grant's headquarters, then at Dabney's Mill, a distance of about eight miles, reached there at 7 o'clock p. m., and gave the general a full description of Sheridan's operations. He at once telegraphed the substance of my report to Meade, and preparations soon after began looking to the sending of the Fifth Corps to report to Sheridan. This proved to be one of the busiest nights of the whole campaign. Generals were writing dispatches and telegraphing from dark till daylight. Staff-officers were rushing from one headquarters to another, wading through swamps, penetrating forests and galloping over corduroy roads, engaged in carrying instructions, getting information, and making extraordinary efforts to hurry up the movement of the troops.

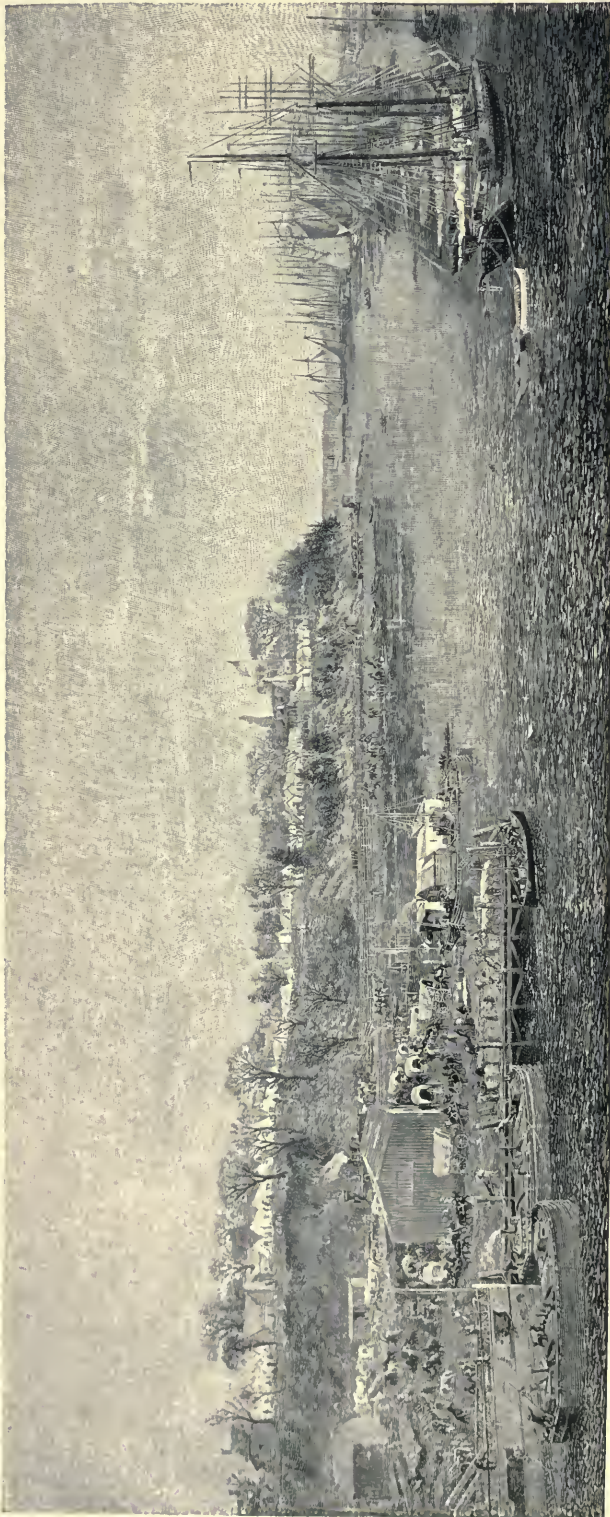
The next morning, April 1st, General Grant said to me: "I wish you would spend the day with Sheridan's command, and send me a bulletin every half-hour or so, advising me fully as to the progress being made. You know my views, and I want you to give them to Sheridan fully. I hope there may now be an opportunity of fighting the enemy's infantry outside of its fortifications."

I set out with half a dozen mounted orderlies to act as couriers in transmitting field bulletins. Captain Hudson, of our staff, went with me. After traveling again by way of the Brooks road, I met Sheridan about 10 A. M., on the Five Forks road, not far from J. Boisseau's house. General Warren, who had accompanied

to have a profile taken so that she might send it to Rome to have a cameo cut. Thinking that she wanted a profile of his features, he got shaved and had these pictures taken, very much to the disgust of my mother, who did not accept them for the cameo, but waited until his beard grew out again, and then had another profile taken for the purpose."—EDITOR.

NOTE TO THE PROFILES OF GENERAL GRANT: On being asked for the history of these portraits (which, it will be noticed, were taken during General Grant's second term as President), Colonel Frederick D. Grant replied: "The taking of the photographs in profile was the occasion of my father's shaving for the second time that I ever knew of. My mother had asked him





GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS, CITY POINT. (FROM THE PAINTING BY E. L. HENRY, OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK.)

Crawford's division, arrived at 11 o'clock and reported in person to Sheridan.

A few minutes before noon, Colonel (afterwards General) Babcock, of General Grant's staff, came over from headquarters, and said to Sheridan: "General Grant directs me to say to you, that if in your judgment the Fifth Corps would do better under one of the division commanders, you are authorized to relieve General Warren, and order him to report to him, General Grant, at headquarters." General Sheridan replied, in effect, that he hoped such a step as that might not become necessary, and then went on to speak of his plan of battle.

The enemy's earth-works were parallel to the White Oak road and about a mile and three-quarters in length, with an angle formed by running a line back about one hundred yards from the main line and at right angles to it. The Fifth Corps was to wheel to the left and make its attack upon the "angle," and then moving westward sweep down in rear of the enemy's intrenched line. The cavalry, principally dismounted, was to deploy in front of the enemy's line and engage his attention, and, as soon as it heard the firing of our infantry, to make a vigorous assault upon his works.

The Fifth Corps had borne the brunt of the infantry fighting ever since the army had moved out on the 29th, and the gallant men who composed it were eager once more to cross bayonets with their old antagonists. But the movement was slow, the required formation seemed to drag, and Sheridan, chafing with impatience and consumed with anxiety, became as restive as a racer when he hears the line, and is struggling to make the start. He made every possible appeal for promptness; he dismounted from his horse, paced up and down, struck the clenched fist of one hand into the palm of the other, and fretted like a caged tiger.



At 4 o'clock, the formation was completed, the order for the assault was given, and the struggle for Pickett's intrenched line began.

Soon Ayres's men met with a heavy fire on their left flank and had to change directions by facing more towards the west. As the troops entered the woods and moved forward over the boggy ground and struggled through the dense undergrowth, they were staggered by a heavy fire from the angle and fell back in some confusion. Sheridan now rushed into the midst of the broken lines, and cried out: "Where is my battle-flag?"

As the sergeant who carried it rode up, Sheridan seized the crimson and white standard, waved it above his head, cheered on the men, and made great efforts to close up the ranks. Bullets were humming like a swarm of bees. One pierced the battle-flag, another killed the sergeant who had carried it, another wounded Captain McGonnigle in the side, others struck two or three of the staff-officers' horses. All this time Sheridan was dashing from one point of the line to another, waving his flag, shaking his fists, encouraging, threatening, praying, swearing, the very incarnation of battle. It would be a sorry soldier who could help following such a leader. Ayres and his officers were equally exposing themselves in rallying the men, and these veterans soon rushed forward with a rousing cheer and dashed over the earth-works, sweeping everything before them, and killing or capturing every man in their immediate front whose legs had not saved him.

Sheridan rode "*Rienzi*," the famous horse that had once carried him "twenty miles from Winchester." The general spurred him up to the angle, and with a bound he carried his rider over the earth-works, and landed in the midst of a line of prisoners who had thrown down their arms and were crouching close under their breastworks. Some of them called out, "Whar do you want us all to go?" Then Sheridan's rage turned to humor, and he had a running talk with the "*Johnnies*" as they



GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1864.)

filed past. "Go right over there," he cried, pointing to the rear, "get right along, now, drop your guns, you 'll never need them any more. You 'll all be safe over there. Are there any more of you? We want every one of you fellows." Nearly 1500 were captured at the angle.

The cavalry commanded by the gallant Merritt had made a final dash, had gone over the earth-works with a hurrah, captured a battery of artillery, and scattered everything in front of them. Here Custer, Devin, Fitzhugh, and the other cavalry leaders were in their element, and vied with each other in deeds of valor.

After the capture of the angle, I went in the direction of Crawford's division, passed around the left of the enemy's works, and met Sheridan again, west of the Ford road, just a little before dark. He was laboring with all the energy of his nature to complete the destruction of the enemy's forces, and to make preparation to protect his own detached com-

mand from an attack by Lee in the morning. He said he had relieved Warren, directed him to report in person to General Grant, and placed Griffin in command of the Fifth Corps.

Sheridan had that day fought one of the

April fool." I then realized that it was the 1st of April. I had ridden so rapidly, that I reached headquarters at Dabney's Mill before the arrival of the last courier I had dispatched. General Grant was sitting with most of the



TWO OF SHERIDAN'S SCOUTS. (SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY WINSLOW HOMER.)

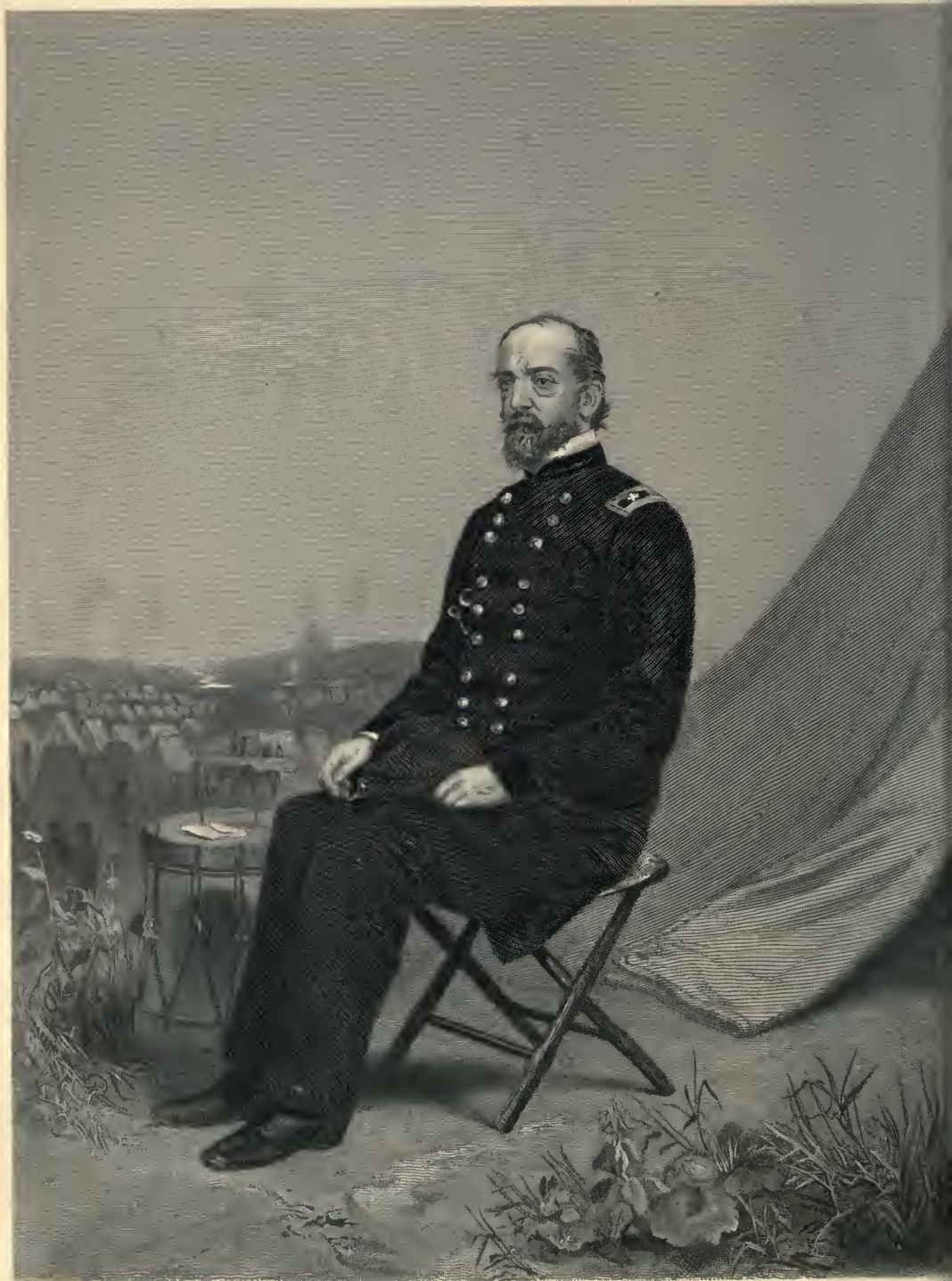
most interesting technical battles of the war, almost perfect in conception, brilliant in execution, strikingly dramatic in its incidents, and productive of immensely important results.

About half-past 7 o'clock I started for general headquarters. The roads in places were corduroyed with captured muskets; ammunition trains and ambulances were still struggling forward for miles; teamsters, prisoners, stragglers, and wounded were choking the roadway; the "coffee-boilers" had kindled their fires, cheers were resounding on all sides, and everybody was riotous over the victory. A horseman had to pick his way through this jubilant condition of things as best he could, as he did not have the right of way by any means. As I galloped past a group of men on the Boydton plank, my orderly called out to them the news of the victory. The only response he got was from one of them who raised his open hand to his face, put his thumb to his nose, and yelled: "No, you don't—

staff about him before a blazing camp-fire. He wore his blue cavalry overcoat, and the ever-present cigar was in his mouth. I began shouting the good news as soon I got in sight, and in a moment all but the imperturbable general-in-chief were on their feet giving vent to wild demonstrations of joy. For some minutes there was a bewildering state of excitement, grasping of hands, tossing up of hats, and slapping each other on the backs. It meant the beginning of the end, the reaching of the "last ditch." It pointed to peace and home. The general, as was expected, asked his usual question: "How many prisoners have been taken?" This was always his first inquiry when an engagement was reported. No man ever had such a fondness for taking prisoners. I think the gratification arose from the kindness of his heart, a feeling that it was much better to win in this way than by the destruction of human life. I was happy to report that the prisoners this time were esti-







Painted by

Alonso Chappel

*Geo. G. Meade*

*Engraved from a recent photograph from life*



mated at over five thousand, and this was the only part of my recital that seemed to call forth a responsive expression from his impassive features. After having listened attentively to the description of Sheridan's day's work, the general, with scarcely a word, walked into his tent, and by the light of a flickering candle took up his "manifold writer," a small book which retained a copy of the matter written, and after finishing several dispatches, handed them to an orderly to be sent over the field wires, came out and joined our group at the camp-fire, and said as coolly as if remarking upon the state of the weather: "I have ordered an immediate assault along the lines." This was about 9 o'clock.

In his conversation now, his sense of humor began to assert itself. I had sent him a bulletin during the day saying, "I have noticed among the prisoners many old men whose heads are quite bald." This was mentioned as an evidence that the enemy in recruiting was "robbing the grave." A staff-officer was sitting with us whose hair was so thin, that he used to part it low behind and comb the stray locks forward, trying to make the rear-guard do picket duty at the front. The general delighted in teasing him on this subject, and he now said to me: "When I got your message to-day about the bald-headed men, I showed it to General Blank and told him he had better take care and not fall into the hands of the enemy, for that is just the way they would be commenting on his head in their reports."

A little after midnight General Grant tucked himself into his camp-bed, and was soon sleeping as peacefully as if the next day was to be devoted to a picnic instead of a decisive battle.

At 4:45 there was a streak of gray in the

heavens which soon revealed another streak of gray formed by Confederate uniforms in the works opposite, and the men rushed forward to the charge. The thunder of hundreds of guns shook the ground like an earthquake, and soon the troops were engaged all along the lines. The general awaited the result of the assault at headquarters, where he could be easily communicated with, and from which he could give general directions.

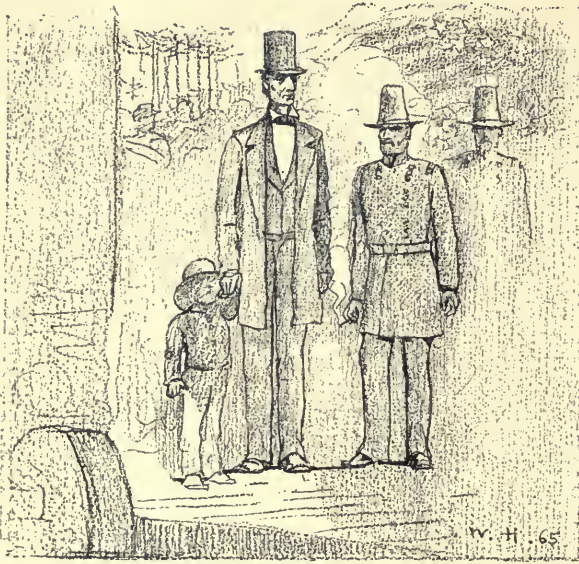
At a quarter past 5 a message came from Wright that he had carried the enemy's line and was pushing in. Next came news from Parke, that he had captured the outer works in his front, with 12 pieces of artillery and 800 prisoners.

Soon Ord was heard from as having broken through the intrenchments, and Humphreys, too, had been doing gallant work.

The general and staff now rode out to the front, as it was necessary to give immediate direction to the actual movements of the troops, and prevent confusion from the overlapping and intermingling of the several corps as they pushed forward. He urged his horse over the works which Wright's corps had captured, and suddenly came upon a body of three thousand prisoners marching to the rear. His whole attention was for some time riveted upon them, and we knew he was enjoying his usual satisfaction in seeing them. General Grant, after taking in the situation, directed both Meade and Ord to face their commands towards the east, and close up towards the inner lines which covered Petersburg. Lee had been pushed so vigorously, that he seemed for a time to be making but little effort to recover any of his lost ground, but now he made a determined fight against Parke's corps, which was threaten-



MAP OF THE PETERSBURG-APPTOMATTOX CAMPAIGN.



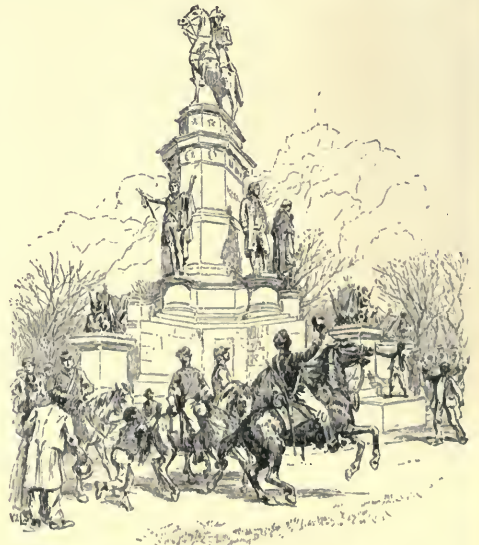
PRESIDENT LINCOLN, GENERAL GRANT, AND TAD LINCOLN AT A RAILWAY STATION. (SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY WINSLOW HOMER.)

ing his inner line on his extreme left and the bridge across the Appomattox. Repeated assaults were made, but Parke resisted them all successfully, and could not be moved from his position. Lee had ordered Longstreet from the north side of the James, and with these troops reinforced his extreme right. General Grant dismounted near a farm-house which stood on a knoll within a mile of the enemy's inner line, and from which he could get a good view of the field of operations. He seated himself at the foot of a tree, and was soon busy receiving dispatches and writing orders to officers conducting the advance. The position was under fire, and as soon as the group of staff-officers was seen, the enemy's guns began paying their respects to the party. This lasted for nearly a quarter of an hour, and as the fire became hotter and hotter several of the officers, apprehensive of the general's safety, urged him to move to some less conspicuous position, but he kept on writing and talking without the least interruption from the shots falling around him, and apparently not noticing what a target the place was becoming, or paying any heed to the gentle reminders to "move on." After he had finished his dispatches, he got up, took a view of the situation, and as he started towards the other side of the farm-house said, with a quizzical look at the group around him: "Well, they do seem to have the range on us." The staff was now sent to various points of the advancing lines, and all was activity in pressing forward the good work. By noon, nearly all the outer line of works was in our possession,

except two strong redoubts which occupied a commanding position, named respectively Fort Gregg and Fort Whitworth. The general decided that these should be stormed, and about 1 o'clock three of Ord's brigades swept down upon Fort Gregg. The garrison of three hundred men with two rifled cannon made a desperate defense, and a most gallant contest took place. For half an hour after our men had gained the parapet a bloody hand-to-hand struggle continued, but nothing could stand against the onslaught of Ord's troops, flushed with their morning's victory. By half-past two, 57 of the brave garrison lay dead, and about 250 had surrendered. Fort Whitworth was at once abandoned, but the guns of Fort Gregg were opened upon the garrison as they marched out, and the commander and sixty men were surrendered.

Prominent officers now urged the general to make an assault on the inner lines and capture Petersburg that afternoon, but he was firm in his resolve not to sacrifice the lives necessary to accomplish such a result. He said the city would undoubtedly be evacuated during the night, and he would dispose the troops for a parallel march westward, and try to head off the escaping army. And thus ended this eventful Sunday.

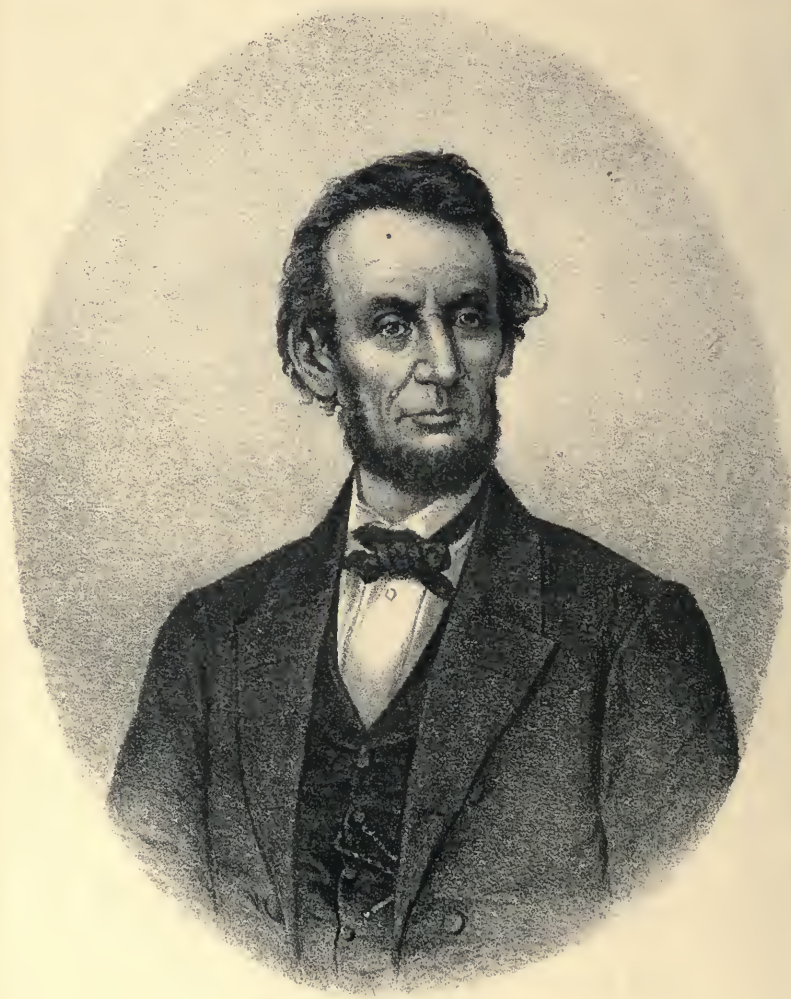
The general was up at daylight the next morning, and the first report brought in was



UNION CAVALRYMEN RIDING AROUND THE MONUMENT OF WASHINGTON IN THE CAPITOL SQUARE, RICHMOND.







*A. Lincoln*



that Parke had gone through the lines at 4 A. M., capturing a few skirmishers, and that the city had surrendered at 4:28 to Colonel Ely. A second communication surrendering the place was sent in to Wright.

The evacuation had begun about 10 the night before, and was completed before 3 on the morning of the 3d. Between 5 and 6 A. M. the general had a conference with Meade, and orders were given to push westward with all haste. About 9 A. M. the general rode into Petersburg. Many of the citizens, panic-stricken, had escaped with the army. Most of the whites who remained staid indoors, a few groups of negroes gave cheers, but the scene generally was one of complete desertion. Grant rode along quietly with his



CITIZENS OF RICHMOND TAKING REFUGE IN CAPITOL SQUARE DURING THE CONFLAGRATION FOLLOWING UPON THE EVACUATION, APRIL 3D, 1865.

staff until he came to a comfortable-looking brick house with a yard in front, situated on one of the principal streets, and here he and the officers accompanying him dismounted and took seats on the piazza. A number of the citizens now gathered on the sidewalk and gazed, with eager curiosity, upon the features of the commander of the Yankee armies.

The general was anxious to move westward at once with the leading infantry columns, but Mr. Lincoln had telegraphed that he was on his way to see him, and the general decided to prolong his stay until the President came up. Mr. Lincoln soon after arrived, accompanied by his little son "Tad," dismounted in the street and came in through the front gate with long and rapid strides, his face beaming with delight. He seized General Grant's hand as

the general stepped forward to greet him, and stood shaking it for some time and pouring out his thanks and congratulations with all the fervor of a heart which seemed overflowing with its fullness of joy. I doubt whether Mr. Lincoln ever experienced a happier moment in his life. The scene was singularly affecting and one never to be forgotten. He then said:

"Do you know, general, I have had a sort of sneaking idea for some days that you intended to do something like this, though I thought some time ago that you would so manoeuvre as to have Sherman come up and be near enough to coöperate with you."

"Yes," replied the general, "I thought at one time that Sherman's army might advance so far as to be within supporting distance of the

Eastern armies when the spring campaign against Lee opened, but I have had a feeling that it is better to let Lee's old antagonists give his army the final blow and finish up the job single-handed."

"I see, I see," said Mr. Lincoln, "but I never thought of it in that light. In fact my anxiety has been so great that I did n't care where the help came from so the work was perfectly done."

Mr. Lincoln then began to talk about the civil complications that would follow the destruction of the Confederate armies in the field, and showed plainly the anxiety he felt regarding the great problems in state-craft which would soon be thrust upon him.

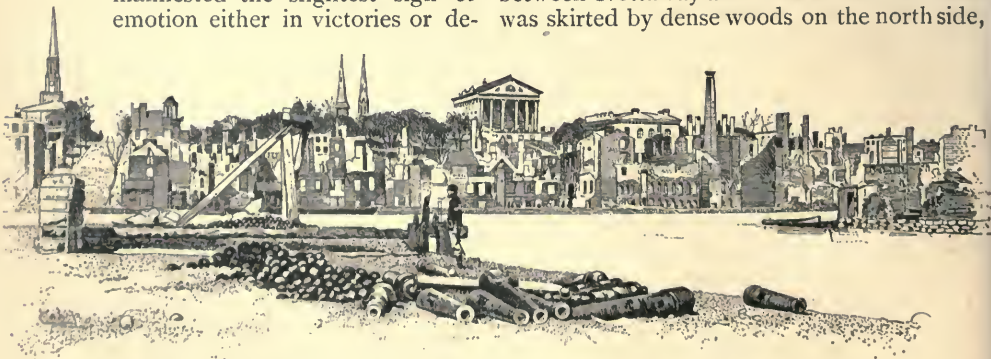
Meanwhile Tad, for whom he always showed great affection, was now becoming a little uneasy and gave certain appealing looks to which a staff-officer responded by producing some sandwiches, which he offered to him, saying: "Here, young man, I guess you must be hungry." Tad seized them as a drowning man would seize a life-preserver, and cried out: "Yes, I am, that's what's the matter with me." This greatly amused the President and the general-in-chief, who had a hearty laugh at Tad's expense.

The general hoped that he would hear before he parted with the President that Richmond was in our possession, but after the interview had lasted about an hour and a half, the general said he must ride on to the front and join Ord's column, and took leave of the President who shook his hand cordially, and with great warmth of feeling wished him God-speed and every success.

The general and staff had ridden as far as Sutherland's Station, about nine miles, when a dispatch from Weitzel overtook him, which had come by a roundabout way, announcing the capture of Richmond at 8:15 that morning. Although the news was expected, there were wild shouts of rejoicing from the group who heard it read. The general, who never manifested the slightest sign of emotion either in victories or de-

feats, merely said: "I am sorry I did not get this news before we left the President. However, I suppose he has heard of it by this time," and then added: "Let the news be circulated among the troops as rapidly as possible."

Grant and Meade both went into camp at Sutherland's Station that evening, the 3d. The Army of the Potomac caught a few hours' sleep, and at 3 the next morning was again on the march. The pursuit had now become unflagging, relentless. Grant put a spur on the heel of every dispatch he sent. Sheridan "the inevitable," as the enemy had learned to call him, was in advance thundering along with his cavalry, followed by Griffin and the rest of the Army of the Potomac, while Ord was swinging along towards Burkeville to head off Lee from Danville, to which point it was naturally supposed he was pushing in order to unite with Joe Johnston's army. The 4th was another active day; the troops found that this campaign was to be won by legs, that the great walking match had begun, and success depended upon which army could make the best distance record. General Grant marched this day with Ord's troops. Meade was quite sick and at times had to take to an ambulance, but his loyal spirit never flagged, and his orders breathed the true spirit of the soldier. That night General Grant camped at Wilson's Station, on the South Side railroad twenty-seven miles west of Petersburg. On the 5th he marched again with Ord's column, and at noon reached Nottaway Court House, about ten miles east of Burkeville, where he halted for a couple of hours. A young staff-officer here rode up to General Ord, in a state of considerable excitement, and said to him: "Is this a way-station?" The grim old soldier, who always went armed with a joke concealed somewhere about his person, replied with great deliberation: "This is Nott-a-way Station." We continued to move along the road which runs parallel to the South Side railroad till nearly dark, and had reached a point about half-way between Nottaway and Burkeville. The road was skirted by dense woods on the north side,



THE RUINS OF RICHMOND BETWEEN THE CANAL BASIN AND CAPITOL SQUARE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)





Porter.

Marshall.

Sheridan.

Ingalls.

Babcock.

Custer.



Lee.

Grant. Merritt.

Parker.

THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.



the side towards the enemy. There was a sudden commotion among the headquarters escort, and on looking around I saw some of our men dashing up to a horseman in full Confederate uniform, who had suddenly appeared in the road, and in the act of seizing him as a prisoner.

I recognized him at once as one of Sheridan's scouts, who had before brought us important dispatches, and said to him: "How do you do, Campbell?" and told our men he was all right and was one of our own people.

He informed us he had had a hard ride from Sheridan's camp, and had brought a dispatch for General Grant. By this time the general had recognized him, and had stopped in the road to see what he had brought. Campbell then took from his mouth a wad of tobacco, broke it open, and pulled out a little ball of tin-foil. Rolled up in this was a sheet of tissue paper on which was written the famous dispatch so widely published at the time, in which Sheridan described the situation at Jetersville, and added: "I wish you were here yourself."

The general said he would go at once to Sheridan, and dismounted from his black pony "Jeff Davis," which he had been riding, and called for his big bay horse "Cincinnati." He stood in the road for a few minutes and wrote a dispatch, using the pony's back for a desk, and then mounting the fresh horse, told Campbell to lead the way. It was found we would have to skirt pretty closely to the enemy's lines, and it was thought prudent to take some cavalry with us, but there was none near at hand, and the general said he would risk it with our mounted escort of fourteen men. Calling upon me and two or three other officers to accompany him, he started off. It was now after dark, but there was enough moonlight to enable us to see the way without difficulty. After riding nearly twenty miles, following cross-roads through a wooded country, we struck Sheridan's pickets about half-past 10 o'clock and soon after reached his headquarters.

Sheridan was awaiting the general-in-chief, thinking he would come after getting the dispatch; a good supper of coffee and cold chicken had been spread out, and it was soon demonstrated that the night ride had not impaired any one's appetite.

When he had learned fully the situation in Sheridan's front, General Grant first sent a message to Ord to watch the roads running south from Burkeville and Farmville, and then rode over to Meade's camp near by. Meade was still suffering from illness. His views differed somewhat from General Grant's regard-

ing the movements of the Army of the Potomac for the next day, and the latter changed the proposed dispositions so as to have the army swing round towards the south, and endeavor to head off Lee in that direction. The next day, the 6th, proved a decided field day in the pursuit. It was found in the morning that Lee had retreated during the night from Amelia Court House, and from the direction he had taken and from information received that he had ordered rations to meet him at Farmville, it was seen that he had abandoned all hope of reaching Burkeville and was probably heading for Lynchburg. Ord was to try to burn the High Bridge and push on to Farmville. Sheridan's cavalry was to work around on Lee's left flank, and the Army of the Potomac was to make another forced march and strike the enemy wherever it could reach him.

I spent a portion of the day with Humphreys's corps, which attacked the enemy near Deatonsville, and gave his rear-guard no rest. Joining General Grant later I rode with him to Burkeville, getting there some time after dark.

Ord had pushed out to Rice's Station, and Sheridan and Wright had gone in against the enemy and fought the battle of Sailor's Creek [east of Farmville, see map, page 143] capturing six general officers and about seven thousand men, and smashing things generally. General Grant started from Burkeville early the next morning, the 7th, and took the direct road to Farmville. The columns were crowding the roads, and the men, aroused to still greater efforts by the inspiring news of the day before, were sweeping along, despite the rain that fell, like trained pedestrians on a walking-track. As the general rode amongst them, he was greeted with shouts and hurrahs, on all sides, and a string of sly remarks, which showed how familiar swords and bayonets become when victory furnishes the topic of their talk.

## II.

### THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE.

A LITTLE before noon on the 7th of April, 1865, General Grant with his staff rode into the little village of Farmville on the south side of the Appomattox River, a town which will be memorable in history as the place in which he opened the correspondence with Lee which led to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

He drew up in front of the village hotel, dismounted, and established headquarters on its broad piazza. News came in that Crook was fighting large odds with his cavalry on





THE RETREAT FROM PETERSBURG—CONFEDERATES AT A WELL NEAR FARMVILLE.  
(DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD, WHO OBSERVED THE INCIDENT.)

the north side of the river, and I was directed to go to his front and see what was necessary to be done to assist him. I found that he was being driven back, and the enemy was making a bold stand north of the river. Humphreys was also on the north side, isolated from the rest of our infantry, confronted by a large portion of Lee's army, and having some very heavy fighting. On my return to general headquarters that night, Wright's corps was ordered to cross the river and move rapidly to the support of our troops there. Notwithstanding their long march that day, the men sprang to their feet with a spirit that made every one marvel at their pluck, and came swinging through the main street of the village, with a step that seemed as elastic as on the first day of their toilsome tramp. It was now dark, but they spied the general-in-chief watching them with evident pride from the piazza of the hotel.

Then was witnessed one of the most inspiring scenes of the campaign. Bonfires were lighted on the sides of the street, the men seized straw and pine knots, and improvised torches. Cheers arose from throats already hoarse with shouts of victory, bands played, banners waved, arms were tossed high in air and caught again. The night march had

become a grand review, with Grant as the reviewing officer.

Ord and Gibbon had visited the general at the hotel, and he had spoken with them as well as with Wright about sending some communication to Lee which might pave the way to the stopping of further bloodshed. Dr. Smith, formerly of the regular army, a native of Virginia and a relative of General Ewell, now one of our prisoners, had told General Grant the night before that Ewell had said in conversation that their cause was lost when they crossed the James River, and he considered it the duty of the authorities to negotiate for peace then, while they still had a right to claim concessions, adding that now they were not in condition to claim anything. He said that for every man killed after this somebody would be responsible, and it would be little better than murder. He could not tell what General Lee would do, but he hoped he would at once surrender his army. This statement, together with the news which had been received from Sheridan saying that he had heard that General Lee's trains of provisions which had come by rail were at Appomattox and that he expected to capture them before Lee could reach them, induced the general to write the following communication:



"HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.

"5 P. M., April 7th, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A. :

"The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army, known as the Army of Northern Virginia. U. S. GRANT, LIEUT.-GENERAL."

This he intrusted to General Seth Williams, adjutant-general, with directions to take it to Humphreys's front, as his corps was close up to the enemy's rear-guard, and have it sent into Lee's lines.

The general decided to remain all night at Farmville and await the reply from Lee, and he was shown to a room in the hotel in which he was told Lee had slept the night before.

Lee wrote the following reply within an hour after he received General Grant's letter, but it was brought in by rather a circuitous route and did not reach its destination till after midnight :

"April 7th, 1865.

"GENERAL: I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on conditions of its surrender.

"R. E. LEE, GENERAL.

"LIEUT.-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,

"Commanding Armies of the U. S."

The next morning before leaving Farmville the general wrote the following reply, and General Williams again started for Humphreys's front to have the letter transmitted to Lee :

"April 8th, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A. :

"Your note of last evening in reply to mine of the same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply I would say that, peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon,—namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

"U. S. GRANT, LIEUT.-GENERAL."

There turned up at this time a rather hungry-looking gentleman in gray, in the uniform of a colonel, who proclaimed himself the proprietor of

the hotel. He said his regiment had crumbled to pieces, he was the only man left in it, and he thought he might as well stop off at home. His story was significant as indicating the disintegrating process which was going on in the ranks of the enemy.

General Grant had been marching most of the way with the columns which were pushing along south of Lee's line of retreat, but expecting that a reply would be sent to his last letter and wanting to keep within easy communication with Lee, he decided to march this day with the portion of the Army of the Potomac, which was pressing Lee's rear-guard. After issuing some further instructions to Ord and Sheridan, he started from Farmville, crossed to the north side of the Appomattox, conferred in person with Meade, and rode with his columns. Encouraging reports came in all day, and that night headquarters were established at Curdsville in a large white farm-house, a few hundred yards from Meade's camp. The general and several of the staff had cut loose from the headquarters trains the night he started to meet Sheridan at Jetersville, and had neither baggage nor camp equipage. The general did not even have his sword with him. This was the most advanced effort yet made at moving in "light marching order," and we billeted ourselves at night in farm-houses, or bivouacked on porches, and picked up meals at any camp that seemed to have something to spare in the way of rations. This night we



THE RETREAT FROM PETERSBURG—CONFEDERATES GRATING AND GRINDING CORN, AND COOKING FLOUR-PASTE ON RAMRODS.  
(BY W. L. SHEPPARD, WHO OBSERVED THE INCIDENT.)



sampled the fare of Meade's hospitable mess and once more lay down with full stomachs.

General Grant had been suffering all the afternoon from a severe headache, the result of fatigue, anxiety, scant fare, and loss of sleep, and by night it was much worse. He had been induced to bathe his feet in hot water and mustard, and apply mustard plasters to his wrists and the back of his neck, but these remedies afforded little relief. The dwelling we occupied was a double house. The general threw

Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M. to-morrow on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket-lines of the two armies. R. E. LEE, GENERAL.

"LIEUT.-GENERAL U. S. GRANT."

General Grant had been able to get but very little sleep. He now sat up and read the letter, and after making a few comments upon it to General Rawlins, lay down again on the sofa.

About 4 o'clock in the morning of the 9th,



CAPTURE OF GUNS AND THE DESTRUCTION OF A CONFEDERATE WAGON-TRAIN AT PAINEVILLE, APRIL 5TH, BY DAVIES'S CAVALRY BRIGADE OF CROOK'S DIVISION. (BY A. R. WAUD, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

The wagon-train was escorted by Gary's cavalry with five guns. General Humphreys, in "The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65" (Charles Scribner's Sons), says it is believed that "the papers of General Robert E. Lee's headquarters, containing many valuable reports, copies of but few of which are now to be found, were destroyed by the burning of these wagons."

himself upon a sofa in the sitting-room on the left side of the hall, while the staff-officers bunked on the floor of the room opposite to catch what sleep they could. About midnight we were aroused by Colonel Whittier of Humphreys's staff, who brought another letter from General Lee. General Rawlins at once took it in to General Grant's room. It was as follows:

"April 8th, 1865.

"GENERAL: I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desired to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the

I got up and crossed the hall to ascertain how the general was feeling. I found his room empty, and upon going out of the front door saw him pacing up and down in the yard holding both hands to his head. Upon inquiring how he felt, he replied that he had had very little sleep and was still suffering the most excruciating pain. I said: "Well, there is one consolation in all this, general: I never knew you to be ill that you did not receive some good news. I have become a little superstitious regarding these coincidences, and I should not be surprised if some good fortune overtook you before night." He smiled and said: "The best thing that can happen to me to-day is to get rid of the pain I am suffering." We were now joined by some others of



the staff, and the general was induced to go over to Meade's headquarters with us and get some coffee, in the hope that it would do him good. He seemed to feel a little better now, and after writing the following letter to Lee and dispatching it, he prepared to move forward. The letter was as follows :

"April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL: Your note of yesterday is received. I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace. The meeting proposed for 10 A. M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, that I am equally desirous for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms, they would hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Seriously hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, etc.,

"U. S. GRANT, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE."

It was proposed to him to ride during the day in a covered ambulance which was at hand, instead of on horseback, so as to avoid the intense heat of the sun, but this he declined to do and soon after mounted "Cincinnati" and struck off towards New Store. From that point he went by way of a cross-road to the south side of the Appomattox with the intention of moving around to Sheridan's front. While riding along the wagon road which runs from Farmville to Appomattox Court House at a point eight or nine miles east of the latter place, Lieutenant Pease of Meade's staff overtook him with a dispatch. It was found to be a reply from Lee, which had been sent in to our lines on Humphreys's front. It read as follows :

"April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL: I received your note of this morning on the picket-line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now ask an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday, for that purpose.

R. E. LEE, GENERAL.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT."

Pease also brought a note from Meade, saying that at Lee's request he had read the communication addressed to General Grant and in consequence of it had granted a short truce.

The general, as soon as he had read these letters, dismounted, sat down on the grassy bank by the roadside, and wrote the following reply to Lee :

"April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. Army:

"Your note of this date is but this moment (11:50 A. M.) received, in consequence of my having passed



THE VILLAGE OF APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE. THE MCLEAN HOUSE ON THE RIGHT.  
(FROM A SKETCH MADE BY R. K. SNEDEN.)

from the Richmond and Lynchburg roads to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

"U. S. GRANT, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL."

He handed this to Colonel Babcock of the staff, with directions to take it to General Lee by the most direct route. Mounting his horse again, the general rode on at a trot towards Appomattox Court House. When five or six miles from the town, Colonel Newhall, Sheridan's adjutant-general, came riding up from the direction of Appomattox and handed the general a communication. This proved to be a duplicate of the letter from Lee which Lieutenant Pease had brought in from Meade's lines. Lee was so closely pressed that he was anxious to communicate with Grant by the most direct means, and as he could not tell with which column Grant was moving, he sent in one copy of his letter on Meade's front and one on Sheridan's. Colonel Newhall joined our party, and after a few minutes' halt to read the letter, we continued our ride towards Appomattox. On the march I had asked the general several times how he felt. To the same question now he said, "The pain in my head seemed to leave me the moment I got Lee's letter." The road was filled with men, animals and wagons, and to avoid these and shorten the distance, we turned slightly to the right and began to "cut across lots"; but before going far we spied men conspicuous in gray, and it was seen that we were moving towards the enemy's left flank and that a short ride farther would take us into his lines. It looked for a moment as if a very awkward condition of things might possibly arise, and Grant become a prisoner in Lee's lines instead of Lee in his. Such a circumstance would have given rise to an important cross-entry in the system of campaign book-keeping. There was only one remedy—to retrace our steps and strike the right road, which was done without serious discussion. About 1 o'clock the little



APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

village of Appomattox Court House with its half-dozen houses came in sight, and soon we were entering its single street. It is situated on some rising ground, and beyond the country slopes down into a broad valley. The enemy was seen with his columns and wagon trains covering the low ground. Our cavalry, the Fifth Corps, and part of Ord's command were occupying the high ground to the south and west of the enemy, heading him off completely.

Generals Sheridan and Ord with a group of officers around them were seen in the road, and as our party came up, General Grant said:

"How are you, Sheridan?"

"First-rate, thank you; how are you?" cried Sheridan, with a voice and look that seemed to indicate that on his part he was having things all his own way.

"Is Lee over there?" asked General Grant, pointing up the street, having heard a rumor that Lee was in that vicinity.

"Yes, he is in that brick house," answered Sheridan.

"Well, then, we'll go over," said Grant.

The general-in-chief now rode on, accompanied by Sheridan, Ord, and some others, and soon Colonel Babcock's orderly was seen sitting on his horse in the street in front of a two-story brick house, better in appearance than the rest of the houses. He said General Lee and Colonel Babcock had gone into this house a short time before, and he was ordered to post himself in the street and keep a lookout for General Grant, so as to let him know

where General Lee was. Babcock told me afterwards that in carrying General Grant's last letter he passed through the enemy's lines and found General Lee a little more than half a mile beyond Appomattox Court House. He was lying down by the roadside on a blanket which had been spread over a few fence rails on the ground under an apple-tree, which was part of an orchard. This circumstance furnished the only ground for the widespread report that the surrender occurred under an apple-tree. Babcock dismounted upon coming near, and as he approached on foot, Lee sat up, with his feet hanging over the roadside embankment. The wheels of the wagons in passing along the road had cut away the earth of this embankment and left the roots of the tree projecting. Lee's feet were partly resting on these roots. One of his staff-officers came forward, took the dispatch which Babcock handed him and gave it to General Lee. After reading it, the general rose and said he would ride forward on the road on which Babcock had come, but was apprehensive that hostilities might begin in the mean time, upon the termination of the temporary truce, and asked Babcock to write a line to Meade informing him of the situation. Babcock wrote accordingly, requesting Meade to maintain the truce until positive orders from General Grant could be received. To save time it was arranged that a Union officer, accompanied by one of Lee's officers, should carry this letter through the enemy's lines. This route made the distance to Meade nearly ten miles shorter



than by the roundabout way of the Union lines. Lee now mounted his horse and directed Colonel Charles Marshall, his military secretary, to accompany him. They started for Appomattox Court House in company with Babcock and followed by a mounted orderly. When the party reached the village they met one of its residents, named Wilbur McLean, who was told that General Lee wanted to occupy a convenient room in some house in the town. McLean ushered them into the sitting-room of one of the first houses he came to, but upon looking about and finding it quite small and meagerly furnished, Lee proposed finding something more commodious and better fitted for the occasion. McLean then conducted the party to his own house, about the best one in the town, where they awaited General Grant's arrival.

The house had a comfortable wooden porch with seven steps leading up to it. A hall ran through the middle from front to back, and on each side was a room having two windows, one in front and one in rear. Each room had two doors opening into the hall. The building stood a little distance back from the street, with a yard in front, and to the left was a gate for carriages and a roadway running to a stable in rear. We entered the grounds by this gate and dismounted. In the yard were seen a fine

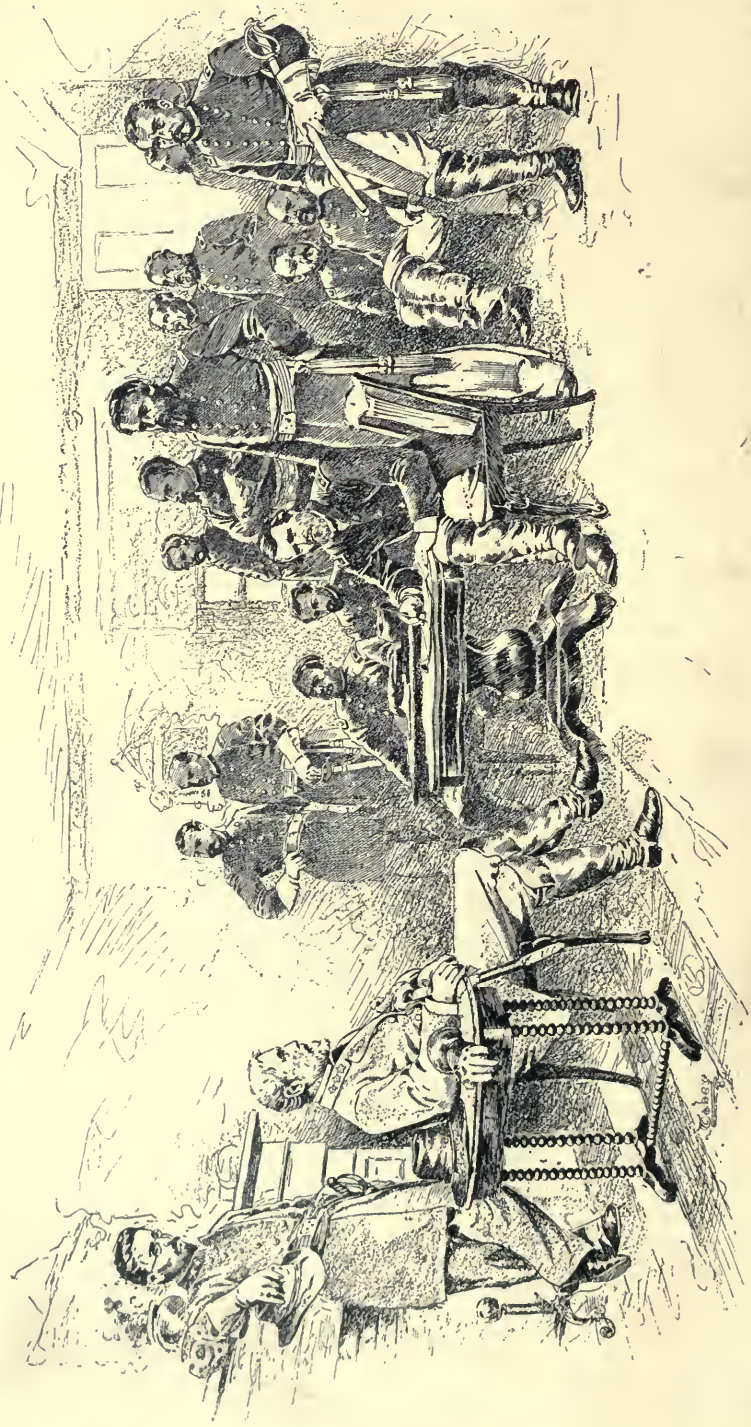
large, gray horse, which proved to be General Lee's, and a good-looking mare belonging to Colonel Marshall. An orderly in gray was in charge of them, and had taken off their bridles to let them nibble the grass.

General Grant mounted the steps and entered the house. As he stepped into the hall, Colonel Babcock, who had seen his approach from the window, opened the door of the room on the left, in which he had been sitting with General Lee and Colonel Marshall, awaiting General Grant's arrival. The general passed in, while the members of the staff, Generals Sheridan and Ord, and some general officers who had gathered in the front yard remained outside, feeling that he would probably want his first interview with General Lee to be, in a measure, private. In a few minutes Colonel Babcock came to the front door, and making a motion with his hat towards the sitting-room, said: "The general says, come in." It was then about half-past 1 of Sunday, the 9th of April. We entered, and found General Grant sitting at a marble-topped table in the center of the room, and Lee sitting beside a small oval table near the front window, in the corner opposite to the door by which we entered, and facing General Grant. Colonel Marshall, his military secretary, was standing at his left side.



CONFEDERATES DESTROYING THE RAILROAD FROM APPOMATTOX TOWARD LYNCHBURG, AND ARTILLERYMEN DESTROYING GUN-CARRIAGES AT NIGHTFALL, SATURDAY, APRIL 8th. (BY W. L. SHEPPARD, WHO OBSERVED THE INCIDENTS.)





THE SURRENDER AT APOMATTOX. (DRAWN BY W. TABER; BASED UPON THE LITHOGRAPH CALLED "THE DAWN OF PEACE," BY PERMISSION OF W. H. STELLE.)

1. General Robert E. Lee.
2. Colonel Charles Marshall, of General Lee's Staff.
3. Lieutenant-General Ulysses S. Grant.
4. Major-General Philip H. Sheridan.
5. Major-General Rufus Ingalls.
6. Brigadier-General John A. Rawlins, Chief of Staff; other members of General Grant's Staff.
7. Major-General Seth Edward O. C. Ord.
8. Colonel Horace Porter.
9. Colonel Orville E. Babcock.
10. Colonel Ely S. Parker.
11. Colonel Theodore S. Bowers.
12. Colonel Frederick T. Dent.
13. Colonel Adam Badeau.







R E Lee

*From the original painting by Nast in the possession of the publishers.*



We walked in softly, and ranged ourselves quietly about the sides of the room, very much as people enter a sick-chamber when they expect to find the patient dangerously ill. Some found seats on the sofa and a few chairs which constituted the furniture, but most of the party stood.

The contrast between the two commanders was very striking, and could not fail to attract marked attention, as they sat ten feet apart facing each other.

General Grant, then nearly forty-three years of age, was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders slightly stooped. His hair and full beard were a nut-brown, without a trace of gray in them. He had on a single-breasted blouse, made of dark-blue flannel, unbuttoned in front, and showing a waistcoat underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top-boots, with his trousers inside, and was without spurs. The boots and portions of his clothes were spattered with mud. He had had on a pair of thread gloves, of a dark-yellow color, which he had taken off on entering the room. His felt "sugar-loaf" stiff-brimmed hat was thrown on the table beside him. He had no sword, and a pair of shoulder-straps was all there was about him to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform was that of a private soldier.

Lee, on the other hand, was fully six feet in height, and quite erect for one of his age, for he was Grant's senior by sixteen years. His hair and full beard were a silver gray, and quite thick except that the hair had become a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned up to the throat, and at his side he carried a long sword

of exceedingly fine workmanship, the hilt studded with jewels. It was said to be the sword which had been presented to him by the State of Virginia. His top-boots were comparatively new, and seemed to have on them some ornamental stitching of red silk. Like his uniform, they were singularly clean and but little travel-stained. On the boots were handsome spurs, with large rowels. A felt hat, which in color matched pretty closely that of his uniform, and a pair of long buckskin gauntlets lay beside him on the table. We asked Colonel Marshall afterwards how it was that both he and his chief wore such fine toggery, and looked so much as if they had just turned out to go to church, while with us our outward garb scarcely rose to the dignity even of the "shabby-genteel." He enlightened us regarding the contrast, by explaining that when their headquarters wagons had been pressed so closely by our cavalry a few days before, and it was found they would have to destroy all their baggage except the clothes they carried on their backs, each one, naturally, selected the newest suit he had, and sought to propitiate the gods of destruction by a sacrifice of his second-best.

General Grant began the conversation by saying:

"I met you once before, General Lee, while we were serving in Mexico, when you came over from General Scott's headquarters to visit Garland's brigade, to which I then belonged. I have always remembered your appearance, and I think I should have recognized you anywhere."

"Yes," replied General Lee, "I know I met you on that occasion, and I have often thought of it and tried to recollect how you looked, but I have never been able to recall a single feature."

After some further mention of Mexico, General Lee said:

"I suppose, General Grant, that the object of our present meeting is fully understood. I asked to see you to ascertain upon what terms you would receive the surrender of my army."

General Grant replied: "The terms I propose are those stated substantially in my letter of yesterday,—that is, the officers and men surrendered to be paroled and disqualified from taking up arms again



MCLEAN'S HOUSE, APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



until properly exchanged, and all arms, ammunition, and supplies to be delivered up as captured property."

Lee nodded an assent, and said :

"Those are about the conditions which I expected would be proposed."

impressions of the writing were made. He wrote very rapidly, and did not pause until he had finished the sentence ending with "officers appointed by me to receive them." Then he looked towards Lee, and his eyes seemed to be resting on the handsome sword which hung

at that officer's side. He said afterwards that this set him to thinking that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to require the officers to surrender their swords, and a great hardship to deprive them of their personal baggage and horses, and after a short pause he wrote the sentence: "This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage." When he had finished the letter he called Colonel (afterwards General) Parker, one of the military secretaries on the staff, to his side and looked it over with him and directed him as they went along to interline six or seven words and to strike out the word "their," which had been repeated. When this had been done, he handed the book to General

Lee and asked him to read over the letter. It was as follows :

"APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA,  
"April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.

"GENERAL: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States, until properly [exchanged], and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked, and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles, and the laws in force where they may reside.

"Very respectfully,  
"U. S. GRANT, LIEUT.-GENERAL."



GENERAL LEE AND COLONEL MARSHALL LEAVING MCLEAN'S HOUSE AFTER THE SURRENDER.  
(BY A. R. WAUD, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

General Grant then continued :

"Yes, I think our correspondence indicated pretty clearly the action that would be taken at our meeting; and I hope it may lead to a general suspension of hostilities and be the means of preventing any further loss of life."

Lee inclined his head as indicating his accord with this wish, and General Grant then went on to talk at some length in a very pleasant vein about the prospects of peace. Lee was evidently anxious to proceed to the formal work of the surrender, and he brought the subject up again by saying :

"I presume, General Grant, we have both carefully considered the proper steps to be taken, and I would suggest that you commit to writing the terms you have proposed, so that they may be formally acted upon."

"Very well," replied General Grant, "I will write them out." And calling for his manifold order-book, he opened it on the table before him and proceeded to write the terms. The leaves had been so prepared that three



Lee took it and laid it on the table beside him, while he drew from his pocket a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles and wiped the glasses carefully with his handkerchief. Then he crossed his legs, adjusted the spectacles very slowly and deliberately, took up the draft of the letter, and proceeded to read it attentively. It consisted of two pages. When he reached the top line of the second page, he looked up, and said to General Grant: "After the words 'until properly,' the word 'exchanged' seems to be omitted. You doubtless intended to use that word."

"Why, yes," said Grant; "I thought I had put in the word 'exchanged.'"

"I presumed it had been omitted inadvertently," continued Lee, "and with your permission I will mark where it should be inserted."

"Certainly," Grant replied.

Lee felt in his pocket as if searching for a pencil, but did not seem to be able to find one. Seeing this and happening to be standing close to him, I handed him my pencil. He took it, and laying the paper on the table noted the interlineation. During the rest of the interview he kept twirling this pencil in his fingers and occasionally tapping the top of the table with it. When he handed it back it was carefully treasured by me as a memento of the occasion. When Lee came to the sentence about the officers' side-arms, private horses and baggage, he showed for the first time during the reading of the letter a slight change of countenance, and was evidently touched by this act of generosity. It was

doubtless the condition mentioned to which he particularly alluded when he looked towards General Grant as he finished reading and said with some degree of warmth in his manner: "This will have a very happy effect upon my army."

General Grant then said: "Unless you have some suggestions to make in regard to the form in which I have stated the terms, I will have a copy of the letter made in ink and sign it."

"There is one thing I would like to mention," Lee replied after a short pause. "The cavalymen and artillerists own their own horses in our army. Its organization in this respect differs from that of the United States." This expression attracted the notice of our officers present, as showing how firmly the conviction was grounded in his mind that we were two distinct countries. He continued: "I would like to understand whether these men will be permitted to retain their horses?"

"You will find that the terms as written do not allow this," General Grant replied; "only the officers are permitted to take their private property."

Lee read over the second page of the letter again, and then said:

"No, I see the terms do not allow it; that is clear." His face showed plainly that he was quite anxious to have this concession made, and Grant said very promptly and without giving Lee time to make a direct request:

"Well, the subject is quite new to me. Of course I did not know that any private sol-



UNION SOLDIERS SHARING THEIR RATIONS WITH THE CONFEDERATES AT APPOMATTOX.  
(BY A. R. WAUD, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

diers owned their animals, but I think this will be the last battle of the war — I sincerely hope so — and that the surrender of this army will be followed soon by that of all the others, and I take it that most of the men in the ranks are small farmers, and as the country has been so raided by the two armies, it is doubtful whether they will be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they are now riding, and I will arrange it in this way. I will not change the terms as now written, but I will instruct the officers I shall appoint to receive the paroles to let all the men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms." (This expression has been quoted in various forms and has been the subject of some dispute. I give the exact words used.)

Lee now looked greatly relieved, and though anything but a demonstrative man, he gave every evidence of his appreciation of this concession, and said, "This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying and will do much towards conciliating our people." He handed the draft of the terms back to General Grant, who called Colonel Bowers of the staff to him and directed him to make a copy in ink. Bowers was a little nervous, and he turned the matter over to Colonel (afterwards General) Parker, whose handwriting presented a better appearance than that of any one else on the staff. Parker sat down to write at the table which stood against the rear side of the room. Wilbur McLean's domestic resources in the way of ink now became the subject of a searching investigation, but it was found that the contents of the conical-shaped stoneware inkstand which he produced appeared to be participating in the general breaking up and had disappeared. Colonel Marshall now came to the rescue, and pulled out of his pocket a small box-wood inkstand, which was put at Parker's service, so that, after all, we had to fall back upon the resources of the enemy in furnishing the stage "properties" for the final scene in the memorable military drama.

Lee in the mean time had directed Colonel Marshall to draw up for his signature a letter of acceptance of the terms of surrender. Colonel Marshall wrote out a draft of such a letter, making it quite formal, beginning with "I have the honor to reply to your communication, etc." General Lee took it, and after reading it over very carefully, directed that these formal expressions be stricken out and that the letter be otherwise shortened. He afterwards went over it again and seemed to change some words, and then told the colonel to make a final copy in ink. When it came to providing

the paper, it was found we had the only supply of that important ingredient in the recipe for surrendering an army, so we gave a few pages to the colonel. The letter when completed read as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN  
"VIRGINIA, April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL: I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect. R. E. LEE, GENERAL.

"LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT."

While the letters were being copied, General Grant introduced the general officers who had entered, and each member of the staff, to General Lee. The general shook hands with General Seth Williams, who had been his adjutant when Lee was superintendent at West Point, some years before the war, and gave his hand to some of the other officers who had extended theirs, but to most of those who were introduced he merely bowed in a dignified and formal manner. He did not exhibit the slightest change of features during this ceremony until Colonel Parker of our staff was presented to him. Parker was a full-blooded Indian, and the reigning Chief of the Six Nations. When General Lee saw his swarthy features he looked at him with an evident stare of surprise, and his eyes rested on him for several seconds. What was passing in his mind probably no one ever knew, but the natural surmise was that he at first mistook Parker for a negro, and was struck with astonishment to find that the commander of the Union armies had one of that race on his personal staff.

Lee did not utter a word while the introductions were going on, except to Seth Williams, with whom he talked quite cordially. Williams at one time referred in rather jocose a manner to a circumstance which occurred during their former service together, as if he wanted to say something in a good-natured way to break up the frigidity of the conversation, but Lee was in no mood for pleasantries, and he did not unbend, or even relax the fixed sternness of his features. His only response to the allusion was a slight inclination of the head. General Lee now took the initiative again in leading the conversation back into business channels. He said:

"I have a thousand or more of your men as prisoners, General Grant, a number of them officers whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them into your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them. I have, indeed, nothing for my own men. They have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in





GENERAL LEE'S RETURN TO HIS LINES AFTER THE SURRENDER—THE LAST APPEARANCE AMONG HIS TROOPS.  
(DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.)

In his "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee" (J. M. Stoddart & Co.), General A. L. Long says of this scene: "When, after his interview with Grant, General Lee again appeared, a shout of welcome instinctively ran through the army. But instantly recollecting the sad occasion that brought him before them, their shouts sank into silence, every hat was raised, and the bronzed faces of the thousands of grim warriors were bathed with tears. As he

rode slowly along the lines hundreds of his devoted veterans pressed around the noble chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay a hand upon his horse, thus exhibiting for him their great affection. The general then, with head bare and tears flowing freely down his manly cheeks, bade adieu to the army. In a few words he told the brave men who had been so true in arms to return to their homes and become worthy citizens."

need of both rations and forage. I telegraphed to Lynchburg, directing several train loads of rations to be sent on by rail from there, and when they arrive I should be glad to have the present wants of my men supplied from them."

At this remark, all eyes turned towards Sheridan, for he had captured these trains with his cavalry the night before, near Appomattox Station. General Grant replied:

"I should like to have our men sent within our lines as soon as possible. I will take steps at once to have your army supplied with rations, but I am sorry we have no forage for the animals. We have had to depend upon the country for our supply of forage. Of about how many men does your present force consist?"

"Indeed, I am not able to say," Lee answered after a slight pause. "My losses in killed and wounded have been exceedingly heavy, and, besides, there have been many stragglers and some deserters. All my reports and public papers, and, indeed, my own private letters, had to be destroyed on the march, to prevent them from falling into the hands of your people. Many companies are entirely without officers, and I have not seen any returns for several days; so that I have no means of ascertaining our present strength."

General Grant had taken great pains to have a daily estimate made of the enemy's forces

from all the data that could be obtained, and judging it to be about 25,000 at this time, he said:

"Suppose I send over 25,000 rations, do you think that will be a sufficient supply?"

"I think it will be ample," remarked Lee, and added, with considerable earnestness of manner, "and it will be a great relief, I assure you."

General Grant now turned to his chief commissary, Colonel (afterwards General) Morgan, who was present, and directed him to arrange for issuing the rations. The number of men surrendered was over 28,000. As to General Grant's supplies, he had ordered the army on starting out to carry twelve days' rations. This was the twelfth and last day of the campaign.

General Grant's eye now fell upon Lee's sword again, and it seemed to remind him of the absence of his own, and, by way of explanation, he said to Lee:

"I started out from my camp several days ago without my sword, and as I have not seen my headquarters baggage since, I have been riding about without any side-arms. I have generally worn a sword, however, as little as possible, only during the actual operations of a campaign."

"I am in the habit of wearing mine most of the time," remarked Lee; "I wear it invariably when I am among my troops, moving about through the army."

General Sheridan now stepped up to General Lee and said that when he discovered some of the Confederate troops in motion during the morning, which seemed to be a violation of the truce, he had sent him (Lee) a couple of notes protesting against this act, and as he had not had time to copy them he would like to have them long enough to make copies. Lee took the notes out of the breast-pocket of his coat and handed them to Sheridan with a few words expressive of regret that the circumstance had occurred, and intimating that it must have been the result of some misunderstanding.

After a little general conversation had been indulged in by those present, the two letters were signed and delivered, and the parties prepared to separate. Lee before parting asked Grant to notify Meade of the surrender, fearing that fighting might break out on that front and lives be uselessly lost. This request was complied with, and two Union officers were sent through the enemy's lines as the shortest route to Meade, — some of Lee's officers accompanying them to prevent their being interfered with. At a little before 4 o'clock, General Lee shook hands with General Grant, bowed to the other officers, and with Colonel Marshall left the room. One after another we followed and passed out to the porch. Lee signaled to his orderly to bring up his horse, and while the animal was being bridled the general stood on the lowest step and gazed sadly in the direction of the valley beyond where his army lay — now an army of prisoners. He smote his hands together a number of times in an absent sort of a way; seemed not to see the group of Union officers in the yard who rose respectfully at his approach, and appeared unconscious of everything about him. All appreciated the sadness which overwhelmed him, and he had the personal sympathy of every one who beheld him at this supreme moment of trial. The approach of his horse seemed to recall him from his reverie and he at once mounted. General Grant now stepped down from the porch, and moving towards him, saluted him by raising his hat. He was followed in this act of courtesy by all our officers present; Lee raised his hat respectfully in acknowledgment, and rode off to break the sad news to the brave fellows whom he had so long commanded.

General Grant and his staff then mounted and started for the headquarters camp, which in the mean time had been pitched near by. The news of the surrender had reached the Union lines and the firing of salutes began at several points, but the general sent orders at once to have them stopped, and used these words in referring to the occurrence: "The

war is over, the rebels are our countrymen again, and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field."

Mr. McLean had been charging about in a manner which indicated that the excitement was shaking his system to its nervous center, but his real trials did not begin until the departure of the chief actors in the surrender. Then the relic-hunters charged down upon the manor-house and made various attempts to jump Mr. McLean's claims to his own furniture. Sheridan set a good example, however, by paying the proprietor twenty dollars in gold for the table at which Lee sat for the purpose of presenting it to Mrs. Custer, and handed it over to her dashing husband, who started off for camp bearing it upon his shoulder, and looking like Atlas carrying the world. Ord paid forty dollars for the table at which Grant sat, and afterwards presented it to Mrs. Grant, who modestly declined it and insisted that it should be given to Mrs. Ord, who then became its possessor. Bargains were at once struck for all the articles in the room, and it is even said that some mementos were carried off in the shape of flowers and other things for which no coin of the realm was ever exchanged.

Before General Grant had proceeded far towards camp, he was reminded that he had not yet announced the important event to the Government. He dismounted by the roadside, sat down on a large stone, and called for pencil and paper. Colonel (afterwards General) Badeau handed his order-book to the general, who wrote on one of the leaves the following message, a copy of which was sent to the nearest telegraph station. It was dated 4:30 P. M.

"HON. E. M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR, WASHINGTON.

"General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully.

"U. S. GRANT, LIEUT.-GENERAL."

Upon reaching camp he seated himself in front of his tent, and we all gathered around him, curious to hear what his first comments would be upon the crowning event of his life. But our expectations were doomed to disappointment, for he appeared to have already dismissed the whole subject from his mind, and turning to General Ingalls, his first words were: "Ingalls, do you remember that old white mule that so-and-so used to ride when we were in the city of Mexico?" "Why, perfectly," said Ingalls, who was just then in a mood to remember the exact number of hairs in the mule's tail if it would have helped to make matters agreeable. And then the general-in-chief



went on to recall the antics played by that animal during an excursion to Popocatepetl. It was not until after supper that he said much about the surrender, when he talked freely of his entire belief that the rest of the rebel commanders would follow Lee's example, and that we would have but little more fighting, even of a partisan nature. He then surprised us by announcing his intention of starting to Washington early the next morning. We were disappointed at this, for we wanted to see something of the opposing army, now that it had become civil enough for the first time in its existence to let us get near it, and meet some of the officers who had been acquaintances in former years. The general, however, had no fondness for looking at the conquered, and but little curiosity in his nature, and he was anxious above all things to begin the reduction of the military establishment and diminish the enormous expense attending it, which at this time amounted to about four millions of dollars a day. When he considered, however, that the railroad was being rapidly put in condition and that he would lose no time by waiting till the next noon, he made up his mind to delay his departure.

That evening I made full notes of the occurrences which took place during the surrender, and from these the above account has been written.

There were present at McLean's house besides Sheridan, Ord, Merritt, Custer, and the officers of General Grant's staff, a number of other officers and one or two citizens who entered the room at different times during the interview.

About 9 o'clock on the morning of the 10th General Grant with his staff rode out towards the enemy's lines, but it was found upon attempting to pass through that the force of habit is hard to overcome, and that the practice which had so long been inculcated in Lee's army of keeping Grant out of its lines was not to be overturned in a day, and he was politely requested at the picket-lines to wait till a message could be sent to headquarters asking for instructions. As soon as Lee heard that his distinguished opponent was approaching, he was prompt to correct the misunderstanding at the picket-line, and rode out at a gallop to receive him. They met on a knoll which overlooked the lines of the two armies, and saluted respectfully by each raising his hat. The officers present gave a similar salute, and then grouped themselves around the two chieftains in a semicircle, but withdrew out of earshot. General Grant repeated to us that evening the substance of the conversation, which was as follows:

Grant began by expressing a hope that the war would soon be over, and Lee replied by

stating that he had for some time been anxious to stop the further effusion of blood, and he trusted that everything would now be done to restore harmony and conciliate the people of the South. He said the emancipation of the negroes would be no hindrance to the restoring of relations between the two sections of the country, as it would probably not be the desire of the majority of the Southern people to restore slavery then, even if the question were left open to them. He could not tell what the other armies would do or what course Mr. Davis would now take, but he believed it would be best for their other armies to follow his example, as nothing could be gained by further resistance in the field. Finding that he entertained these sentiments, General Grant told him that no one's influence in the South was so great as his, and suggested to him that he should advise the surrender of the remaining armies and thus exert his influence in favor of immediate peace. Lee said he could not take such a course without consulting President Davis first. Grant then proposed to Lee that he should do so, and urge the hastening of a result which was admitted to be inevitable. Lee, however, was averse to stepping beyond his duties as a soldier, and said the authorities would doubtless soon arrive at the same conclusion without his interference. There was a statement put forth that Grant asked Lee to go and see Mr. Lincoln and talk with him as to the terms of reconstruction, but this was erroneous. I asked General Grant about it when he was on his death-bed, and his recollection was distinct that he had made no such suggestion. I am of opinion that the mistake arose from hearing that Lee had been requested to go and see the "President" regarding peace, and thinking that this expression referred to Mr. Lincoln, whereas it referred to Mr. Davis. After the conversation had lasted a little more than half an hour and Lee had requested that such instructions be given to the officers left in charge to carry out the details of the surrender, that there might be no misunderstanding as to the form of paroles, the manner of turning over the property, etc., the conference ended. The two commanders lifted their hats and said good-bye. Lee rode back to his camp to take a final farewell of his army, and Grant returned to McLean's house, where he seated himself on the porch until it was time to take his final departure. During the conference Ingalls, Sheridan, and Williams had asked permission to visit the enemy's lines and renew their acquaintance with some old friends, classmates and former comrades in arms who were serving in Lee's army. They now returned, bringing with them Wilcox, who



DEPOT OF SUPPLIES FOR THE UNION ARMY AT BELLE PLAINE ON THE JAMES RIVER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

had been General Grant's groomsmen when he was married,—Longstreet, who had also been at his wedding, Heth, who had been a subaltern with him in Mexico, besides Gordon, Pickett, and a number of others. They all stepped up to pay their respects to General Grant, who received them very cordially and talked with them until it was time to leave. The hour of noon had now arrived, and General Grant, after shaking hands with all present who were not to accompany him, mounted his horse, and started with his staff for Washington without having entered the enemy's lines. Lee set out for Richmond, and it was felt by

all that peace had at last dawned upon the land.

The charges were now withdrawn from the guns, the camp-fires were left to smolder in their ashes, the flags were tenderly furled,—those historic banners, battle-stained, bullet-riddled, many of them but remnants of their former selves, with scarcely enough left of them on which to imprint the names of the battles they had seen,—and the Army of the Union and the Army of Northern Virginia turned their backs upon each other for the first time in four long, bloody years.

*Horace Porter.*



SOLDIERS' GRAVES AT CITY POINT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)





differences between the two countries to arbitration instead of war; and this, although no one felt more keenly than he the conduct of England during the Rebellion, and, as a soldier, no one could see more plainly the immense advantages we might have retained had the Treaty of Washington never been signed. But he always regarded the negotiation of that treaty as the great achievement of his administration, and he was in some sort rewarded by the extraordinary reception he met with in England.

I had been living in that country officially for some years when General Grant visited England. I supposed that he would be received by the important people in a manner becoming their own station and his illustrious position and fame; but the popular enthusiasm that his arrival evoked was a marvel. It equaled anything in the ovations at home immediately after the war. Streets were illuminated, triumphal arches built, holidays were proclaimed because he entered a town; the whole population crowded to see him, and were as eager to shake his hand as those whom he had helped to save. Every great city welcomed him officially; he was the guest of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Lord Wharncliffe, the bitterest enemy the Union had in the whole nobility, toasted him at public dinners, and declared: "Had General Grant been an Englishman, I should not now be responding for the House of Lords, for he would have been a duke." And always in England this enthusiasm was avowedly based on the fact that, although a great soldier, he had, as President, referred a grave international dispute to a peaceful tribunal instead of the arbitrament of war.

The same simplicity which he had manifested at Galena was retained at the table of kings. Some one in England inclined to cavil criticised his lack of loquacity and comparative plainness of behavior; but one who could sympathize with him in both respects, the present Earl of Derby, declared there could be no question about General Grant. The man who had achieved what all knew he had performed, and could retain his simplicity and

modesty, must be a very great man. This was the universal verdict.

As all the world knows, his triumphal procession continued for years. He passed through every country of Europe and the most important of Africa and Asia, enjoying an experience that had never before fallen to man. No great personage of ancient or modern times ever made such a journey. He was received everywhere as the equal of the potentates of the earth. The sovereigns of Europe, the Sultan of Turkey, the Czar of Russia, the Pope, the Khedive, the Emperors of Germany and China and Japan, all met him on a level. The Czar took him by the hand and led him to a sofa, talked statecraft with him and compared experiences, asked how he did when his ministers were troublesome and what was his practice in popular emergencies, while Gortschakoff stood behind and helped his master to a word or a phrase when his English halted. Something of the same sort happened with the Emperor of Germany; while the Mikado of Japan and the King of Siam were anxious to learn politics of him. Then came the statesmen themselves—Bismarck and Gortschakoff and Beaconsfield and Gambetta, who could approach him as they would not or could not a sovereign, and were equally anxious to compare notes with the American President; and so with others of high degree. Last of all, Grant, being a genuine democrat, went among the people themselves, talked with them, studied them, understood them as no sovereign or aristocrat would be able to do; so that he went through three tiers of experience—with the monarchs, the statesmen, the people; and being, as I say, a thorough democrat and republican, believing in the people and being of the people, he preserved not only his simplicity of habit and taste amid the pomp of courts and the adulation of the world, but his firm confidence in the superiority of republican institutions and of the American character. He saw the highest and best of modern civilization, and he returned, if possible, a better democrat than when he started.

*Adam Badeau.*

## BIRD-VOICES.

THE robin and sparrow a-wing, in silver-throated accord;  
The low soft breath of a flute, and the deep short pick of a chord,  
A golden chord and a flute, where the throat of the oriole swells  
Fieldward, and out of the blue the passing of bobolink bells.

*A. Lampman.*



to certain danger or even destruction in order to gain the victory which they deemed essential to their country, as well as the ability to control different armies simultaneously on the widest theaters, moving them in apparently opposite directions only to concentrate them at last for a single aim. The manœuvres in the early days of the Franco-German war have a similarity in their suddenness and celerity and success to the rapid strokes of the Vicksburg campaign; while the great combinations that spread over all France, and finally resulted in Sedan and Metz and the fall of Paris, are not unlike those by which Grant controlled Sherman and Thomas and Sheridan, and brought about the surrenders of Lee and Johnston, and the capture of Richmond. One general struck down an empire and accomplished the capitulation of a sovereign; the other overthrew a rebellion greater than the world had ever seen before, and stamped out every vestige of resistance on a continent.

When the war was over, Grant's popularity naturally knew no bounds. No American ever received during his lifetime such a unanimity of praise. But he remained unchanged, as simple when the foremost man in all the country as when earning his daily bread in a little inland town. I accompanied him when he returned to Galena, and after the first burst of enthusiasm among those who had been his fellow-citizens had subsided, he resumed much of his life of former years, visited and received his earlier friends without any assumption of superiority, took tea in the little houses of Galena, and chatted with his neighbors about their crops and gains, as if he had never commanded generals nor manœuvred a million of men across a continent.

He was as popular at the South as at the North. The men whom he had conquered never forgot his magnanimity. A few months after Appomattox he made a tour through the Southern States, and then entered Richmond for the first time. Had he been the savior instead of the captor of the town, he could hardly have been more cordially received. The Southerners felt indeed that he had been a savior to them. He had saved them from the rancor and revengeful spirit of many at the North. The terms he had granted them at Appomattox were unexampled for clemency; and when Andrew Johnson attempted to violate those terms, Grant declared he would resign his position in the army unless they were respected. At Richmond, Raleigh, Charleston, Savannah, the most important Southerners, civilians and soldiers, made it their duty to call upon him, to welcome him, to show him their gratitude.

At Raleigh the State Legislature was in session, and he was invited to be present, and the body rose as he entered the capitol which his armies had captured not six months before. Important Southerners soon addressed him, requesting him to become a candidate for the Presidency, assuring him of the unanimous desire of the South to see him at the head of the Government. General Richard Taylor came to me on this errand, and urged that Grant should allow himself to become the candidate of the Democrats.

But Grant was then averse to entering politics. I have rarely seen him more indignant than when individuals with little or no acquaintance persisted in declaring that he must be the next President. For years his nearest friends never heard him express a willingness to accept a nomination. To my certain knowledge both political parties made overtures to him both during and after the war; but it was not until the breach between the Executive and Congress, and the impeachment of Johnson, that he thought it his duty to allow his name to be used. He regretted extremely the original harshness of Mr. Johnson, and frequently interposed to modify his views or to palliate the past offenses of Southerners; he obtained numerous pardons in the days when clemency was not the rule, and only the weight of his great services could have prevailed; but when Mr. Johnson swung to the other extreme, contended with Congress, and was anxious to set up his own policy in opposition to that of the mass of the people who had won, Grant thought he had no choice and threw in his lot with those with whom he had fought.

He never, however, lost his hold on the Southerners. In 1880, on his return from Europe, his reception at the South was as enthusiastic as at the North, and thousands of Southern Democrats assured his political friends that had he been nominated at Chicago the mass of the Southern vote would have been thrown in his favor. Whether they were right or wrong, no one now can tell; but that a large number of prominent Southerners were of this opinion shows the feeling that must have existed at the South for him who fought them to the end.

The man of war, indeed, always preferred peace. He never liked his profession. In England, when the Duke of Cambridge offered him a review, the courtesy was declined; and Grant declared to his intimates that a review was the last thing he desired to see. He had seen soldiers enough, he said, to last him a lifetime.

The great measure of his Presidency was the treaty with England, which submitted the



back to Washington without having seen the Rebel army, and without his presence having been generally known even to Sherman's command.

This friendship did not end with the war. Shortly before his first inauguration as President, while he was still general-in-chief, Mr. Blaine, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, proposed to Grant that a resolution should be introduced in both Houses of Congress giving him a leave of absence for four years, so that he could resume his position in the army at the close of his Presidency. The rank of general, it was said, had been created for him, and he should not be called on to relinquish the place and emoluments bestowed for a lifetime, because in order to serve the country he had accepted even a higher position, which could only last four years. The offer was made in the name of a large majority of both Houses; but Grant declined it peremptorily. He said he could not sleep at night if he felt that he had deprived Sherman and others of the promotion they had earned as fairly as he could be said to have deserved his own. His refusal was final, and the resolution was not proposed.

He formed a similar friendship for Sheridan, but this began later in the war, and has gone on ripening since. His admiration for the present general-in-chief is equally outspoken and generous, and he thinks and says to-day that Sheridan is the peer of any soldier living.

McPherson also was a dear friend; to Rawlins he was warmly attached; and with all his immediate subordinates he lived on terms of comparative intimacy, and with some of personal friendship. He had the faculty in a large degree, which nearly or quite all great commanders possess, of attaching those brought closely about him. His personal staff were, without exception, devoted to him; any one of them would have risked his life for his chief had he known he must share the fate of Desaix when he sacrificed himself for Napoleon. In the last year of the war they organized a system at City Point by which one sat up on guard of him every night to watch against plots of the enemy; for there had been devices of dynamitic character, and attempts not only to capture, but to assassinate prominent national officers.

That camp life at City Point can never be forgotten by those who shared it, living in summer in a group of tents, in winter in rude huts, of which the commander-in-chief's was larger, but in no other respect better than that of the humblest captain on the staff. He shared his table with all his aides-de-camp, and at night he always joined the circle around the camp-fire, and told his stories or

conversed about old comrades, and discussed the chances of Sherman on his march or of Sheridan in the Valley, of Thomas at Nashville or of Butler at Fort Fisher. But with all this familiarity he preserved exactly the degree of reticence that he intended. He never betrayed what he meant should be secret, and though willing to listen to suggestions as to movements or plans, he made no remark in reply. In the middle of a conversation he would leave the circle, enter his tent, write out a telegram without consulting any one, and returning say, "I have ordered Thomas to fight to-morrow," or, "I have sent another division to Sheridan." Thus he gave his orders for the last assault on Petersburg; thus, too, in spite of urgent endeavors on the part of Rawlins and others to change the plan, he wrote the final permission to Sherman to start for the sea.

For all his great determinations were his own, he was never averse to availing himself of the ideas of others, and, as I must always repeat, no man ever learned the lesson of experience quicker, or applied it more absolutely. But the suggestions of others were presented simply, and either accepted or rejected as his judgment dictated; he was never persuaded. And if he took up an idea that he found, it was so developed by his own mind that it became as original in reality as if he had conceived the germ. Every one who might be called an associate felt this. Sherman resented the ascription to himself of the origin of the Vicksburg campaign, and has often told the story of his objection to the movement with loyal and splendid magnanimity.

There are many traits in Grant resembling those displayed by Moltke. All great soldiers indeed have much in common, but perhaps the parallel between these two is closer than any other in recent history. Both lived simply and almost unknown to their countrymen for many years. Moltke, it is true, remained in his profession and was more fortunate as the world goes; but until the great opportunity came he also was comparatively obscure. Both are plain in behavior, modest under unexampled success, undemonstrative in manner, simple in habits and tastes, unassuming and retiring though thrust into the highest positions. Neither ever sought advancement, but each earned it by his deeds. Both are admirable in the family, and attach friends warmly despite their reserved and dispassionate demeanor.

Both have displayed in their public career the tremendous determination, the sustained energy, the persistency of purpose which the world has recognized. Both have exhibited the power to hurl men in successive masses







GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.  
(From the last portrait taken.)



mediately over him, but his hand never shook, he did not look up, and continued the dispatch as calmly as if he had been in camp.

This calmness was the same in the greatest moral emergencies. At the surrender of Lee he was as impassive as on the most ordinary occasion; and until some of us congratulated him, he seemed scarcely to have realized that he had accomplished one of the greatest achievements in modern history. It did not occur to him to enter Richmond as a conqueror when that city fell; nor to cross inside the Rebel lines at Appomattox until his officers requested it. Then he consented, but meeting Lee at the outposts, he stopped to talk with him for a couple of hours, until the time was past. He returned that day to Washington, and never saw the inside of the lines that had resisted him for a year.

His relations with the troops were peculiar. He never made speeches to the soldiers, and of course never led them himself into battle after he assumed his high commands. But in every battle they saw him certainly once or twice far to the front, as exposed as they; for there always seemed to come a time in each engagement when he was unwilling to use the eyes or ears of another, but must observe for himself in order to determine. The soldiers saw all this; they knew, too, that when he rode around in camp it meant action, and the sight of his blue overcoat, exactly like their own, was a signal to prepare for battle. They found out his character and respected his qualities. They felt that he meant well, although when the time came he spared them not, for the cause. Thus, though so undemonstrative, he awoke a genuine enthusiasm. After the battle of the Wilderness he rode at night along the road where Hancock's veterans lay, and when the men discovered it was Grant, and that his face was turned toward Richmond, they knew in a moment they were not to retire across the Rapidan as so often before; and they rose in the darkness, and cheered until the enemy thought it was a night attack and came out and opened fire. When the works were carried at Petersburg, their enthusiasm was of course unbounded; and whenever they caught a glimpse of him in the Appomattox campaign, the cheers were vociferous. After the surrender of Lee they began without orders to salute him with cannon, but he directed the firing to cease, lest it should wound the feelings of the prisoners, who, he said, were once again our countrymen.

This sentiment he retained. Soon after the close of the war I was present when a committee of Congress, headed by Charles Sumner, waited on him to propose that a picture

should be painted of the surrender of Lee, to be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol. But he told them he should never consent, so far as he was concerned, to any picture being placed in the Capitol to commemorate a victory in which our own countrymen were the losers.

His friendship for Sherman all the world knows. It had, however, two great exemplifications which should not be omitted from the portraiture. When Sherman had finished his March to the Sea, and had come out successful at Savannah, the country of course rang with plaudits. Grant had been sitting quietly before Richmond for months and apparently had accomplished nothing, while his great subordinate had not only captured Atlanta, but had absolutely marched through the Confederacy. It was at once proposed to raise Sherman to the same rank with Grant, and make him capable of supreme command. Sherman heard of this, and promptly wrote to Grant: "I have written to John Sherman to stop it. I would rather have you in command than any one else. . . . I should emphatically decline any commission calculated to bring us into rivalry." To this Grant replied: "No one would be more pleased at your advancement than I, and if you should be placed in my position and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertions to support you that you have done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win." These were not mere professions on either side. They were pledges in the view of possible contingencies. And they would have been fulfilled.

There were many during the war and afterward who declared and believed that Sherman thought himself the superior of Grant, and that he should have come out foremost; who represented many of his actions as prompted by rivalry or jealousy; but it was impossible to shake Grant's confidence in his friend. I never saw him so angry as when I showed him Stanton's denunciation of the terms of peace that Sherman had granted Johnston. He declared it was "infamous" to impute any but patriotic motives to a man who had served the country as Sherman had. And although he was empowered, and in fact ordered, to proceed to Sherman's army and "direct in person the operations against the enemy," he scrupulously refrained from assuming personal command. He might, under his orders, have received the surrender of Johnston as well as of Lee, snatching the laurels that his friend had fairly earned; but the enemy did not know of his arrival until after the terms were signed, and Grant went

like this to him once in discussing a battle, and asked if he concurred. "That is your opinion," he replied; "let it pass." There are friends of Grant who always urge me not to present this view of his character too strongly. They say: "The world already is inclined to think him a 'hammerer.' You should not press this idea of force—even of moral force." But I cannot forbear; it was the moral force of the man, the courage always, under adverse or favorable fortune, the audacity at Vicksburg, the indomitable defiance at Shiloh, the persistent determination in the Wilderness, that always brought victory in the end.

And for my part I cannot see that this trait is less admirable than technical skill or strategic astuteness. A quality that dominates events as well as men, that compels circumstances and accomplishes the grandest results, seems to me equal to that more ingenious, but not necessarily more intellectual, even if more brilliant and fascinating, attribute which attains its purposes by circuitous roads or evasive means. And in the War of the Rebellion no mere manœuvring would have succeeded. The enemy was not only too adroit, but, above all, too determined, to be foiled by stratagems alone. No skill would have tired out Lee. No capture of places or outflanking of armies would have annihilated the Confederacy. It had to be stamped out; its armies and its resources had to be destroyed, its territory and its people conquered; its soldiers killed. Its own magnificent bravery, the spirit of its armies, the heroism of its population, rendered just such a course as Grant pursued indispensable. His greatness lay in the fact that he perceived the situation, and adapted his means to the end. His good fortune was that his nature was fitted for just such emergencies.

The world is right; it was by energy and tenacity that he won, and that the nation was saved. It was because he held up the Government and persisted with his army that the country remained firm and the enemy finally lost heart. Those opposed to him felt that it was hopeless to struggle against a man with the determination of fate itself; and the suffering, anxious crowds at home, amid their tears, felt that the cup could not pass from them. Only through blood and suffering are nations saved.

Nevertheless, it was not mere brute force that availed. The man who devised the various attempts to penetrate the marshes around Vicksburg was not destitute of invention, and he who conceived and executed the subsequent campaign can never be said to have accomplished his most brilliant successes by

butchery or hammering; while, above all, he who was capable of the combinations that stretched across a continent, who could direct the operations of a twelvemonth so that every movement was part of the plan, and finally concentrate all his forces toward a single point and consummate exactly what he set out to do a year before, with a completeness unexampled then, and unsurpassed since in war, may laugh at the critics who pronounce him inapt or blundering.

In battle, as in strategical movements, Grant always meant to take the initiative; he always advanced, was always the aggressor, always sought to force his plans upon the enemy; and if by any chance or circumstance the enemy attacked, his method of defense was an attack elsewhere. At Donelson, as we have seen, when his troops were pushed back on the right he assaulted on the left; and this was only one instance out of a hundred. This, too, not only because he was the invader, or because his forces were numerically stronger, but because it was his nature in war to assail. In the Vicksburg campaign his army was smaller than Pemberton's; yet he was the aggressor. In the operations about Iuka his position was a defensive one, but he attacked the enemy all the same. It was his idea of war to attack incessantly and advance invariably, and thus to make the operations of the enemy a part and parcel of his own.

Nevertheless, no one was quicker than he to perceive the new possibilities that battle is constantly offering. He always left his plans open to change; and some of his greatest successes were suggested and achieved in consequence of the mistakes of the enemy. The final assault at Donelson was provoked by the Rebel attack on the right; the battle of Champion's Hill in the Vicksburg campaign was unplanned until invited by Pemberton's blunders; the reinforcements with which Sheridan conquered at Five Forks were not sent until Lee had attempted to overwhelm him.

Like most great soldiers, Grant was indifferent to fatigue in the field. He could outstride the youngest and hardiest of his officers, and endured the lack of food or the loss of sleep longer than any of his staff. Yet he slept late whenever it was possible, and never put himself to needless trouble. So, too, he never braved danger unnecessarily; he was not excited by it, but was simply indifferent to it, was calm when others were aroused. I have often seen him sit erect in his saddle when every one else instinctively shrank as a shell burst in the neighborhood. Once he sat on the ground writing a dispatch in a fort just captured from the enemy, but still commanded by another near. A shell burst im-





*W. A. Brown*

(ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1864, OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY.)

at his apparent lack of success ; for the daring which sanctioned Sherman's march against the opinion and wish of the Executive ; for the decision that told when the moment had come to assault the works that had detained him so long. But in addition to all this—as general-in-chief—Grant had to command armies separated by thousands of miles, to plan campaigns that extended over a year, to match one command against another, to balance the different forces, to weave a tangled skein into a single web, to play a game as intricate as ever taxed the subtlest or profoundest intellect ; against an antagonist wary, untiring, determined, and astute ; with stakes of the most tremendous character, of reputation to himself and existence to his cause ; and he won. Courage and means and moral support, all were necessary ; an army to follow, subordinates to carry out his plans, the country to back him ; but none nor all of these would have sufficed without the highest sagacity as a soldier. A weak man would have succumbed under such a responsibility ; a man with less ability would have been unable to wield the power or the weapons intrusted to Grant. He was equal to all his opportunities.

At the close of the war, the man who had led the victorious armies was not forty-three years of age. He had not changed in any essential qualities from the captain in Mexico or the merchant in Galena. The daring and resource that he showed at Donelson and Vicksburg had been foreshadowed at Panama and Garita San Cosme ; the persistency before Richmond was the development of the same trait which led him to seek subsistence in various occupations, and follow fortune long deferred through many unsuccessful years. Developed by experience, taught by circumstance, learning from all he saw and even more from what he did, as few have ever been developed or taught, or have learned, he, nevertheless, maintained the self-same personality through it all. The characteristics of the man were exactly those he manifested as a soldier—directness and steadiness of purpose, clearness and certainty of judgment, self-reliance and immutable determination.

Grant's genius too, was always ready ; it was always brightest in an emergency. All his faculties were sharpened in battle ; the man who to some seemed dull, or even slow, was then prompt and decided. When the circumstances were once presented to him, he was never long in determining. He seemed to have a faculty of penetrating at once to the heart of things. He saw what was the point to strike, or the thing to do, and he never wavered in his judgment afterward, unless, of course, under new contingencies. Then he

had no false pride of opinion, no hesitation in undoing what he had ordered ; but if the circumstances remained the same, he never doubted his own judgment. I asked him once how he could be so calm in terrible emergencies, after giving an order for a corps to go into battle, or directing some intricate manœuvre. He replied that he had done his best and could do no better ; others might have ordered more wisely or decided more fortunately, but he was conscious that he had done what he could, and he gave himself no anxiety about the judgment or the decision. Of course he was anxious about the accomplishment of his plans, but never as to whether he ought to have attempted them. So, on the night of the battle of the Wilderness, when the right of his army had been broken and turned, after he had given his orders for new dispositions, he went to his tent and slept calmly till morning.

This confidence, which was not arrogance, for he often spoke of Sherman as the greatest soldier living, and afterward of Sheridan in equal strains—this confidence engendered composure, and left all his faculties at his own disposal. This was the secret of his courage, and of the steadiness which held him to his purpose, not only in a single battle like Shiloh, but through the tremendous losses and encounters of the Wilderness campaign. All through those terrible forty days and nights he never wavered ; he never once thought of retiring ; he never once quailed. After the fiercest fighting, and the most awful destruction of life, he still knew and felt that only by fresh effort of the same sort could he conquer, and gave the orders grimly, but unshaken still.

Not that he was indifferent to human life or human suffering. I have been with him when he left a hurdle race, unwilling to see men risk their necks needlessly ; and he came away from one of Blondin's exhibitions at Niagara, angry and nervous at the sight of one poor wretch in gaudy clothes crossing the whirlpool on a wire. But he could subordinate such sensations when necessity required it. He risked his life, and was ready to sacrifice it, for his country ; and he was ready, if need came, to sacrifice his countrymen, for he knew that they too made the offering.

It was undoubtedly as a fighter rather than a manœuvrer that Grant distinguished himself. He was ready with resource and prompt in decision at Belmont and Donelson, but it was the invincible determination at both these places as well as at Shiloh that won. As with men, so with armies and generals : skill and strength are tremendous advantages, but courage outweighs them all. I said something



is sure to win. He acted upon this belief, not only at Donelson, but at Shiloh, and time after time again. In the Vicksburg campaign, in the Wilderness—always when odds and obstacles were even, or perhaps against him, when both his own men and the enemy were exhausted—then to proceed or to hold out unreasonably brought victory. The general or the man who does what can neither be expected nor required is the one who succeeds.

At Shiloh the same quality was manifest. At a certain moment in this battle the national troops were thrust back nearly to the river. The reinforcements had not arrived; a part of the command was broken; thousands had been taken prisoner, and thousands had fled to the rear. At this juncture General Buell came upon the field, in advance of his troops, still miles away. It was the darkest moment of the day. He rode up to Grant near the river, and, seeing the crowd of cravens there, supposed that all was lost. "What preparations have you made for retreating, General?" he inquired. Grant replied, "I haven't despaired of whipping them yet." "But if you should be whipped," said the other, "how will you get your men across the river? These transports will not take ten thousand men." "If I have to cross the river," said Grant, "ten thousand will be all I shall need transports for." His army was thirty thousand strong.

On this day, also, General Sherman tells that at four o'clock Grant was at his front, and, despite the terrible fighting and the reverses he had sustained, gave orders to assume the offensive in the morning. And this was before Buell's advance had crossed the Tennessee.

If Donelson, Belmont, and Shiloh illustrated the aggressive audacity and stubborn determination, as well as the quickness of perception and the celerity and certainty both of decision and action, which distinguished Grant in absolute battle, Vicksburg and Chattanooga brought out the characteristics of his strategy and the more purely military peculiarities of his genius.

The long series of attempts on the north and west of Vicksburg exhibited indeed the persistency of resolve and fertility of resource of the commander. The amphibious campaign in the bayous and marshes and canals, the ditches that were dug, the levees that were cut, the troops that were carried on narrow-tugs through devious channels or marched at night by lighted candles through the cane-brake, the transports that were run by the Vicksburg batteries—all these make an epic worthy of Homer in incident and interest; but all these endeavors Grant never really

hoped would succeed. He was waiting during all these months for the waters to subside, so that he could throw his army south of Vicksburg. Then he undertook the campaign which at once placed him in the front rank of generals. The audacity which led him to penetrate the enemy's country, cutting loose from his base with thirty thousand men, carrying only three days' rations, and leaving an army larger than his own between himself and his supplies, has only been equaled once, if ever, in recent history; while the strategy which separated his antagonists, driving one eastward to strike him alone, and then turning west to destroy the other,—surprising, deceiving, misleading, outmanœuvring the enemy, first dividing and then combining his own command, and finally accomplishing the greatest surrender of men and material that had then been known in modern war,—has no parallel except in the exploits of Moltke or Napoleon.

Chattanooga came next. This was the most elaborate of all Grant's battles, the most like a game between skillful players. Few battles in any war have ever been fought so strictly according to the plan. The manœuvring was in the presence and in sight of the enemy. Grant fought with portions of three armies. One had been brought from the Mississippi and one from the Potomac, and they came upon the field as if they had been timed; they crossed a river and scaled a mountain according to order and under fire, while even the enemy performed his part as Grant had expected and desired. This battle more closely resembled those of European commanders and European fields than any other great engagement of the American war. It was the only one on such a scale where the movements of each army were visible, the only one in which the commanding general could watch the operations in person, could perceive the movements he directed, and trust to his own observations to continue or vary his designs. And, while undoubtedly the contingencies that were unforeseen contributed to the result,—for Grant always knew how to avail himself of unexpected emergencies,—it still remains that this battle was fought as nearly according to the plan laid down in advance as any recorded in the schools.

In the last year of the war, after Grant became general-in-chief, there was need for a combination of his best traits—for the determination which carried him through the Wilderness, which refused to be recalled from Richmond when Early threatened Washington, which kept him immovable in front of Petersburg when the country was impatient

This, as he had expected, drew the attention of the gunners at Columbus, who opened on his little force; and the troops, perceiving their danger, at length returned to the ranks. But by this time the enemy had also reformed, and were ready to resist his march to the transports. His own men were at first greatly dismayed, and one of his officers came up with the news: "We are surrounded." "Well," said Grant, "if that is so, we must cut our way out as we cut our way in. We have whipped them once, and I think we can do it again." His own confidence quickly inspired his command. The troops took heart; they did "cut their way out as they cut their way in"; they "whipped 'em again," and succeeded in all that had been planned or desired.

This, Grant's earliest absolute battle, although on so small a scale, illustrates, like Paducah, many of the traits which were afterward conspicuous in his military character. His sympathy with the troops at the start, his steadiness under apparent disaster, his promptness in an emergency, the grim device of setting the camps on fire to draw the attention of the enemy, and his ability to restore confidence to the flustered recruits, were all auguries of soldiership not afterward belied.

After this, every one of his great battles brought out some peculiar personal quality to which he was indebted for success. In a war where the prowess of the soldiers was equal, where the Southern enthusiasm was matched by the Northern determination, where the men were of the same race, and on each side thought they were fighting for country and right, the individual qualities of the leaders naturally told.

At Donelson, beyond all doubt, it was the personal traits of Grant that secured the victory; both in the movements preceding the attack and in the battle itself, the influence of the individual man is unmistakable. Numerous soldiers, it is said, had early recognized the importance of capturing the place. McClellan, Buell, Halleck, Cullum, all may, perhaps, lay claim to a perception of the advantages to follow from its fall. But, while they were considering and discussing these advantages, Grant proceeded and accomplished the task. He proposed it to Halleck, his immediate commander, who was probably at that moment contemplating the enterprise, and, not a little chagrined, rebuffed his intrusive subordinate. Grant, however, kept in ignorance of what his superior may have been planning, renewed the suggestion, and Halleck finally gave the orders. Grant started the next day, and four days after-

ward Fort Henry fell. On the 6th of February he announced the fact to Halleck: "Fort Henry is ours. I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th, and return to Fort Henry." Halleck, however, preferred more cautious proceedings, and telegraphed: "Hold on to Fort Henry at all hazards. Shovels and picks will be sent to strengthen Fort Henry. The guns should be arranged so as to resist an attack." Grant thought the surest way to defend Fort Henry was to attack Fort Donelson, and while Halleck was ordering picks and shovels for the Tennessee, he was asking for heavy ordnance on the Cumberland. This continued till the fall of the place, and the day of the surrender Halleck's chief of staff, who had not heard the news, telegraphed to Grant "not to be too rash."

It was, however, in the thick of the battle of Fort Donelson that his first great feat of generalship was achieved. He was off the field, consulting with the naval commander, when the enemy, encompassed and disheartened, determined to break through the national lines. They came out before daybreak, throwing themselves in force against Grant's right. The struggle was severe, but the national troops were pushed back more than a mile. At this juncture Grant arrived on the field. He found his own men not yet recovered from the shock of battle, but doggedly retiring, while the enemy, though successful up to a certain point, had not absolutely broken through the lines. There was no pursuit, and the battle had evidently lulled, not ended. The new troops, however, were flustered, and reported that the enemy had come out with their haversacks filled, as if they meant to stay out and fight for several days. Grant at once perceived the significance of the circumstance. "Are the haversacks filled?" he inquired. "Then they mean to fight their way out. They have no idea of staying here to fight us." The whole intent of the enemy was apparent to him in an instant. They were despairing. This was the moment, when both sides were hard pressed, to convert resistance into victory. "Which-ever party first attacks now," he said, "will win, and the Rebels will have to be very quick if they beat me." He ordered an instant attack on the left, where the troops had not been engaged, and before night the fate of Fort Donelson was determined.

General Grant has often told me that there comes a time in every hard-fought battle when both armies are nearly or quite exhausted and it seems impossible for either to do more. This he believes to be the turning-point; whichever afterward first renews the fight



by the distant Mexican campaign, and a generation had grown up unused to war. Grant's knowledge of organization and routine now stood him well in hand. He served five weeks without a commission, mustering in new troops under the direction of the Governor of Illinois. Meanwhile he offered his services to the Secretary of War in any capacity that might be desired, but the letter was not deemed of sufficient importance to warrant a reply. He then proceeded to Cincinnati, in the hope that McClellan might offer him a position on his staff. He went twice to headquarters, but did not gain admission to McClellan's presence, and returned to Illinois without mentioning his aspirations to any one.

In June the Governor offered him a regiment of infantry. He said he felt competent to command a regiment, and was ordered at once to Missouri. In August he was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers. The member of Congress from his district had noticed his diligence and energy in a subordinate position, and when the President was nominating brigadiers from Illinois, Washburne suggested Grant, the whole delegation recommending him. The new general knew nothing of his rank until he saw the announcement in the newspapers. No promotion that he ever received was suggested or procured by any application from himself.

He proceeded at once to Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio. Colonel (afterwards General) Oglesby was in command of the post, but had never met his new superior. Grant was in citizen's clothes, for he had not found time to purchase a uniform, and walked into headquarters without being recognized. Asking for pen and paper, he wrote out an order assuming command, and handed it to Oglesby. The immature colonel was greatly amazed at the procedure, with which he was unfamiliar; and when Grant inquired if his predecessor had not also assumed command in orders, Oglesby replied: "I guess he didn't know how."

The population of Kentucky was at this time divided in feeling in regard to the war, and the Governor had set up a claim of neutrality. But two days after Grant's arrival at Cairo, the enemy invaded the State and threatened Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee. As this was a place of great importance, commanding both the Ohio and the Tennessee, Grant at once notified the State Legislature, which was loyal, and sent word to Fremont, his immediate superior. Later on the same day he telegraphed to Fremont: "Am getting ready to go to Paducah. Will start at six and a half o'clock." Receiving no reply, he

set out the same night on transports with a couple of regiments and a battery. He arrived at Paducah in the morning, and seized the town without firing a gun, a force of the enemy hurrying out by train while he was landing. At noon he returned to Cairo, where he found General Fremont's permission to take Paducah, "if he felt strong enough." Kentucky by this stroke was secured to the Union. No more was heard of neutrality. But Grant was rebuked for corresponding with the Legislature.

This event was the key-note to his entire military career. The keenness with which he perceived both the strategical importance of Paducah and the necessity for immediate action, the indifference with which he brushed away the sophistical pleas of the politicians, the promptness with which he decided to act,—for many can see to the core of things, and yet are not gifted with the power to determine in accordance with what they perceive,—and above all the celerity in putting resolve into execution—these are traits which were displayed a hundred times afterward, and which brought in the end the same result to the general-in-chief as at Paducah they insured to the district commander.

For eight weeks he was now employed teaching his men the very rudiments of war. There was not a professional soldier in his command. The troops and officers were alike from civil life, and Grant was adjutant and quartermaster again, though on a larger scale. Every detail of his past experience became of importance now. He wrote out his own orders, drilled his troops and instructed his colonels, and never worked harder than while preparing his recruits to take the field.

In November he was ordered to make a demonstration on Belmont. The story has been often told—the movement down the Mississippi River, the elation of the raw troops at last led out of camp, and the determination of Grant, who perceived that their blood was up, to convert the demonstration into a real attack. Three thousand men were landed on the west bank, immediately under the guns of Columbus, an important work of the enemy on the opposite shore; they surprised and destroyed the hostile camp; but then, intoxicated with their triumph, they became at once uncontrollable; they shouted and ran around like school-boys, while their colonels made stump speeches for the Union. The enemy, seeing this, recovered from their panic, and reinforcements were sent from the eastern bank. Not a man in Grant's command had ever been in battle before, and it was impossible to restore order, until at last he directed an officer to set fire to the camps.

Pacific coast, and his wife was left behind. The route was by sea to the Isthmus of Panama, and during the passage of the Isthmus the cholera broke out. Grant was again acting quartermaster. The Panama railroad at this time extended only thirty miles from the Atlantic, after which boats were taken up the Chagres River to the head of navigation. From this point the troops were to march to the Pacific, about thirty miles farther; but the steamship company had contracted to furnish mules or horses for the sick, and for the wives and children of the soldiers. There were, however, several hundred passengers besides the soldiers, and when the cholera appeared a panic followed. The passengers offered higher prices to the natives than the company had agreed to pay, and thus secured all the animals, leaving absolutely none for the soldiers and their families. The troops marched on, but Grant was left behind with the sick and the women and children, who were unable to walk under the July sun of the tropics. He remained a week in entire command, caring for the sick and the dying, burying the dead, controlling the half-hostile Indians, and struggling to procure transportation. During all this while he never took off his clothes, and only snatched rare intervals of sleep, stretched on a bench or under a shed, exposed to the miasma of the rank forest and the swamp. Finally, as the agents of the steamship company failed entirely in their duty, Grant took upon himself the responsibility of making a new contract in their name. He hired mules and litters at prices double those that the company had agreed to pay, he engaged Indians to bury the dead, and after seven days took up his march for the Pacific. A hundred and fifty souls had been left with him in the interior of the Isthmus, half of whom perished in that week of cholera. His life, however, was preserved. Neither Mexican bullets nor tropical pestilence had been permitted to harm him.

In 1854, having served in the army eleven years, he resigned his commission and occupied a farm, a few miles out of St. Louis, where his wife's family resided. His means were limited, and he worked at the plow himself, or, in winter, cut and corded wood, driving the cart to market in St. Louis. He built a log-house on his farm, and lived a simple life, never so happy as with his wife and children. He had now three sons and a daughter.

Despite his poverty, however, he saw and mingled with the important people of St. Louis. His wife's family belonged to what is called good company, and Grant himself was always welcomed by its most distinguished members. His old army rank was itself a social

introduction, and his old army friends kept up their intimacy.

But with all his industry farming did not succeed. He tried collecting money, but for this he had no talent, and at times his circumstances were narrow indeed. In 1860 he removed to Galena, where his father and brothers were engaged in the leather trade. They gave him occupation, and here he lived for nearly a year, unimportant and unknown. He seemed to have forgotten his military pursuits. The title of captain, which he still retained, hardly recalled the storming of Chapultepec, or the guns he had mounted on the crazy steeple under the walls of Mexico. No restless ambition disturbed his spirits. No craving for fame made him dissatisfied with obscurity. Those nearest him never suspected that he possessed extraordinary ability. He himself never dreamed that he was destined for great place or power.

Yet his vicissitudes as soldier, farmer, and trader, his frontier career among the Indians, his life at West Point, and in Ohio, in Oregon, and Mexico, had given him a wide and practical experience, and made him, unknown to himself, a representative American. In war he had served under the two greatest captains the country had produced in the century, had shared their most important battles, and witnessed their marches and sieges and assaults; in peace he had mingled with all classes of his countrymen, had learned much of life, and laid many of its lessons well to heart.

He had learned patience when hope was long deferred, and endurance under heavy and repeated difficulties; he had displayed audacity in emergencies, as well as persistency of resolve and fertility of resource. If one means failed, he tried another; he was not discouraged by ill fortune, nor discontented with little things. Above all, he never quailed and never despaired. The leather merchant of Galena was not without preparation even for that great future which awaited him, all unknown.

On the 11th of April, 1861, Fort Sumter was attacked by Americans. On the 15th the news reached Galena that Lincoln had called for volunteers. On the 19th Grant was drilling a company, and in a week he led his men to Springfield, the capital of Illinois. He was no politician, and had never voted for a President but once; he had been a slaveholder, but he had no doubt of his duty or his principles. He had been educated by the country, and the country had a right to whatever of skill or experience he had acquired.

The ignorance of all military matters which then prevailed was almost universal. Half a century of peace had hardly been disturbed



subordinate, and never guilty of more serious offense, was constantly subjected to petty punishments for leaving a shoe untied or being late at parade. The same distaste for trivial forms followed him through his military career. No officer of the army was less scrupulous in matters of costume, or exacted fewer ceremonies from those whom he commanded.

In 1843 he was graduated, twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine. The army was full at the time, and its future commander could only be admitted as a supernumerary officer. He was commissioned brevet second lieutenant, and attached to the Fourth Infantry.

When the Mexican war broke out, Grant was ordered with his regiment to Texas to join the army of General Taylor. At Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma he took his first lessons in actual war—battles which, compared with many of those of the Rebellion, were insignificant skirmishes. Grant often afterward assigned to a brigade more men than there composed the American army. He remained under Taylor until the capture of Monterey, participating in that achievement. His regiment was then transferred to Scott's command.

Grant was now made quartermaster of the regiment—a position which exempted him from the necessity of going under fire; but he was present at every battle of the campaign from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. After Molino del Rey he was brevetted for "distinguished gallantry," and at the capture of the capital displayed several of the traits that became notable in his later history.

As the army was approaching the city, Worth's division was ordered to seize a road on the western side. Grant was with Worth's advance. An abrupt turn in the road was defended by a parapet, and, as the division advanced, a raking fire of musketry made it necessary to seek every chance for cover. Grant, however, made his way alone across the space exposed to fire, and discovered an opportunity to flank the parapet. Hastening back to his men, some twenty or thirty in number, he cried out that he had found a chance to turn the enemy, and called for volunteers. Ten or a dozen soldiers jumped up at once and were soon crawling with him behind a wall, when they came upon an entire company under Captain—now General—Horace Brooks, making their way cautiously in the bottom of a ditch. Grant at once cried out: "Captain! I've found a way to flank the enemy"; and Brooks replied: "Well, you know the way. Go on; we'll follow you." So the lieutenant led, and the whole party, now fifty in number, assaulted the end of the

parapet, carried it by storm, and took the enemy in rear. The Mexicans fled at once from the position, no longer tenable, and the work was carried.

The party was now on the direct road to the Garita San Cosme, one of the strongest entrances to the City of Mexico, whose spires and turrets were distinctly visible. They soon struck another parapet, this one defended by a cannon. Grant again advanced at the head of his little column, by this time a hundred and fifty strong, and the second parapet was carried. But they were now directly under the guns of the city, and Brooks, who had assumed command by virtue of seniority, declared he could not hold the position unless he was reinforced. Grant was therefore sent back to Worth to ask for troops, and had hardly left when the command was driven pell-mell from the parapet. He soon, however, found the division-general, and fresh troops were at once sent forward.

A little to the right of the parapet was a rickety village church with a steeple a hundred feet high. Toward this Grant led a section of artillery, dragging a mountain howitzer by hand across the ditches, of which the country is full. He found the priest and demanded the keys, which the father at first was unwilling to yield; but Grant soon convinced him of the necessity of surrender. The howitzer was quickly taken to pieces, and four or five men carried it to the belfry, while Grant disposed the remainder of his force so as to secure the church from easy capture. Then he mounted the steeple, and served and pointed the gun himself, and before long the enemy was driven a second time from the parapet. The gun was now directed upon the city, and the confusion of the Mexicans could be plainly seen, as they huddled in fright behind their walls.

Worth soon perceived the shells issuing from this novel position, and the effect they were producing on the enemy. He sent for Grant, congratulated him, and placed an entire company with a captain under his command. Thus reinforced, the lieutenant returned to his steeple with another howitzer, and reopened fire. That night the Garita San Cosme surrendered, and in the morning the City of Mexico was in the hands of Americans. For this exploit, undertaken without orders, by a lieutenant with no legitimate command, and obliged therefore to gather up men and weapons on the field, Grant was mentioned in all the dispatches, and received a second brevet within five days after the first.

At the close of the war he returned to the United States, and in 1848 he was married. In 1852 he was ordered to Oregon, by way of California. Life was rough then on the

## GENERAL GRANT.

I HAVE elsewhere related the principal events in General Grant's military career, and have but little new to offer on this theme.\* All that I shall now attempt is a presentation or portrait of the man, endeavoring especially to show how personal and individual traits have been manifested in the public character. I have, indeed, known General Grant so closely that his image is far more vivid to me in this aspect than as a General or a President; and although many of his notable qualities were displayed when I was near enough to watch their development, I was always able to penetrate through the soldier or the statesman to the individual. The outside garment of public deeds took form and shape to me from the underlying personality.

The family of Grant is of Scotch descent, and the clan Grant claimed him in 1877 when he passed through their territory. I was once on a visit at Castle Grant, the seat of their chief, Lord Seafield, who was greatly interested in his American clansman. He took me to Craig Ellachie, a rocky eminence near by, where in Gaelic days a beacon was lighted to rouse the Grants for war. The device of the clan is still a burning mountain, and their war-cry has always been, "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie." A Grant is to stand as firm as the rocks themselves.

About the same time I went to a gathering of the clans at Braemar, in the heart of the Highlands. The son of the Earl of Fife was there at the head of the Duffs; the chief of the Farquharsons was present with his clan; the Duke of Athole had marched his men across the Grampians, the Duchess, a woman of glorious beauty, riding by his side; the Marquis of Huntley, the Earl of Airlie, and the Lord Kilmarnock were all there, kilted Highlanders; and I found the Duffs and the Gordons and the Stewart-Murrays as ready as the Grants to claim kinship with an American President. They drank his health with Highland honors, and declared that the shrewd sagacity, the pertinacious resolve, the sustained energy which they had heard he possessed, were all due to his Caledonian origin.

General Grant's father was a native of Pennsylvania, but early emigrated to the West, and finally settled in Ohio. He was noted for intelligence as well as energy, and in all his dealings with men he bore an un-

blemished name. At the time when Ulysses was born he dealt largely in leather, and owned several tanneries. His mother also was a Pennsylvanian. The modest virtues of a Christian woman are not fit themes for public portraiture, but it is not difficult to imagine in them the source of that purity and simplicity of character which the strifes and temptations of a public career have been unable to destroy.

Ulysses was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, an obscure town on the north bank of the Ohio. The modest cottage where he first saw the light still overlooks the Kentucky shore, and his earliest hours were spent almost in sight of that great theater of war where he was destined to play so prominent a part. In 1823 his parents removed to Georgetown, Ohio, and there the boyhood of young Grant was passed. His father was now a well-to-do man, furnished with as large a supply of this world's goods as any of his neighbors, and both able and willing to afford the son whatever advantages of education were then attainable at so great a distance from the Atlantic coast.

Like Washington, Cromwell, Wellington, and others who became famous in their prime, Grant was in childhood in no way conspicuous above his fellows. It is true that by the reflex light of subsequent performance we can now discern in the traits of the boy the germs of what afterward became distinguished in the man, but the germs were latent till the light and sun of circumstance developed them. None of his early companions saw any indications of his future destiny.

At seventeen he was offered an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point. The youth who had been sent the year before from his congressional district had failed to keep up with his class, and was dismissed in consequence. Had that young predecessor been more successful, Grant might never have received a military education, and possibly not have risen to distinction in arms.

He spent four years at the Academy, but made no brilliant mark there. He had no fondness for his profession, and manifested no special aptness for study, although he mastered the mathematics easily. Riding was his chief accomplishment and amusement. He was careless of the military etiquette imposed on the cadets, and, though far from in-

\* See "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant from April, 1861, to April, 1865," by Adam Badeau (N. Y. : D. Appleton & Co., 1881), upon which the author has here drawn.—ED.





Engraved according to an oil painting by J. H. Smith, and published by J. H. Smith, New York, 1865.

U. S. Grant.

From the original painting by J. H. Smith, in the possession of the artist.







AT MT. MC GREGOR, JULY, 1885.

might have been lost, the result, perhaps, never so fully attained.

But, as so often in the field, Grant was confronted by both emergency and responsibility. He acted at once in a situation as grand as a man was ever placed in. In his battles his soldiers coöperated, but at Appomattox he had neither associate nor auxiliary. He consulted no human being, superior or subordinate, friend or enemy, but sat down in the presence of Lee and of his own officers, and wrote the terms which made him more than any other man the savior of this Union. For our nation was broken in two and he welded it together again. Neither Wel-

lington nor Moltke proved himself more than a great soldier; but Grant rose to the level of the molders of states: he won his victory, and used it, too. No Richelieu or Bismarck, by one superlative stroke of statesmanship, ever achieved on a single day so much for his country. No act of Lincoln or Washington was more beneficent to the nation or more important to mankind than this far-reaching grasp of patriotism with which Grant brought back the beaten, broken Confederates into the Union. It was exactly like his achievements in war: irreversible, unforeseen, taking in the entire situation at a glance—the condition of the South, the feeling of the North. It was like his decision at Vicksburg to move without consulting Halleck, or the order to Sherman to march to the sea, when Lincoln and Stanton disapproved, though neither was willing to countermand.

Appomattox was, of course, the culmination of Grant's campaigns, but the peace that he there secured was a greater glory than the victories that he won; for if to-day the men whom he led and the men whom he fought are brothers again, the South as good citizens as the North, the credit is due, more than to any other cause, to the statesmanship as well as to the soldiery of this mystery.



WINTER HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT, 1865.



FIELD HEADQUARTERS, 1864.

greater than he could bear. The spectacle of this modern Belisarius, after his triumphs in peace and war, his unexampled services and honors, reduced in his last days, and in his dying chamber to labors to which he had not been trained, was watched by his countrymen with the keenest interest. He died as he had lived, fighting hard, conquering fortune back again, and clutching once more the sympathy and honor of his countrymen which he had almost seemed to lose. It was even better that this last battle occurred, for he showed at the close the same traits as in every crisis of his history, indeed all through his checkered career, reaching from the depths of obscurity to the giddy heights of earthly power, descending to poverty and bankruptcy, and climbing to palaces and victorious battle-fields; whether Grant was commanding armies or directing treaties, receiving the surrender of Lee, or the welcome of Bismarck, succumbing to Ferdinand Ward, or contesting with Garfield; whetlier he was ordered in arrest after Donelson, or defeated at Chicago, having twice been President; a subaltern in Mexico, a shopman in Galena, the guest of Queen Victoria, a millionaire, or a bankrupt in Wall street, or a dying

soldier gasping for breath while he struggled to indite his memoirs—the same thread of character may be traced which explains and unites the extraordinary successes and reverses through which he passed, and shows him the same man in all the varying phases of his life from the tannery at Galena to the tomb.

The most salient traits in his civil character were precisely those that made him successful in the field. Nothing in his whole career redounds more to the credit of his head as well as his heart than the terms he granted Lee. To impose no humiliation, to inflict no penalties on his defeated countryman was political wisdom of the highest order. And these terms were Grant's alone. The North was surprised at them; Lincoln did not suggest them; Andrew Johnson at first disapproved them; Congress would certainly not have suggested them; but at Appomattox the victor dictated to the North as well as to the South. His countrymen accepted on that day whatever he who had done so much for them in the past considered wise for them in the future, and the possibility of another rising of the South was averted forever. And it was because Grant was able to act with this authority that he succeeded. If he



at the North at this juncture as at any point in his career. In the reconstruction of the republic, or the adjustment of grave international complications he was as great as he had been in war, but in the petty squabbles of politics he always failed.

Neither had the statesman and soldier any talent for economy, notwithstanding the magnificent sums presented to him by grateful countrymen, and the revenues of two presidential terms, his whole fortune, he told me in 1880, amounted only to \$100,000; and he determined to enter business. Before he reached his sixtieth birthday, the conqueror of Lee and the successor of Washington had become a Wall street broker. For a year or two his affairs appeared to prosper, and he was greatly elated. He said to me more than once that he was worth a million of dollars, and that for the first time in his life he had a bank account which he was not afraid of overdrawing.

But within a week of his sixty-second birthday he was a bankrupt, two of his partners were convicted of fraud and sent to prison, and at first accusations of his own complicity were rife, but the proof of his poverty silenced these. He gave up everything he had in the world, even those presents from sovereigns and foreign states which were the tribute to his

fame, and as much a glory to his country as to himself. Then came disease, brought on assuredly by the mortification of his failure.

The great mistake of Grant's life was his entering Wall street. Loaded with honors by his countrymen, their representative before the world, it was not for him to descend into the arena of trade and join the sordid struggle for gain; but he paid bitterly for his fault. He was like a child in the hands of the trickster who deceived great bankers and skilful financiers, or a blind man pulled about in devious and unfamiliar paths, unconscious of the wiles in which he was made to bear a part. But if his great name had been used to attract the unwary, and the soldier and statesman had been himself despoiled, it was the most lovable and admirable traits of his character, his honesty, truthfulness, and directness that made him unable to cope with fraud, or even to conceive the arts that betrayed him. That so much simplicity should exist by the side of so much ability, is one of those marvels of nature which one would hardly dare depict who had not studied the combination close at hand. But this combination is the explanation of the man. This is the key to the mystery of Grant.

He erred, but the punishment was



FROM A BROKEN NEGATIVE MADE IN 1863.

from political complications than all the old love and reverence of his countrymen returned. On his fifty-fifth birthday he was no longer President, but "General Grant" again, the man who more than any other was regarded as the savior of the Union, and who the Southerners still believed had been their truest protector and friend.

When it became known that he was about to leave the country for a foreign tour, the demonstrations surpassed any that had ever been offered to an American. He was as popular as at the close of the war.

they were of their monarchies and empires, and this he felt, put him on a level with the highest potentates. He was at his ease, and they received him as one of themselves. In Paris he walked up and down the Champs Elysées arm in arm with M. McMahon, the President of the French republic, discussing government and war; and the populations of Europe and Asia, from England to Japan, vied with their sovereigns in offering him welcome. No man ever lived who passed over the earth under such a succession of honors.

In 1879 he returned to his own country,



HEADQUARTERS IN THE WILDERNESS, MAY, 1864.

Abroad he made a triumphal procession from court to court, and country to country; he was the guest on equal terms of every sovereign in Europe. His bearing under these unfamiliar circumstances was perfect. I accompanied him for many months and watched with pride the simple dignity with which he bore his honors. He met kings and queens as their peer, not overwhelmed in the least by their courtesies, nor yet asserting himself with any obtrusive democracy. He was simply the representative of the American republic, as

and the triumphs at first were continued. But he reëntered politics and became a candidate for a third nomination to the presidency, and at once all the old bitterness and rivalry revived. They culminated at Chicago, where he was defeated in his aspirations for another presidential term. It was the only struggle he ever made for a great personal prize.

In 1881 occurred his political dispute with Garfield, in which a majority of his own party appeared to side against him. Before it was over Garfield was assassinated. He was perhaps as unpopular





GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD. BORN IN 1831; DIED IN 1881.

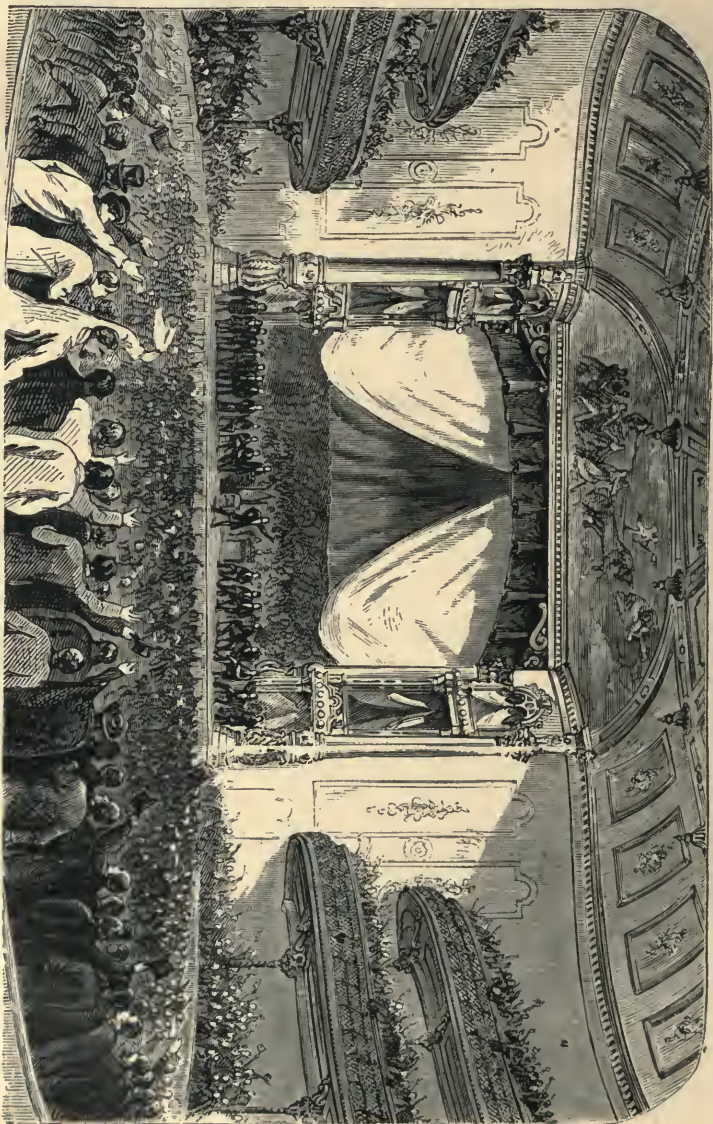
Entering the army as a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers in 1861, Garfield was promoted to brigadier-general in 1862 and to major-general in 1863. He served as chief of staff to General Rosecrans from February, 1863, to October, 1863. Meanwhile he had been elected to Congress. He served there until March 4, 1880, when he went to the Senate. March 4, 1881, he became President. He was shot July 2, 1881, by Guiteau, and died September 19.







THE CHICAGO CONVENTION NOMINATES GRANT FOR THE PRESIDENCY.





Grant was plunged into a battle in politics as fierce as any he had fought in the field. It was at this epoch, it has always seemed to me, that he rendered as effective service to his country as ever he did in war. He restrained the hottest spirits on both sides, and displayed a calmer judgment than any soldier or statesman of the time. He was, of course, of immense influence with the party that had ended the war, and yet for a long time the South looked upon him as their best and most powerful friend; his magnanimity at Appomattox had touched them. At first, too, even the President inclined to listen to his counsels, and the moderation of the conqueror averted for a while the contest which was sure to come. When the issue lay between those who had supported the war and those who had opposed it, Grant's cause could not be doubtful, and he became the



LONDON, 1877.

his popularity was greatly diminished. But in 1872 he accomplished the great measure of arbitration with England—one of the finest triumphs of modern statesmanship. On his fiftieth birthday

the English government and people were his fast friends. His daughter was in England at the time, and was received by the Queen in private audience, a courtesy usually reserved for princes.

In 1873 he was reëlected to the presidency by the largest majority that any candidate had ever received; but his political troubles immediately revived; accusations of personal corruption were hurled at him; the party that had twice elected him was divided in his support; some of his closest friends were convicted of actual crime, others fell away, and he went out of office in 1877, weary with its cares, and disgusted with the fickleness of the people he had served.

But no sooner was he free



AFTER VICKSBURG, 1863.



1864.

had predicted that in three years the former captain of infantry would be at the head of sixty thousand men, or the wood-cutter of Missouri receiving congratulations from presidents, and compared by his rival with Napoleon, Grant would have been the first to pronounce the prophecy preposterous.

And now the nature of this extraordinary man was seen. The greater the emergency the more absolutely his nature responded. He assumed a responsibility that had not been conferred when he moved in the Vicksburg campaign without consulting Halleck or the Government, and it was well that he did so, for on his return he was met by Halleck's order, directing him not to start. A tremendous emergency was joined to this responsibility, for he threw himself in the rear of Vicksburg and cut his own communication with his base. But these were the situations in which Grant's genius blazed, and he was inspired to do what superiors and subordinates alike considered beyond his powers.

On his forty-second birthday he was in command of the national armies, numbering half a million soldiers; the position of lieutenant-general had been created expressly for him. In May, 1864, he entered on that long series of battles, and marches, and sieges, and campaigns in which he

controlled the armies of Sherman, and Thomas, and Sheridan, and Meade, and achieved a strategic success, only equaled in modern times by those of Napoleon; for Moltke's theater was almost petty beside that of Grant; one was confined to a few scores of leagues, the other covered a thousand; Moltke fought only armies; Grant conquered a people as well as armies. The night before his forces moved from Culpepper, Grant said to me, placing his fingers on the map as he spoke: "When I reach this point on the Southside road, Lee must surrender or leave Richmond." It took him a year to reach the road, but then Lee surrendered, and Richmond was in possession of the Union. Three days after Appomattox, Grant was back in Washington, disbanding his own armies, while every man in the Southern ranks became a prisoner of war. The dejected soldier who wanted to resign after Shiloh was, after the assassination of Lincoln, the most important American. The new President was of a great deal less consequence.

The conflict between Johnson and Congress began almost immediately, and



TAKEN IN '79, AFTER THE TOUR OF THE WORLD.



a superior force and saved the North from invasion, fighting with a stubborn courage not surpassed on either side during the Civil war; but the newspapers reported that he had been surprised, and a violent clamor was raised all over the North. In the midst of this Halleck arrived on the field and assumed command. Grant was left nominally second, but in reality without authority or important duty, and was regarded by the army and the country as in disgrace. He was greatly depressed, and wrote the following letter to Halleck, applying for a leave of absence with a view to quitting the field, if not the service. This letter he showed to Sherman, who persuaded him not to forward it:

"HEADQUARTERS  
ARMY OF THE  
TENNESSEE.  
"May 11th, 1862."

"Since the publication of Special Field Orders, No. —, relieving me from the immediate command of any portion of the army in the field, I have felt my position as anomalous, and determined to have it corrected, in some way, so soon as the present impending crisis should be brought to a close. I felt that censure was implied, but did not wish to call up the matter in the face of the enemy. Now, however, as I believe it is generally understood through this army that my position differs but little from that of one in arrest, and as this opinion may be much strengthened from the fact that orders to the right wing and reserve, both nominally under my command, are transmitted direct from headquarters without going through me, I

deem it due to myself to ask either full restoration to duty, according to my rank, or to be relieved entirely from further duty with this department. I cannot, do not, believe that there is a disposition on the part of yourself to do me any injustice, but my suspicions have been aroused that you may be acting under instructions from higher authority that I know nothing of.

That there has been a studied persistent opposition to me by persons outside of the army, and it may be by some in it, I am fully aware. This I care nothing for, further than it is calculated to weaken confidence in me with those whom it is necessary for me to command.

"In conclusion, then, General, I respectfully ask either to be relieved from duty entirely or to have my position defined so that there can be no mistaking it.

"I address you direct instead of through the adjutant-general, because this is more a private matter, and one in which I may possibly be wrong, than public.

(Signed)

"U. S. GRANT."



AT COLD HARBOR, VA., JUNE, 1864.

His fortieth birthday found him at the lowest point in the country and of his superiors that he touched during the war; but in two months from that day Halleck became general-in-chief; and Grant, as next in rank was placed at the head of the Western army. Had any other man been selected, the whole course of the war might have been changed. It was a very different position from that he held after Shiloh, and if in 1860 any one



HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT—SUMMER AND FALL OF 1864.

On September 1st he was placed in command at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and on the 6th, without orders or suggestion from any superior, he seized Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee. The Confederates claimed that the place was on neutral territory, but they had occupied it nevertheless, and their troops moved out as Grant moved in. The capture of this important point was the act of a statesman as well as a soldier, for it secured not only the control of the two great rivers, Ohio and Tennessee, but the adherence of Kentucky to the Union. Grant had been a general one month when he took this responsibility. It was but five months since he stood behind the counter at Galena.

Before the next six months were over he captured Fort Donelson and fifteen thousand prisoners. This was the first important success of the war, and turned the whole tide of fortune in favor of the Union. Grant was at once made a major-general; nine months before he had applied for a colonelcy and the request was contemptuously ignored. He must have felt by this time that responsibility and command

were the spurs his faculties required. He never made, or even sought, his opportunities, but needed rather to be forced into the situations that developed his powers. In all history there is hardly an instance of a man who rose to so great a height from such beginnings with so little personal ambition or effort to rise.

He underwent the ordinary trials of those who achieve greatness. Within two weeks from the capture of Fort Donelson, while the country was still ringing with his praises, General Halleck, his immediate superior, reported to the Government that Grant had left his command without permission, and had neglected his duties so much as to interfere seriously with military plans. McClellan replied by authorizing Halleck to place Grant in arrest. This cloud rested upon him for several weeks, and his army was sent in the direction of the Tennessee under another commander. But the censure was speedily removed, and Grant was restored to command.

Three weeks afterward he fought the battle of Shiloh, in which Sherman, who was present, declared that he displayed his finest quality as a soldier; he repelled







541

Galena, Ill.  
May 24<sup>th</sup> 1861

Col. L. Thomas,  
Adjt. Gen. U. S. A.,  
Washington D.C.

Sir:

Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the Government expense to offer their services for the support of that Government, I have the honor, very respectfully, to tender my services until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say that in view of my present age, and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a Regiment if the President, in his judgement, should see fit to entrust me to me.

Since the first call of the President I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State Militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield Ill. will reach me.

I am very respectfully,  
Yours Obedt. Svt.,  
U. S. Grant

GRANT'S LETTER OFFERING HIS SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT.

In the original letter the last three lines and the signature are on a second page. The letter reads:

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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not a particle of subtleness or suppleness in his nature, and quite as little power of orderly effort in detail. This limitation of his ability extended to his knowledge of character. He selected generals with an acumen and accuracy never surpassed, but in his appreciation of men outside of war, he was often at fault. He knew a Sherman or a Sheridan by instinct, but he was at the mercy of Ferdinand Ward, and seemed to lose almost his common sense when pitted against schemers in any sphere. It was when overwhelming effort became indispensable, instant decision, firmness, and breadth of judgment, whether in government or war, that he rose to preëminence. He needed, however, to be supreme. All his successes in the field were achieved without the supervision of a superior; he must have not only emergency, but responsibility to bring out his quality; but when these were combined he seldom failed. The smoke of battle seemed to clarify his vision; then he saw character distinctly and employed men judiciously; but in intrigue or clever management, playing on the foibles or ambitions of others, was an art absolutely beyond his capacity.

Bearing these two points in mind—that the iron needed to be struck to bring out fire, that only great emergency aroused his power, and that this power consisted in direct, instant, untiring, and above all, untrammelled effort, we may read his character in the light of his career, and the man stands revealed like one of Homer's heroes with his armor off.

He was the son of a tanner, and none of his early surroundings suggested the lofty future that was waiting for him. His boyhood was passed at one of the common schools of the period, or in farm labor on a few acres of land owned by his father. He detested the tannery, but showed no ambition for greater things. At seventeen he received an appointment to West Point, but he had no taste for army life, and went unwillingly to the famous academy. While there he gave no promise of distinction, and was often punished for having a shoe untied or being late at drill.

In 1844 he was graduated, and in 1846 the Mexican war broke out. Grant's regiment was serving under General Taylor, and a few days after his twenty-fourth

birthday, in the little battle of Palo Alto, he took his first lesson in actual war. The next year, still a lieutenant, he was present at the operations against the city of Mexico under General Scott. I have heard him say that no finer strategy was ever displayed on the American continent than in that campaign. The events that were spread before the subaltern's eyes were fitting him, though he knew it not, for the part he was to play in saving the American Union. He passed some months of 1848 in the region around the Mexican capital, where he was regimental quartermaster and commissary of subsistence, a position for which I should suppose him peculiarly unfitted, for it requires above all things, method and regularity, qualities in which Grant was always deficient. He often said to me laughingly: "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow," and he acted on this principle in great things as well as small. He never made a decision until the need was unavoidable. At the age of thirty-two, having reached the grade of captain, he resigned from the army. His wife owned a little farm in the neighborhood of St. Louis, and here the future President passed four unsuccessful years.

The Civil war began in 1861, and Grant at once offered his services to the Government, but the offer was unnoticed. He, however, drilled a company of volunteers and accompanied it to the capital of Illinois, where the governor gave him a regiment. In May, 1861, he was appointed brigadier-general on the recommendation of a congressman who had never met him until six weeks before.

And now his faculties seemed to wake from the lethargy in which they had slumbered. The instinct of command was aroused, the sensation of power. There was no outward transformation visible, no alteration in manner or bearing; the quiet, undemonstrative demeanor of the past continued. He was, perhaps, himself unconscious of the change, but if he had been struck by a magician's wand, or had drunk from the cup that was offered to Faust, the metamorphosis could not have been greater. The man, who had been listless and sluggish on the farm or in the "store," was full of activity, and efficiency, and confidence in his own ability.

THE  
MYSTERY  
OF  
GRANT.



BY  
ADAM  
BADEAU.

THE contrasts in General Grant's character and the vicissitudes in his career are among the most surprising in history. When we think of him at thirty-nine—a man who had passed his life in obscurity and failure, incompetent to conduct an ordinary business in which thousands of his countrymen had succeeded, and at the age of fifty directing a negotiation that averted a war between England and America; unable at one time to cope with his townsmen in a petty election, or turning from the profession of arms in which he had been educated, to retail trade in an insignificant town, yet developing within half a dozen years into one of the masters of modern warfare; cutting wood with his own hands to support his family, or carrying parcels for customers in the streets of Galena, and afterward dining with kings, himself a potentate equal to any, we cannot but ask an explanation of these fluctuations of fortune, a solution of this mystery of character. But to one who stood by his side in the most important epochs of his life—in the shock of battle, at the Executive Mansion, at

European courts, and in his dying chamber, the key to the mystery seems not so hard to find.

Like many men of genius, Grant possessed an ability that was not apparent until called out by circumstances, and like many others, both great and small, he was often positively inefficient outside of his proper sphere. Hercules himself was not good at the distaff, nor Pegasus at the plow. Grant was first of all a soldier, especially fitted for command; undisturbed by danger, immutable in resolve, ready for responsibility, sustained in energy. In certain phases of statesmanship also he was equal to the greatest. His treatment of the Southerners at Appomattox, and his accomplishment of arbitration with England, are proof that in the emergencies of the state he had no superiors among Americans, either of his own or any previous time.

But in whatever required adroitness or craft—from the chicanery of politics to banking in Wall street, he was unsuccessful, while in the drudgery of a farm or the minutiae of trade he could not rival an ordinary clerk or day-laborer. There was

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NOTE.—Not long before his death, Gen. Adam Badeau, who had been of General Grant's immediate staff, both during and after the war, and who later on had been sent by Grant to London as Consul General and subsequently as Secretary of Legation, in conversation with the Editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN, spoke of the strange contrasts in the life of this great soldier. There had been misunderstandings between Grant and his military secretary; but General Badeau's expressions of admiration for his former chief were warm and unstinted in praise. He was invited to prepare the article given herewith on the mystery of this famous career, and no one had had a better opportunity to study these strange contrasts. General Badeau makes plain the seeming paradoxes in the life of this character. This article was one of the last acts of Badeau's life, and it will be read with great interest by his personal friends, by the student of history, and by the friends of General Grant.





GENERAL ADAM BADEAU.









*Eng. by E. G. Williams & Bro NY*

*Amos Porter*



# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

## PERSONAL TRAITS OF GENERAL GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

[General Horace Porter served on General Grant's staff from the time Grant took command of the army in the East until the close of the war. He was also Grant's Assistant Secretary of War, and, through Grant's first term as President, his private secretary.—ED. McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.]



HE recurrence of General Grant's birthday never fails to recall to the minds of those who were associated with him the many admirable traits of his character.

A number of these traits, if not absolutely peculiar to him, were more thoroughly developed in his nature than in the natures of other men.

His personal characteristics were always a source of interest to those who served with him, although he never seemed to be conscious of them himself. He had so little egotism in his nature that he never took into consideration any of his own peculiarities, and never seemed to feel that he possessed any qualities different from those common to all men. He always shrank from speaking of matters personal to himself, and evidently never analyzed his own mental powers. In his intercourse he did not appear to study to be reticent regarding himself; he appeared rather to be unconscious of self. He was always calm and unemotional, yet deeply earnest in every work in which he engaged. While his mental qualities and the means by

which he accomplished his purposes have been something of a puzzle to philosophers, he was always natural in his manners and intensely human in everything he did.

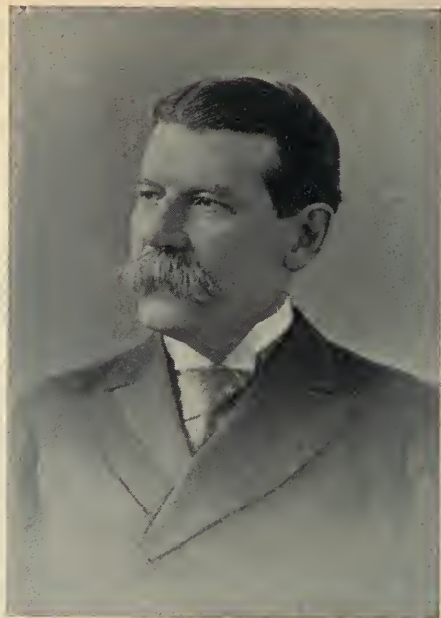
Among the many personal traits which might be mentioned, he possessed five attributes which were pronounced and conspicuous, and stand out as salient points in his character. They were Truth, Courage, Modesty, Generosity, and Loyalty.

He was without exception the most absolutely truthful man I ever encountered in public or private life. This trait may be recognized in the frankness and honesty of expression in all his correspondence. He was not only truthful himself, but he had a horror of untruth in others. One day while sitting in his bedroom in the White House, where he had retired to write a message to Congress, a card was brought in by a servant. An officer on duty at the time, seeing that the President did not want to be disturbed, remarked to the servant, "Say the President is not in." General Grant overheard the remark, turned around suddenly in his chair, and cried out to the servant, "Tell him no such thing. I don't lie myself, and I don't want any one to lie for me."

When the President had before him

for his action the famous Inflation Bill, a member of Congress urged him persistently to sign it. When he had vetoed it, and it was found that the press and public everywhere justified his action, the congressman came out in a speech reciting how materially he had assisted in bringing about the veto. When the President read the report of the speech in the newspapers, he said, "How can So-and-so state publicly such an untruth! I do not see how he can ever look me in the face again." He had a contempt for the man ever after. Even in ordinary conversation he would relate a simple incident which happened in one of his walks upon the street, with all the accuracy of a translator of the new version of the Scriptures; and if in telling the story he had said mistakenly, for instance, that he had met a man on the south side of the avenue, he would return to the subject hours afterward to correct the error and state with great particularity that it was on the *north* side of the avenue that the encounter had taken place. These corrections and constant efforts to be accurate in every statement he made once led a gentleman to say of him that he was "tediously" truthful. It has often been a question of ethics in warfare whether an officer is justifiable in putting his signature to a false report or a deceptive letter for the purpose of having it fall into the hands of the enemy, with a view to misleading him. It is very certain that General Grant would never have resorted to such a subterfuge, however important might have been the results to be attained.

General Grant possessed a rare and conspicuous Courage, which, seen under all circumstances, appeared never to vary. It was not a courage inspired by excitement; it was a steady and patient courage in all the scenes in which it was displayed. It might be called, more appropriately, an unconsciousness of danger. He seemed never to be aware of any danger to himself or to any person about him. His physical and moral courage were both of the same high order. To use an Americanism, he was "clean grit." This characteristic early displayed it-



GENERAL HORACE PORTER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY  
PACH BROS.

self in the nerve he exhibited, as a cadet at West Point, in breaking fractious horses in the riding-hall. His courage was conspicuous in all the battles in Mexico in which he was engaged, particularly in leading an attack against one of the gates of the City of Mexico, at the head of a dozen men whom he had called on to volunteer for the purpose. It showed itself at Belmont, in the gallant manner in which he led his troops, and in his remaining on shore in the retreat until he had seen all his men aboard the steamboats. At Donelson and Shiloh, and in many of the fights in the Virginia campaign, while he never posed for effect, or indulged in mock heroics, his exposure to danger when necessary, and his habitual indifference under fire, were constantly noticeable. He was one of the few men who never displayed the slightest nervousness in battle. Dodging bullets is by no means proof of a lack of courage. It proceeds from a nervousness which is often purely physical, and is no more significant as a test of courage than the act of winking when something is thrown suddenly in one's face. It is entirely involuntary.





GENERAL GRANT IN 1863, BEFORE CHATTANOOGA.





Many a brave officer has been known to indulge in "jack-knifing" under fire, as it is called; that is, bending low or doubling up, when bullets were whistling by. In my own experience I can recall only two persons who, throughout a rattling musketry fire, could sit in their saddles without moving a muscle or even winking an eye. One was a bugler in the regular cavalry, and the other was General Grant.

The day the outer lines of Petersburg were carried, and the troops were closing up upon the inner lines, the

tion to the advice given. After he had finished his despatches, and taken another view of the enemy's works, he quietly mounted his horse and rode slowly to another part of the field, remarking to the officers about him, with a jocose twinkle in his eye, "Well, they do seem to have the range on us."

During one of the fights in front of Petersburg the telegraph-poles had been thrown down, and the twisted wires were scattered about upon the ground. While our troops were falling back before a vigorous attack made by



GENERAL GRANT IN 1864, DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF THE WILDERNESS. PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

General halted near a house on a piece of elevated ground which overlooked the field. The position was under fire, and the enemy's batteries seemed to pay particular attention to the spot, noticing, perhaps, the group of officers collected there, and believing that some of the Union commanders were among them. The General was engaged in writing some despatches, and paid no attention whatever to the shots falling about him. Members of the staff remarked that the place was becoming a target, and suggested that he move to a less conspicuous position, but he seemed to pay no atten-

tion to the enemy, the General's horse caught his foot in a loop of the wire, and in the animal's efforts to free himself the coil became twisted still tighter. The enemy was moving up rapidly, delivering a heavy fire, and there was no time to be lost. The staff officers began to wear anxious looks upon their faces, and became very apprehensive for the General's safety. He sat quietly in his saddle giving directions to an orderly, and afterward to an officer who had dismounted and who were struggling nervously to uncoil the wire, and kept cautioning them in a low, calm tone of voice not to hurt the horse's

leg. Finally the foot was released; but none too quickly, as the enemy a few minutes later had gained possession of that part of the field.

His moral courage was manifested in many instances. He took a grave responsibility in paroling the officers and men captured at Vicksburg and sending them home, and persons who did not understand the situation subjected him to severe criticism. But he shouldered the entire responsibility, and subsequent events proved that he was entirely correct in the action he had taken.

It was supposed at Appomattox that the terms he gave to Lee and his men might not be approved by the authorities at Washington. But without consulting them, General Grant assumed the entire responsibility. There was not a moment's hesitation.

Even in trivial matters he never seemed to shrink from any act which he set out to perform. The following incident, though trifling in itself, illustrates this trait in his character. When we were in the heat of the political campaign in which he was a candidate for the Presidency a second time, and when there was the utmost violence in campaign meetings, and unparalleled abuse exchanged between members of the contesting parties, the President made many trips by rail in New Jersey, where he was residing at his summer home at Elberon. He always travelled in an ordinary passenger car, and mingled freely with all classes of people. On one of these trips he said to me: "I

think I will go forward into the smoking-car and have a smoke." The car was filled with a rough class of men, several of them under the influence of liquor. The President sat down in a seat next to one of the passengers. He was immediately recognized, and his neighbor, evidently for the purpose of "showing off," proceeded to make himself objectionably familiar. He took out a cigar, and turning to the President cried: "I say, give us a light, neighbor," and reached out his hand expecting the President to pass him the cigar which he was smoking. The President looked him in the eye calmly for a few seconds, and then pulled out a match-box, struck a match, and handed it to him. Those who had been looking on applauded the act, and the smoker was silenced, and afterward became very respectful.

Even the valor of his martial deeds was surpassed by the superb courage displayed in the painful illness which preceded his death. Though suffering untold torture, he held death at arm's length with one hand, while with the other he penned the most brilliant chapter in American history. His fort-



MASSAPONAX CHURCH, VIRGINIA. GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS IN MAY, 1864.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



une had disappeared, his family was without support, and summoning to his aid all of his old-time fortitude, he sat through months of excruciating agony, laboring to finish the book which would be the means of saving those he loved best from want. He seemed to live entirely upon his will-power until the last lines were finished, and then yielded to the first foe to whom he had ever surrendered—Death.

His extreme Modesty attracts attention in all of his speeches and letters, and especially in his "Memoirs." A distinguished literary critic once remarked that that book was the only autobiography he had ever read which was totally devoid of egotism. The General not only abstains from vaunting himself, but seems to take pains to enumerate all the good qualities in which he is lacking, and, while he describes in eulogistic terms the persons who were associated with him, he records nothing which would seem to be in commendation of himself. Although his mind was a great storehouse of useful information, the result of constant reading and a retentive memory, he laid no claim to any knowledge he did not possess. He agreed with Addison that "pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it." He had a particular aversion to egotists and braggarts. Though fond of telling stories, and at times a most interesting *raconteur*, he never related an anecdote which was at all off color, or which could be construed as an offence against modesty. His stories possessed the true geometrical requisites of ex-



GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT EARLY IN 1865. PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

cellence: they were never too long and never too broad.

His unbounded generosity was at all times displayed towards both friends and foes. His unselfishness towards those who served with him is one of the chief secrets of their attachment to him, and the unqualified praise he gave them for their work was one of the main incentives to the efforts which they put forth. After the successes in the West, in writing to Sherman, he said: "What I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom above all others I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I."

After Sherman's successful march to the sea there was a rumor that Congress intended to create a Lieutenant-Generalship for him and give him the same grade as that of Grant. By this means he would have become eligible

to the command of the army. Sherman wrote at once to his commander, saying that he had no part in the movement, and should certainly decline such a commission if offered to him. General Grant wrote him in reply one of the most manly letters ever penned, which contained the following words: "No one would be more pleased at your advancement than I; and if you should be placed in my position, and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertions to support you that you have ever done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win."

When Sherman granted terms of surrender to General Joe Johnston's army which the Government repudiated, and when Stanton denounced Sherman's conduct unsparingly, and Grant was ordered to Sherman's headquarters by the President to conduct further operations there in person, the General-in-chief went only as far as Raleigh. He remained there in the background instead of going out to the front, so as not to appear to share the credit of receiving Johnston's final surrender upon terms approved by the Government. He left that honor solely to Sherman. He stood by him manfully when his motives were questioned and his patriotism unjustly assailed. After Sheridan had won his great victories some one spoke in General Grant's presence in a manner which sought to belittle Sheridan and make it appear that he was only a hard hitter in battle and not an officer of brains. General Grant resented

this with great warmth, and immediately took up the cudgels in Sheridan's favor. He said: "While Sheridan has a magnetic influence possessed by few men in an engagement, and is seen to best advantage in battle, he does as much beforehand to contribute to victory as any living commander. His plans are always well matured, and in every movement he strikes with a definite purpose in view. No man is better fitted to command all the armies in the field."

General Grant's generosity to his



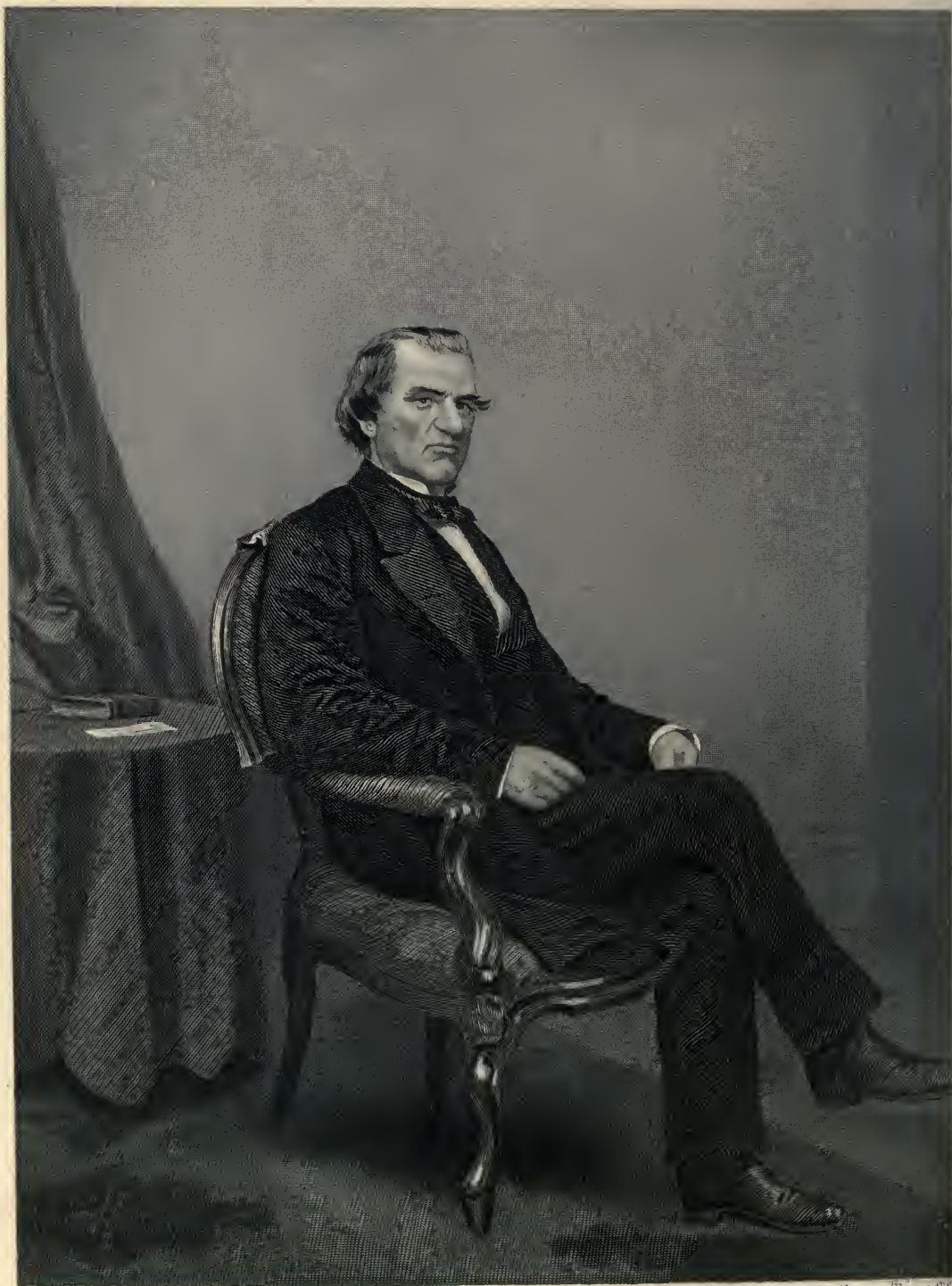
GRANT'S HORSE "JEFF DAVIS," CAPTURED ON DAVIS'S PLANTATION IN MISSISSIPPI.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

foes will be remembered as long as the world continues to honor manly qualities. After the surrender at Vicksburg he issued a field order saying: "The paroled prisoners will be sent out of here to-morrow. Instruct the commands to be orderly and quiet as the prisoners pass and to make no offensive remarks."

In his correspondence with General Lee, looking to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, he said: "I will meet you, or designate officers to meet any officers you may name,







Painted by

Alonzo Chappell

Abraham Lincoln

*Likeness from a recent Photograph from life.*



for the purpose of arranging definitely terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received." He thus took pains to relieve General Lee from the humiliation of making the surrender in person, in case that commander chose to designate another officer for the purpose. In this General Grant showed the same delicacy of feeling as that which actuated Washington when he spared Cornwallis from the necessity of sur-

in the President's amnesty proclamation extended to him, General Grant promptly indorsed his letter as follows: "Respectfully forwarded through the Secretary of War to the President, with the earnest recommendation that the application of General Robert E. Lee for amnesty and pardon may be granted him." Andrew Johnson was, however, at that time bent upon having all ex-Confederate officers indicted for the crime of treason, whether they

kept their paroles or not, and a number of indictments had already been found against them. In this emergency General Lee applied by letter to General Grant for protection, and he knew that such an application would not be in vain. General Grant put the most emphatic indorsement upon this letter, which contained the following language: "In my opinion the officers and men paroled at Appomattox Court House, and since upon the same terms given Lee, cannot be tried for treason so long as they observe the terms of their parole. . . . The action of Judge Underwood in Norfolk



GRANT'S HORSE "EGYPT," A THOROUGHBRED FROM SOUTHERN ILLINOIS. PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

rendering his army in person at Yorktown.

After the surrender at Appomattox our troops began to fire salutes. General Grant sent orders at once to have them stopped, using the following words: "The war is over, the rebels are our countrymen again, and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field."

When, two months after the close of the war, Lee made application in writing to have the privileges included

has already had an injurious effect, and I would ask that he be ordered to quash all indictments found against paroled prisoners of war, and to desist from further prosecution of them." It must be remembered that this action was taken when the country was still greatly excited by the events of the war and the assassination of President Lincoln, and it required no little courage on the part of General Grant to take so decided a stand in these matters.

Perhaps the most pronounced trait



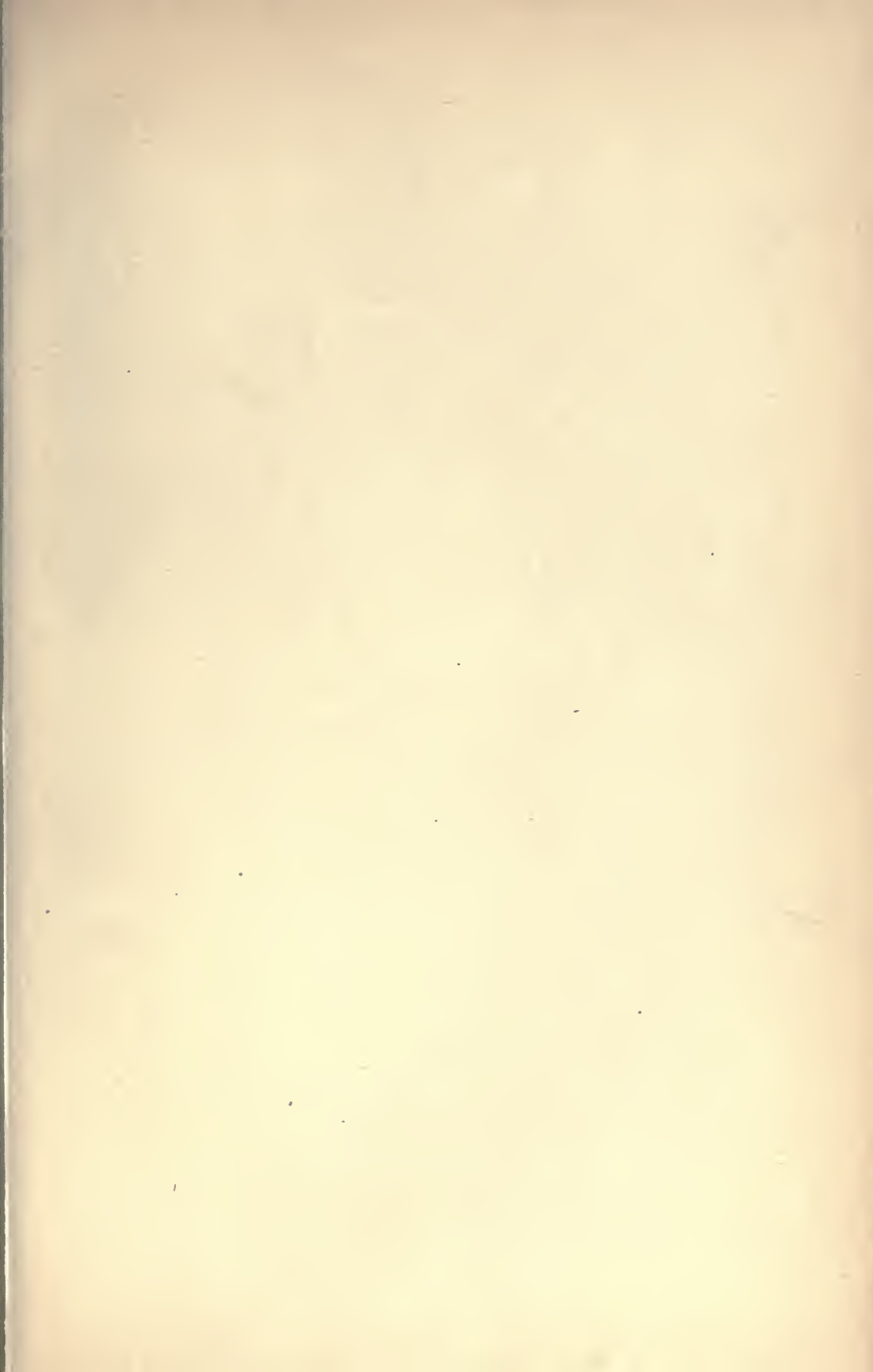
THE MCCLEAN HOUSE IN APPOMATTOX, VIRGINIA, WHERE GRANT AND LEE MET AND FIXED THE TERMS OF LEE'S SURRENDER, APRIL 9, 1865.

in General Grant's character was that of unqualified Loyalty. He was loyal to every work and cause in which he was engaged: loyal to his friends, loyal to his family, loyal to his country, and loyal to his God. This characteristic produced a reciprocal effect in those who served with him, and was one of the chief reasons why men became so loyally attached to him. It so dominated his entire nature that it sometimes led him into error, and caused him to stand by friends who were no longer worthy of his friendship, and to trust those in whom his faith should not have been reposed. Yet it is a trait so noble that we do not stop to count the errors which

may have resulted from it. It showed that he was proof against the influence of malicious aspersions and slanders aimed at worthy men, and that he had the courage to stand as a barrier between them and their unworthy detractors, and to let generous sentiments have a voice in an age in which the heart plays so small a part in public life.

It has been well said that "the best teachers of humanity are the lives of great men." A close study of the manly traits which were so conspicuous in the life of General Grant will afford a liberal education to American youth in the virtues which should adorn the character of a man in public life.







COLONEL FREDERICK DENT GRANT.  
*From a photograph by See & Epler, New York.*



## GRANT AS HIS SON SAW HIM.

### AN INTERVIEW WITH COLONEL FREDERICK D. GRANT ABOUT HIS FATHER.

BY A. E. WATROUS.

ANY one who has laid his tribute of worship at the feet of General Grant without ever having seen the man experiences a surprise, and almost a shock, when he meets the master of the house at No. 245 West Seventy-fourth Street, in the city of New York. The man whom he really meets, and whom he knows he meets, is Colonel Frederick D. Grant. But the man whom he sees—and the illusion will grow on him all through a long morning's talk—is as exactly General Ulysses S. Grant as if the painting on the western wall of the parlor of that house, or the crayon on the eastern wall of the library, had taken life, and, doffing its four-starred General's uniform for mufti, had stepped from its frame and sat down at the library desk to write an order to Burnside beleaguering in Knoxville.

Colonel Grant is probably a larger man than his father, but proportionately their cranial measurements would probably tally almost exactly. The square, short head, indicative of the General's perfect equability of temperament, is reproduced in the Colonel. The features are the same. Particularly is the resemblance close in the nose of unobtrusive strength. The Grant nose is a Cæsarian organ with constitutional limitations, British and American. It must have been the nose of a potential dictator once, but centuries of civil and religious liberty in Old and New England and the new New England of what was once the West, have depressed the arch and set the member snug and law-abidingly to the face. There is the same penetrating and meditative eye, the eye that thinks but does not brood. There are the same squared, even shoulders. There is the same set but not protrusive

sive jaw. There is the same brown beard, now slightly tinged with gray, for Colonel Grant has reached the age of forty-four, at which his father, his battles all over, had created for himself the unprecedented rank of General.

When Colonel Grant begins to talk, and especially when, to illustrate points in his talk, he reads from his father's manuscript order books, the similarity of mental process as well as of outward appearance is shown. The General never made phrases intentionally. He never left anything to intuition. But he made things so clear, at enormous pains to himself, that he absolutely stopped all loopholes of misunderstanding. So with Colonel Grant, the attribute that strikes you most is the impossibility of getting an incorrect idea from him.

This mental similarity is not to be wondered at. The son lived in the father's shadow, slept in his tent, ate at his mess, rode by his side—a volunteer aide-de-camp without pay at thirteen—through the time when his mind was most plastic.

Colonel Grant likes better to talk of his father's campaigns than of his personality, and exhibits in talking of them the remarkable Grant clarity of statement. Yet a single question drew from him, almost accidentally, a clearer analysis of those attributes that went to make up the potent entity known as Grant, than any that I at least have seen in print. "Did you notice any change," I had asked, "in your father's manner or demeanor after he came East and took command of all the armies? Was there anything to show that he thought, 'Here is the great task of my life'?"

Colonel Grant shook his head thoughtfully. "No," he said; "that

was impossible. My father was always the same. He was always grave. He was always thoughtful. He was always gentle. He was always extraordinarily considerate of the feelings of others. I have never known a man who had such nice ways about him in that respect as my father. But, more than that, he always did his best. He did as much his best when he was a farmer as when he was Lieutenant-General, and he never saw that doing your best in one position in life was any different from doing it in another. For instance, he never would look upon one particular achievement and say, 'That was my most brilliant deed.' He never looked at things that way. He used to say that he had done all he could, taken all the pains he could, about everything, and if one thing turned out better than another it was because he had more or better information to act upon. No, he never felt one responsibility more than another. He felt it his duty to do his best under all circumstances, and after that he did not care. So he never thought that he did one thing better than another. It was the duty idea that ruled him. And I may say that in the history of my father's family that same idea of doing your best in the place you find yourself has been a ruling and an upholding one. It's been a rather remarkable family in that way, I think. His father did the best that was to be done in the little town of Georgetown, Ohio, where he lived, and that was to be mayor, and draw the resolutions and platforms for the local political conventions. And *his* father did his best, and that was to fill a lieutenancy in the Revolutionary war; and that father's father was thanked by the Connecticut Assembly for his services in French and Indian warfare. There was another Grant, who became town clerk, back there in Connecticut. And so I think of each generation, since the family came here in 1630—it was of the clan Grant in Scotland originally—it may be said that there was some man doing his best, though until my father's time in a comparatively small way. Then my father's mother added greatly to the family stock of strict

sense of duty. She was a woman who thought that nothing you could do would entitle you to praise; that you ought to praise the Lord for giving you an opportunity to do it. My father held himself to almost as strict an accountability, though he didn't extend it to others. He was always ready to praise his subordinates, and towards his children he was especially indulgent and lenient."

Grant's reluctance to talk "shop" is one of the most marked but most exasperating instances of good taste in history. When the subject was mentioned to his son, he smiled a smile of amused remembrance.

"The only way I could ever draw my father out upon the art of war," he said, "was to engage in conversation with some one else and then to make purposely a misstatement. He would correct me, and then be very apt to give his opinion on the subject, whatever it was. He never studied strategy between the time of his leaving West Point and the breaking out of the Rebellion. He had a few books, Jomini for one, and his memory retained all that he had learned at the academy. But, as a matter of fact, no European writer and no European commander could have given him much help in his campaigns."

The talk fell upon Vicksburg, and Colonel Grant, looking at it from the military standpoint, corrected my idea that it corresponded to the campaign of Ulm, and said that its true resemblance was to the Italian campaigns of 1796-97. Then I suggested: "Colonel, there are a good many million boys in this country who would like to know what a thirteen-year-old aide-de-camp saw on the day of the surrender."

The Colonel laughed and said: "Well, I don't know exactly where to begin. I remember that father had had it given out that we were to assault Vicksburg on July 4, when the attack was ordered for the 6th, and that brought the flag of truce; and then Pemberton and his staff rode out to meet my father and his staff. He and Pemberton went to one side and talked together, and then my father called Rawlins, and Pemberton called Bowen,





GENERAL GRANT'S FATHER AND MOTHER.

into consultation. In the mean time the two staffs mingled and talked about all sorts of things, and I listened. When we got back to the tent," and here the Colonel grew more interested and more exact in statement, "I remember how I wanted to lie down.

Dysentery had pulled me down from one hundred and ten to sixty-eight pounds, and I had a toothache as well. The first thing I did after the surrender was to have that tooth pulled. My father sat at his little desk. That was all there was in the

tent, except his cot and my cot; and the bottom of his was broken, and he had to stretch his legs apart when he slept in it to keep from falling through."

The Colonel stopped to laugh a moment at the recollection, and went on. "He began to write very hard, and with great interest in what he was writing. I lay on the cot with my face in my hands. We were alone, and it was toward evening. At last there came an orderly with a despatch. I remember seeing my father open it. He got up and said: 'W-e-e-e-ll, I'm glad Vicksburg will surrender to-morrow.'"

The question had been put to Colonel Grant, while he was describing the scene in the tent, whether his father was smoking at the time, and whether he really smoked as much as he was said to have. "I'll tell you about that afterwards," Colonel Grant had then said; "I'll tell you how he came to smoke." So, after the Vicksburg incident had been disposed of, there came this first authentic history of Grant as a smoker.

"My father," said Colonel Grant, "tried to smoke while at West Point, but only because it was against the regulations; and then he didn't succeed very well at it. He really got the habit from smoking light cigars and cigarettes during the Mexican war, but it wasn't a fixed habit. When he left the army and lived in the country, he smoked a pipe—not incessantly. I don't think that he was very fond of tobacco then, and really there was always a popular misconception of the amount of his smoking. But he went on as a light smoker, a casual smoker, until the day of the fall of Fort Donelson. Then the gun-boats having been worsted somewhat, and Admiral Foote having been wounded, he sent ashore for my father to come and see him. Father went aboard, and the Admiral, as is customary, had his cigars passed. My father took one, and was smoking it when he went ashore. There he was met by a staff officer, who told him that there was a sortie, and the right wing had been struck and smashed in. Then my

father started for the scene of operations. He let his cigar go out, naturally, but held it between his fingers. He rode hither and yon, giving orders and directions, still with the cigar stump in his hand. The result of his exertions was that Fort Donelson fell after he sent his message of 'Unconditional surrender,' and 'I propose to move immediately upon your works.' With the message was sent all over the country the news that Grant was smoking throughout the battle, when he only had carried this stump from Foote's flagship. But the cigars began to come in from all over the Union. He had eleven thousand cigars on hand in a very short time. He gave away all he could, but he was so surrounded with cigars that he got to smoking them regularly. But he never smoked as much as he seemed to smoke. He would light a cigar after breakfast and let it go out, and then light it again, and then again let it go out, and light it; so that the one cigar would last until lunch time."

There has been more "popular sentiment" about the Chattanooga campaign than any other of the war. Colonel Grant smiled as we came to talk about it, and walked across the room to some book-shelves. From the long rows of leather-bound books he chose out a volume of smoothly copied orders, saying, as he turned the leaves: "Lookout Mountain is called the 'Battle above the Clouds,' I believe. The army lost nine men there, and at the other mountain, Missionary Ridge, it lost six thousand or seven thousand. Then there is another story, that the troops carried Missionary Ridge without orders, in an access of heroism. Well, let's see!" He read from the volume of orders and commented. In all the multifarious detail of instruction, which took painful cognizance of the depth of mud on every cross-road, and the comparative condition of the baggage train of each division, there was the fixed and iterated and reiterated exposition of the fact that Missionary Ridge, the point that was carried "without orders" by the Army of the Cumberland, was the point where the hammer of Thor was to strike when all



this complex machinery should have raised it for its fall, which was to reëcho through all the years of the Republic.

Then from reports to Halleck, in another of the leather-bound volumes, came the reflection of the series of orders, fitting them as the type fits the matrix. The last was almost amusing in its unstudied simplicity. It was: "I do not at all expect that Bragg will be about here in the morning."

Chronologically the talk had come to Grant's journey East to assume general command, and his first meeting with Lincoln. "Did he give you his impression of Lincoln when he returned from that interview?" I asked.

"Not exactly," answered Colonel Grant. "You see, I was with him at the time."

"In Washington?"

"Yes; in Washington and in the White House—with him and Lincoln."

One can hardly imagine Marlborough taking a young Churchill to see Queen Anne after Ramillies; or Wellington, back from Spain, accompanied by a Right Honorable little Wellesley in his first call on the Duke of York. "Old Fuss and Feathers" doing such a kindly, natural, domestic, American thing after Mexico, is unthinkable. The incident seems to me to show Grant's unshakable equilibrium, his perfect invariableness.

"Is it true that Lincoln quoted a story about Captain Bob Shorty and the Mackerel Brigade, from the 'Orpheus C. Kerr Papers,' to your father at that meeting?" I asked.

"Very likely, though I don't remember. The story that I do remember hearing him tell my father that day was about Jocko. Jocko was the commander of an army of monkeys in a monkey war, and he was always sure that if his tail were a little longer he could end the monkey war. So he kept asking the authorities of the monkey republic for more of a tail. They got other monkey tails and spliced them on his. His spliced tail got too long to drag after him, and they wound it around his body. Still he wanted more, and they wound his spliced tail about his shoulders. Fi-

nally it got so heavy that it broke his back. Mr. Lincoln applied the story to the cases of generals who were always calling for more men and never did anything with them. They talked about the campaign, but in a desultory way. I remember Mr. Lincoln's saying, 'I don't give many military orders. Some of those I do give I know are wrong. Sometimes I think that all of them are wrong.'"

"Of those whom your father met in civil life, Conkling became the nearest to him, did he not?" said I, as our talk concluded.

In a rather pensive and low tone



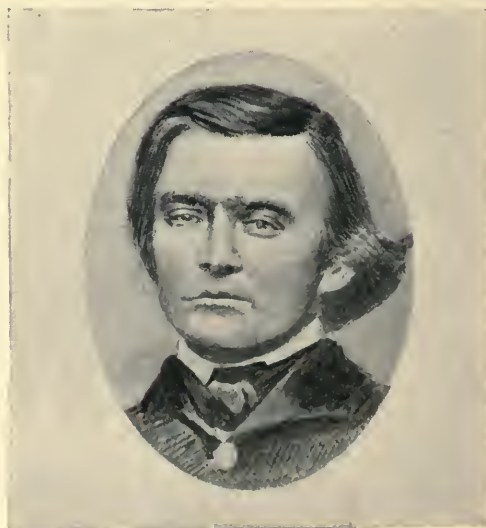
Colonel Grant answered, "Conkling and my father loved each other. They were devoted; and Conkling's devotion was quite unselfish. There was a large element of hero-worship in it. He had three historical ideals—Mary Stuart, Napoleon, and my father."

Besides the new impressions of Grant the talk with his son yielded, I got another on noting a water-color that hung before me—a Normandy draft horse, done by Grant. An artistic element, the public scarcely suspected in him; but it was strong, as another painting and various drawings preserved by the family show, and it has descended to Colonel Grant's daughter.

GENERAL GRANT'S HUMAN DOCUMENTS.



AS BREVET 2D LIEUTENANT. TAKEN IN CINCINNATI IN 1843, JUST AFTER GRADUATION FROM WEST POINT. AGE 21



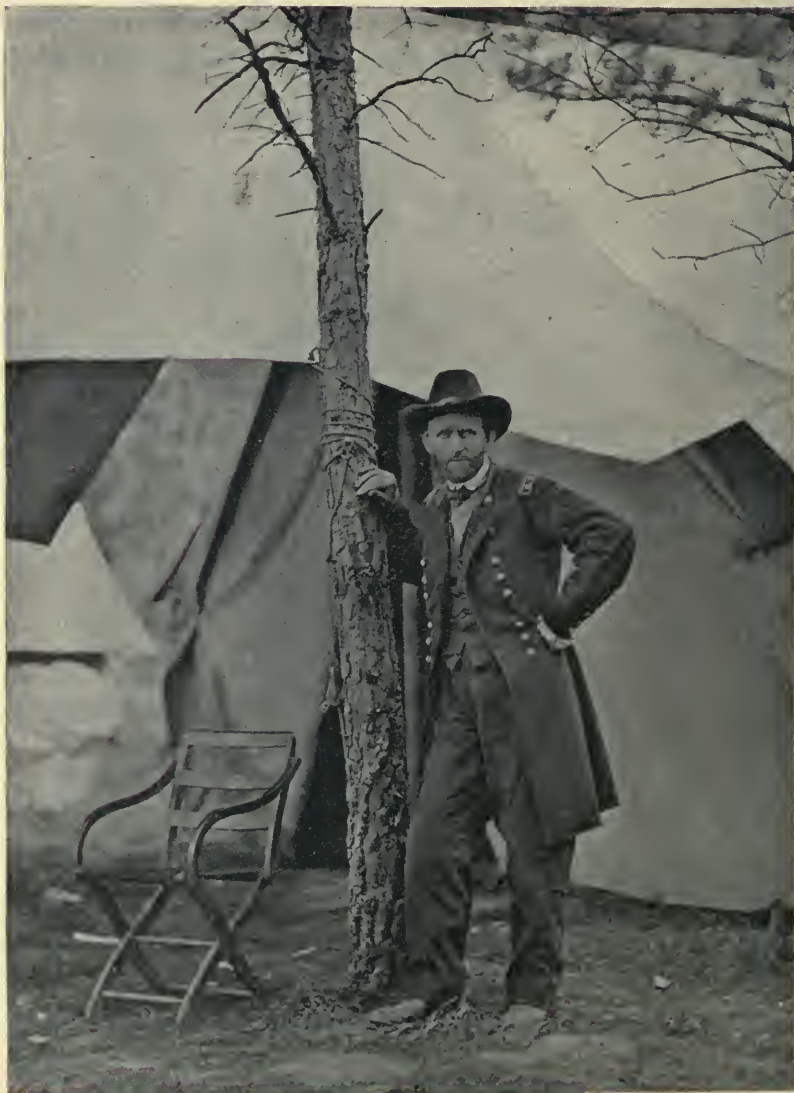
AS CAPTAIN WHILE STATIONED AT SACKETT'S HARBOR, NEW YORK, 1847. AGE 27. (FROM A VERY SMALL MINIATURE.)





TAKEN IN 1863 BEFORE VICKSBURG. AGE 41.

(From a defective negative)



MAY, 1864. AGE 42. TAKEN AT HEADQUARTERS IN THE WILDERNESS. BRADY, PHOTOGRAPHER.





EARLY IN 1865, NEAR THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. AGE 43.

(From a spoiled negative.)



1865. AGE 43. TAKEN BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA, ON GRANT'S FIRST TRIP NORTH AFTER THE WAR.





1868. AGE 46. NOT LONG BEFORE GRANT'S FIRST ELECTION AS PRESIDENT.



1869. AGE 47. SOON AFTER GRANT'S FIRST INAUGURATION AS PRESIDENT.



ABOUT 1872. AGE 50. KURTZ, PHOTOGRAPHER, NEW YORK.





1873. AGE 51. AT THE BEGINNING OF GRANT'S SECOND TERM AS PRESIDENT. BRADY, PHOTOGRAPHER.



1876. AGE 54.





GENERAL GRANT, MRS. GRANT, AND THEIR ELDEST SON COLONEL FREDERICK D. GRANT. TAKEN BY TABER AT SAN FRANCISCO ON GRANT'S LANDING FROM THE VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD, SEPTEMBER 22, 1879.



1881, AGE 59. WHEN GRANT TOOK UP HIS RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK. W. KURTZ, PHOTOGRAPHER.







Photographs by Brady

Engraved by J. Rogers

UNION GENERALS, DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.



## SOME REMINISCENCES OF GRANT.

BY O. O. HOWARD, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. A., AND GENERAL ELY S. PARKER.

### I.

BEFORE General Grant became the President of the United States, he had his headquarters in the building just across Seventeenth Street from the old Navy Department, Washington, District of Columbia.

One morning in 18— he sent for me to come to his office. I promptly responded to the call. From the head of the stairway, finding his door open, I passed directly into his presence. He was alone, sitting at his desk. He turned and greeted me as usual, and asked me to take a seat. He then touched his bell, and said to the messenger, "Shut the door, and leave us by ourselves." As soon as we were seated together the General, with a pleasant smile, remarked: "General Howard, whatever may happen the next few months, you must not take too much of it to yourself. I cannot give you any detailed explanation, but knowing how sensitive you are against public censure, and knowing how little you deserve it, I thought I would warn you that some secret inspections are taking place in the Southern field, and say to you, that whatever reports are made, you ought not to shoulder the blame that may be imputed to employees."

Now, all this was not then very clear to me; yet, somehow, I felt the great kindness of the General himself, not only of his words, but of his manner.

In a few days the mystery was solved. In the bureau of which I had charge there were at the time some two thousand agents, scattered from Maryland to the Mexican border. The object of President Johnson and his advisers was to bring to a close a bureau which they deemed abnormal to our system of government.

Inspectors, with clerks and newspaper correspondents, were sent out by the President to every part of the South. They reported every delin-

quency that had been complained of on the part of a government official. The very sub-agents who had been reprimanded by me or discharged for misconduct, had their cases recalled, and were not only reported to the President, but the cases in detail were published in all the leading papers of the land, evidently with a view, not of correcting evils, but with the purpose of casting discredit upon the branch of the service of which I had charge.

I hardly need say that I did not attempt to shield myself, but identified myself as fully as possible with my assistant commissioners, whose names are to-day among the best in the land. Doubtless, had I followed the advice of General Grant, so well meant and given to me so kindly, I would have escaped much labor, expense, and obloquy, which for a time rested on my shoulders. The object of this reminiscence, however, is to recall and record the generous act of the General of the Army at that critical time.

*General Grant never forgot a friend, nor left him without generous aid, when he could give it.*

O. O. HOWARD.

### II.

ALL military men know that orders emanating from proper authority must be obeyed and executed without question, and that officers and men entrusted with them must obey and execute them irrespective of the station or rank of the person or persons they may affect. President Lincoln once experienced the rigidity of military orders, when, late in the fall of 1864, he attempted to enter General Grant's Headquarters camp at City Point, Virginia, by crossing the sentinel's lines. He was promptly halted by the sentinel, and informed where the entrance to the camp was. He told the sentinel who he was, and



1882., AGE CO. FREDRICKS, PHOTOGRAPHER, NEW YORK.

[NOTE.—A portrait of General Grant as he appeared at Mt. McGregor, in the closing days of his life, will be found on page 540.]



explained his right to pass anywhere within the lines of the army. The sentinel was inexorable, simply replying that he might be all he claimed to be, but that the orders were positive not to let any one pass his line, and he would not. Lincoln was perforce compelled to go a little farther, and enter the camp at the proper entrance.

About the same time General Grant had an experience not similar, but which was another example of the inflexibility of military orders. After lunch one day, he asked me to accompany him in a walk along the Quartermaster's wharves. Accordingly, lighting our cigars, we descended the stairs to the Appomattox River, the foot of the stairs being about three hundred feet from the head of the wharf, on the James River. We walked leisurely to the wharf, enjoying our cigars. We had not gone far on the wharf when a sentinel halted us, saying: "Gentlemen, it is against orders to smoke on the wharf."

Nothing more was said, but our cigars went into the river. A few moments later the General remarked: "I am sorry to lose my smoke, but the order is right." I cannot say whether or not the guard knew the General, but he knew his duty, and doubtless would have arrested us had we disobeyed him.

Smoking seemed to be a necessity to General Grant's general organism, rather than a luxury. With him it antagonized nervousness, and evidently was an aid to thought; for I often noticed that he smoked the hardest when in deep thought, or engaged in writing an important document. After the terrible battles about Spottsylvania in 1864, and when the second flank movement toward Richmond was in process of execution, he asked for paper on which to write a report to Washington of the battles, and of his future plans. As I sat only a few feet from him, I noticed



General J. A. Rawlins,  
Chief of Staff.

General Grant.

Colonel Bowers,  
Assistant Adjutant-General.

TAKEN AT CITY POINT HEADQUARTERS EARLY IN 1865.



Colonel Ely S. Parker. Colonel Badeau. General Grant. Colonel Babcock. Colonel Porter.

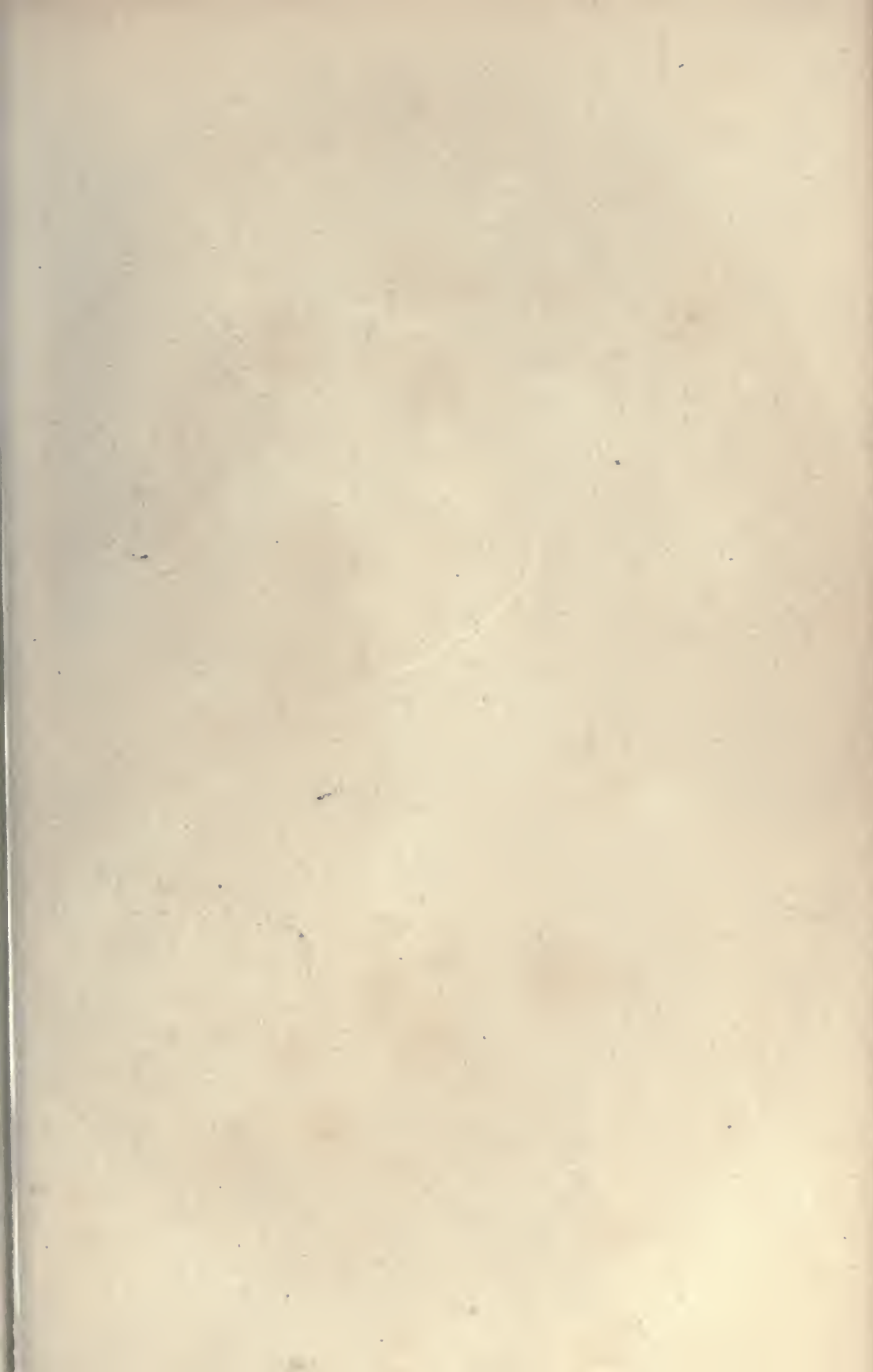
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1865 AT BOSTON, WHEN GRANT WAS RECEIVING PUBLIC WELCOMES THROUGHOUT THE NORTH AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

that he was smoking very hard, at times completely enveloping his face in the smoke. Finally, blowing it all away from him, he wrote his despatch, in which occurs the epigrammatic phrase, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"—a phrase that infused new life and confidence into the Northern mind. He smoked in the same manner when, near Appomattox, he received General Lee's last note, asking for a meeting with a view to surrender; and again when sitting with Lee in McLean's parlor, arranging the terms of surrender.

In 1865, as Grant was returning from a visit to West Point, New York, accompanied by his Assistant Adjutant-General, Colonel Bowers, a man greatly beloved by all who knew him, Colonel Bowers was killed at Garrison's Station by the cars. The next morning the staff found General Grant at Army

Headquarters on Seventeenth Street, Washington. He looked haggard and nearly distracted with grief at the loss of a favorite officer. He said to the staff: "Gentlemen, Colonel Bowers was accidentally killed at Garrison's yesterday. I wish as many of you as can, to go to the funeral. I cannot go. The loss has come very near to me." To us this determination did not seem strange. We knew how devotedly he was attached to Colonel Bowers, who had been on his staff since the battle of Shiloh, and we knew, besides, how very tired he must be, having travelled all night to reach Washington. Nearly all the staff decided to go to the funeral, and left Headquarters to make the necessary preparations, agreeing to meet again at the railroad station. What was their surprise, on coming to the station, to find General Grant there, and to learn that he also was going back to the funeral.







PRESIDENT GRANT & FAMILY

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In October, 1863, in going from Bridgeport, Alabama, to Chattanooga, Tennessee, to assume command of the Military Division of the Tennessee, General Grant halted for lunch on the summit of the mountains he was crossing. A sleet-storm was raging, compelling him to step into a log cabin for temporary shelter. This cabin had one large, square room, used for sleeping, sitting, and dining room, and also as a kitchen, or cooking-room. Here he found two or three women and several young children. They were all poorly and scantily clad; the furniture was mostly home-made, the bedding was scarce, and the larder apparently empty. When asked where their husbands and men-folks were, the simple reply of the women was, "Hiding in the mountains." Alas for them! they were Unionists; and to live at home was not safe. When asked if they had any provisions in the house, the women replied, "Yes, a little meal, but no meat." The General's heart was touched; and although supplies were low and his soldiers were as his own children, he left them an order on any trainmaster passing on the way to Chattanooga with provisions, to leave for this family a

barrel of flour and one-half barrel of pork.

General Grant had no ear for music, and I shall close these little random reminiscences with an anecdote illustrating this defect. If, as we have been told, he who has no music in his soul, is fit for "treason, stratagems, and spoils," General Grant must be classed among the exceptions to this general statement. It was a frequent remark of his, that he did not know one tune from another, except "Yankee Doodle," "America," and the "Star-Spangled Banner." I recollect in 1870 once dining informally with him and his family in the White House. He had just been to Philadelphia, and while there was persuaded to attend an opera given at the Academy. My wife asked him how he had enjoyed it. He replied that he did not know. He had heard a great deal of noise, and had seen a large number of musicians, most of them violinists, sawing away upon their instruments. Here he exemplified by imitating with the carving knife and fork the actions of a violinist, and added that the noise they made was deafening, unintelligible, and confusing to him. ELY S. PARKER.

## GENERAL GRANT'S GREATEST YEAR.

BY T. C. CRAWFORD.

THE general esteem of the character and high qualities of General Grant naturally rests first upon the record of his military and political service. But in all the years of brilliant public achievement, when honors were showered upon him and success seemed to wait upon the slightest movement of his will, I find nothing that can compare with the patient self-denial, courage, and fortitude shown in the last year of his life. That is, in my judgment, his greatest year. A few days ago I uttered this opinion to Colonel Frederick D. Grant. Said he: "You are right. The last year of father's life was the most noteworthy, judged by any estimate of true great-

ness. His unswerving courage and patience at that time have given me my most cherished memories."

When General Grant returned home from his two years of triumphant journeying around the world, he was at the pinnacle of a world-wide fame. In 1881 he settled down to live as a private citizen in the city of New York. He was then only fifty-nine years of age. His children were well and happily married. In addition to what he had himself saved from his salary as President, a syndicate of admiring friends had raised for him a purse of \$250,000, the income of which secured for him a future of tranquillity. Unlike most ex-Presidents, he was a power in poli-



GENERAL GRANT AND LI HUNG CHANG. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE VICEROY'S PALACE AT TIEN-TSIN, CHINA, JUNE, 1879, ON GENERAL GRANT'S TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

tics, and the importance of his good will was shown in the campaign of 1880, when, through the exercise of his kind spirit, the Republican factions in New York were reconciled and General Garfield's election secured. In 1884 some of his friends thought that his name would be presented to the Republican convention for further presidential honors.

The misfortunes which culminated early in the year 1884 eliminated him at once from political calculations. General Grant lost almost within a day his entire fortune, and was left so destitute of means as to have for the future almost no private resource. More than this, the fortunes of his children were involved in this financial loss, carrying down in the crash his natural allies. The amount of money lost by the Grant family was very great, being nearly two millions of dollars. When the firm of Grant & Ward collapsed on the 6th of May, 1884, few people in the country realized what that failure meant for General Grant. He had been tempted to make an investment in business. He first put \$100,000 into the funds of Grant & Ward. He was one of the most innocent of the victims of that failure. His greatest mistake was in the permission of the use of his name in connection with the business of the firm. His special partnership made him liable for a very large amount.

More than this, he was placed in a very cruel and embarrassing position in relation to Mr. William H. Vanderbilt. The night before the failure of the Marine Bank, which preceded the failure of Grant & Ward, General Grant called upon Mr. Vanderbilt and borrowed from him \$150,000. This was upon representations of Ward that the bank would need the money for only a day's loan. General Grant obtained this money, and it merely passed through his hands into the gulf of loss. General Grant corrected his position toward Mr. Vanderbilt in the only way possible. He sent to him the title-deeds of his house, and turned over every bit of property owned by the family, even to his personal effects, which included all of the mementos and

tokens received by him during his career as a soldier and a statesman. Mr. Vanderbilt acted with great generosity toward General Grant, and after the first explanation of the facts of the situation, placed the blame for the transaction upon the shoulders of Mr. Ward. He even went so far in his generosity as to seek to cancel the debt of General Grant, and to return the property in question to Mrs. Grant. As this property included her old home in St. Louis, it is but just to say that the generous proffer was a tempting one, but it was not accepted. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, was able to do one very gracious thing. He presented the personal mementos and tokens to the United States Government. So completely had General Grant stripped himself to satisfy this debt of honor from which he had not received one cent of profit, that at the time of his death there did not remain in the possession of the family even a uniform to clothe his body nor a sword to lay upon his coffin.

Beyond the losses which swept away everything, there were debts which General Grant thought should be met. The estate has paid since his death, from the sale of the book, \$187,000 to take up paper of Grant & Ward's which bore the indorsement "U. S. Grant." This remarkable fact has never been made known to the public.

At the age of sixty-two General Grant found it necessary to begin the battle of life over again. He determined then to write his memoirs. His attention had been turned in this direction for some time, through the suggestions of his friends, and especially through the example of General Sherman. Following the failure of Grant & Ward he received offers from different publishers of such a character as to indicate to him that he might with his pen still be able to build up a competency for his family. His first contribution to literature had been published in December, 1882, in the "North American Review." This article was entitled "An Undeserved Stigma," and was a defence of General Fitz John Porter. As a means of raising immediate money, he first turned his mind



to the preparation of four articles for the "Century Magazine."

In the summer of this same year (1884), General Grant's misfortunes culminated in the discovery of the cancer in his throat. His attention was first called to it at Long Branch when he experienced trouble in eating some peaches which were served during a dinner. He spoke to Mr. Childs about it. He said the acid of the peaches irritated his throat, which seemed to be sensitive. Mr. Childs asked him to let Dr. Da Costa, of Philadelphia, look at his throat. This eminent throat specialist discovered at once the cancerous nature of the trouble. He did not himself, however, break the news to General Grant. He advised him to go home at once and consult his family physician, Dr. Barker. Dr. Barker was privately notified, and when General Grant came to see him he suggested the calling in of Dr. Douglas, who was at that time one of the most noted throat specialists of New York. Dr. Douglas told General Grant, after making a careful examination, that the trouble was a very serious one, and although the nature of the malady was disguised under technical forms of speech, yet General Grant discovered very quickly the actual truth.

He said to his son, Colonel Grant, who accompanied him during the first visits to Dr. Douglas's office for treatment: "I know very well what is the matter with me. It is a cancer. It makes no difference what phrase the doctor uses to describe the trouble, I have found out that it is really a cancer; that it cannot be cured, that I cannot live over a year, and that my remaining days will be days of pain and suffering. If I could have my choice, I should prefer to die now; but to obtain death immediately would simply mean suicide, and that is always the act of a weak and cowardly man."

Thus in addition to a financial loss involving himself and the various members of his family in amounts approaching nearly \$2,000,000, General Grant had now to face a painful and protracted illness under a disease of the most terrible character. With can-

cer the patient suffers without respite. The testimony of those who were nearest to General Grant all through that period of pain is uniform as to his high courage, his perfect serenity, and the patience with which he bore this accumulation of afflictions. Dr. Douglas, the physician who attended him, said that he never heard from him one word of complaint, and that in the most extreme of his sufferings he never even sighed or expressed a word of regret. Colonel Grant says that, aside from the first expression of bitterness upon the part of his father, quoted above, when he learned the true nature of the malady, he never said anything indicative of impatience or lack of courage.

But beyond the strength exhibited in this patience and courage was the extraordinary display of will and self-denial shown in the assumption of the task of preparing his "Memoirs." The work in those two volumes might well have occupied a man trained to literary work several years, yet they were completed within the short time left to General Grant, and it can be said that every line was either dictated by General Grant himself or written with his own hand. I know this, and have seen the original manuscripts. The strength of will which sustained him through this task never relaxed. He dictated until his voice was gone; and then he wrote page after page, completing the last chapter of twelve thousand words only four days before he died.

Never was there a more brilliant success following such labor. No book written in this country has ever returned such a large reward. At the time of this writing the Grant family has received from the royalties paid by the publishers of the work over \$440,000, and the sale still goes on. The cheaper edition, which the publishers are now about to bring out, may result in another phenomenal sale; so that it is within the range of probability that the "Memoirs" may yield in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a million of dollars to General Grant's heirs.

General Grant's writings demon-

strate that he could have made an earlier success in the field of literature had he so desired. The character of the "Memoirs" now completely refutes the slanderous reproach of illiteracy put upon him during the period of his military and political career. I was stationed as a correspondent at Washington during the second term of General Grant's Presidency, and even at that late day I used to hear that every one of his messages as President was written for him. In truth, nearly all of the messages were written by his own hand. The manuscripts are now in the possession of Colonel Grant. The fact that he was a graduate of one of the best colleges in this country, West Point, itself should have made such stories impossible. But in those days party passion ran high. Even after his death a few detractors sought to take from him the credit of the preparation of his "Memoirs." In that work he employed clerks and secretaries to gather material for him, after the fashion of any historian who saves himself from drudgery to leave his mind clear for the literary presentation of his task. In every essential point the work is General Grant's from the first to the last; and proof of his literary ability that can be denied by no one is shown in the final pages of the work, which were written by his own hand. The handwriting of General Grant in itself was the handwriting of a refined, cultivated man, showing in no way any lack of ease. The final contract for the publication of the "Memoirs" was not made until the 27th of February, 1885. The writing of the work was then well in hand, and was finished on the 19th of July, General Grant dying on the 23d of the same month.

The splendid patience with which during this time General Grant carried his excessive burdens was not at first generally understood, but as a knowledge of his sufferings and of his courage became known to the country, public opinion was brought to bear upon a Congress which was politically unfriendly to him, so that upon the 4th of March of this year he received from Congress the honor of being restored

to the retired list of the army with his old rank as General. This was the one great pleasure of this dark year of work and suffering. The stimulus of the news so buoyed him up for a short time that the more sanguine people among those about him began to talk of the possibility of a favorable operation and a recovery. But General Grant himself never labored under any delusion regarding his condition. With characteristic gentleness he allowed those who would to hope, and never gave his own opinion to any one except to his physician.

I was at Mount McGregor during the month preceding General Grant's death, and had frequent opportunities of talking with Dr. Douglas. His devotion to his patient was never surpassed. He practically sacrificed his life and professional career to General Grant, and he should have received some suitable recognition at the hands of Congress. He was then about the age of General Grant, and had not the strength to endure the constant watching, and the drain upon his sympathies. He could hardly speak of his patient then without tears in his eyes. The patient and the physician were in close sympathy. During the closing days, when General Grant was unable to use his voice, he had constantly at his hand a memorandum pad and a pencil. These he employed to write messages to those about him. In the intervals of writing upon his "Memoirs" he would address upwards of a dozen notes a day to Dr. Douglas. One of the most notable of these communications was written on the 2d of July, the month in which he died. It shows General Grant's full knowledge of what he was facing, and his regard for those about him. It is as follows:

"I ask you not to show this to any one except the physicians you consult with, until the end. Particularly I want it kept from my family. If known to one man the papers will get it, and they (the family) will get it. It would only distress them, almost beyond endurance, to know it, and by reflex action would distress me. I have not changed my mind materially since I wrote you before in the same strain. Now, however, I know that I gain strength some days, but when I do go back it is beyond where I started to improve. I think the





GENERAL GRANT AND HIS FAMILY AT MOUNT MCGREGOR.



A LETTER FROM GENERAL GRANT TO HIS PHYSICIAN.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE CONCLUSION OF THE LETTER OF JULY 2, 1885, ADDRESSED TO  
DR. JOHN H. DOUGLAS.

As I have stated I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy banner which has so suddenly sprung up between them engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions towards me in person from all parts of our country, from people of all nationalities of all religions, and of no religion, of Confederate and National troops alike, of

soldiers organizations; of mechanical, scientific religious and all other societies embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart if they have not effected a cure. To you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the "valley of the shadow of death" to enable me to witness these things.

U. S. Grant

U. S. Grant  
 July 20 1885.

FULL TEXT OF THE LETTER.

After General Grant's death, this letter was published in the newspapers. It is written in lead pencil on yellow memorandum paper of the width shown in the above fac-simile, which has been engraved for the magazine by permission of Dr. Douglas:

Dr. I ask you not to show this to any one, unless physicians you consult with, until the end. Particularly I want it kept from my family. If known to one man the papers will get it and they will get it. It would only distress them almost beyond endurance to know it, and, by reflex, would distress me. I have not changed my mind materially since I wrote you before in the same strain. Now, however, I know that I gain in strength some days, but when I do go back, it is beyond where I started to improve. I think the chances are very decidedly in favor of your being able to keep me alive until the change of weather, towards the winter. Of course there are contingencies that might arise at any time that would carry me off very suddenly. The most probable of these is choking. Under these circumstances life is not worth living. I am very thankful to have been spared this long, because it has enabled me to practically complete the work in which I take so much interest. I cannot stir up strength enough to review it and make additions and subtractions that would suggest themselves to me and are not likely to to any one else. Under the above circumstances, I will be the happiest the

most pain I can avoid. If there is to be any extraordinary cure, such as some people believe there is to be, it will develop itself. I would say therefore to you and your colleagues to make me as comfortable as you can. If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey His call without a murmur. I should prefer going now to enduring my present suffering for a single day without hope of recovery. As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which has so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions towards me in person from all parts of our country; from people of all nationalities; of all religions and of no religion; of Confederate and National troops alike; of soldiers' organizations; of mechanical, scientific, religious, and all other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure. To you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the "valley of the shadow of death" to enable me to witness these things.

U. S. GRANT.

MT. MCGREGOR, N. Y. July 2, 1885.



chances are very decidedly in favor of your being able to keep me alive until the change of weather toward winter. Of course there are contingencies that might arise at any time that would carry me off very suddenly. The most probable of these is choking. Under the circumstances life is not worth the living. I am very thankful ["glad" was first written, but scratched out and "thankful" substituted] to have been spared this long, because it has enabled me to practically complete the work in which I take so much interest. I cannot stir up strength enough to review it, and make additions and subtractions that would suggest themselves to me and are not likely to suggest themselves to any one else. Under the above circumstances I will be the happiest the most pain I can avoid. If there is to be any extraordinary cure, such as some people believe there is to be, it will develop itself. I would say therefore to you and your colleagues to make me as comfortable as you can. If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey his call without a murmur. I should prefer going now to enduring my present suffering for a single day without hope of recovery. As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions towards me in person from all parts of our country, from people of all nationalities, or all religions, and of no religion, of Confederates and of National troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, religious, and other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart if they have not effected a cure. So to you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the valley of the shadow of death to enable me to witness these things.

"U. S. GRANT.

"MOUNT MCGREGOR, N. Y., July 2, 1835."

Dr. Douglas said that at no time during these final struggles did General Grant show any fear of death. About a month before his death they had a general discussion upon the subject. The General then asked his physician to give him the exact details of the climax of the disease and to indicate to him the method of his final taking off, whether by hemorrhage or choking, so that he could be prepared with a full knowledge to meet his fate, however severe it might be. Dr. Douglas was able to assure him that the end would be a peaceful one and relatively free from pain. Dr. Doug-

las further affirmed at this time that the reports that General Grant was frequently under the influence of morphine, to enable him to endure the pain, were untrue. He would rarely consent to its use, as he thought it would affect the character of his literary work, and so he preferred to bear the pain and leave his mind clear for the task that he had in hand. Cocaine was principally used for his relief.

An extract from a private letter written by Dr. Douglas upon the 2d of August following General Grant's death summarizes, in brief but eloquent phrases, his estimate of General Grant's character made during these months of intimate companionship. He said: "Nine months of close attention to him have only endeared him to me. I have learned to know him as few only can know him. The world can know him as a great general, as a successful politician; but I know him as a patient, self-sacrificing, gentle, quiet, uncomplaining sufferer, looking death calmly in the face and counting almost the hours he had to live, and those hours were studied by him that he might contribute something of benefit to some other fellow-sufferer. If he was great in his life, he was even greater in his death. Not a murmur, not a moan, nor a sigh, from first to last. He died as he had lived, a true man."

Living in the atmosphere of the closing scenes of General Grant's life, I became his ardent admirer. Never in my experience of studying the traits of prominent men near at hand have I found so much to challenge admiration as in this close study of the character of General Grant. And when death finally came and ended his sufferings, it was with a sense of personal loss that I walked behind the mourners who followed the purple-covered coffin. It was borne by military bearers under the direction of General Hancock, one of the great figures of the late civil war, and everywhere there were to be seen military trappings and glistening uniforms; but the great soldier lay clad in a civilian suit, and upon the coffin was no sign of his career as a soldier.



Covington Feb 28th 1865  
 Frank A. Milton Esq.

Dear Sir,

Yours of the 22nd<sup>th</sup> asking an autograph letter from my son is just recd. And as your request is not an unreasonable one I hasten to comply with your request.

I have no letter from him written for such a purpose, and send one of no private or public interest. If you have been a close observer of his personal character, you have doubtless learned before this time, that he is a man of great personal modesty. He rarely alludes to his plans, or his hopes even to me. And to it is many others much of his success.

NOTE.—The above facsimile is from the original letter, now in the Civil War Collection of Mr. James Coster. What the letter says is this :

COVINGTON, [Ky.], Feb. 28th, 65.

FRANK A. HILTON ESQR.

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I will remark here that we are of Connecticut origin, my Father was a native of that State & lived there until he was 46. years of age. When Ulysses was a boy he desired an education, & as I did not feel able to stand the expense I suggested West Point which met his views, without any thought by him or me, as to the military part of the course there. His origin you will see was humble & poor. I am now past 71, but enjoy utmost youthful health, & expect to live to see this wicked rebellion put down by the power of <sup>the</sup> sword, & you will not dispute my word, when I say it affords me some satisfaction to think that I have reared a boy that has rendered a little assistance to Father Abraham in finishing his "big job."

Respectfully yours &c  
Jesse R. Grant

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Respectfully yours &c  
JESSE R. GRANT







## GENERAL GRANT

### PROMINENT TRAITS OF HIS CHARACTER

The Honorable Hamilton Fish, who was Premier of the nation during the eight years of General Grant's Presidency, writes for the *New York Independent* :

My acquaintance with General Grant began in 1865, in Philadelphia, on his first visit to the North after the close of the war. Thereafter I saw him frequently. His son, Colonel Fred. D. Grant, was a cadet at West Point, and the General and his family often went there to see him. My country residence is on the Hudson River, immediately opposite West Point, and on the occasion of one of his visits I invited him to make my house his home on such occasions, and thereafter he and his family were frequently my guests. Thus acquaintance grew into intimacy, and ripened into friendship.

You ask, "What were his most prominent traits of character?" Well, with a man so full of strong distinctive traits, it is hard to say which may be most prominent; but I have been much impressed by his steady firmness and his generous magnanimity. His whole military career manifested his firmness both of purpose and of action. His answer to the War Department, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," was but the spontaneous utterance of his general fixedness of purpose.

He was generous and forgiving in the extreme; not that he could not hate well when he had cause for hating, but he never did hate without having, or thinking that he had, sufficient cause, and was ever ready for an explanation and reconciliation. With few exceptions his dislikes were not long cherished. He was too busy and too generous to nurse them.

His unselfish generosity at the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Appomattox stand out among the most noted instances of magnanimity on the part of a conqueror. He sought no triumphal entry into the Confederate capital, which had been the objective point of years of maneuvering and of fighting; he fed the army which he had defeated, and gave to Lee and his army terms of capitulation and surrender that commanded the admiration of the civilized world, and to this day receive the grateful acknowledgment of those who were their recipients.

After Sherman had accepted terms of surrender from Johnston, which the Government had so far disapproved as to send Grant to supersede him, instead of taking to himself the credit of Johnston's surrender on terms satisfactory to the Government and to the people, he telegraphed, "Johnston has surrendered to Sherman," leaving the full credit to Sherman of what he himself had accomplished.

On his tour through the South after the war, to investigate, for the Govern-



*Henry R. Hall*

*Twelfth President of New York Historical Society, 1867-1869.*





ment, the condition of the people, he showed a broad, generous spirit. His report was denounced by some politicians in Washington as a "whitewashing report;" but, had it been acted upon, there would have been no "solid South," and the restoration of good feeling would have taken place soon after the war had closed.

His feeling toward the South was, throughout his civil administration, in accord with that which he had exhibited in dictating the terms of surrender to Lee—full of generosity and of confidence. That confidence arose from the respect which a brave soldier has for the bravery and sincerity of those whom he has fought, and was undoubtedly increased by his visit through the South shortly after the war had closed.

He was anxious to give appointments to Southern men; but in several instances gentlemen from the South, who had been engaged in the Rebellion, and to whom he was willing to offer appointments, refused to accept them.

The President, in the disposal of offices over the wide extent of the United States, must depend upon the representations of others for his information as to the character and capacity of the larger number of those who are to fill the public offices on his appointment. These representations are not always candid, and, even when honestly given, are not always correct. Unfortunately—perhaps owing to the quarrel between Andrew Johnson and the Congress, or from whatever cause, and notwithstanding the very friendly and favorable report of the feeling and the behavior of the Southern people made by Grant to Congress, after his tour through their States—the Southern men of note and of prominence held themselves aloof, and not only would not volunteer advice, but often withheld information when asked.

The result was inevitable. At the close of the war, the condition of the South, now opened to a new class of labor, seemed to afford a wide field for industry and enterprise, and tempted a large class of men from the North, whose business had been broken up by the war, to seek their fortunes, and to cast their lot with the South.

The South had had little experience of an "immigrant" population. It was jealous and suspicious of the new-comer; perhaps, under the circumstances, not unnaturally so, but very unfortunately so. Of those who went among them, very many were men of character, enterprise, and simple purpose, migrating with none other than a sincere desire of becoming part and parcel of the community among whom they went. Others there were—adventurers of the "Dugald Dalgetty" stripe—ready to take whatever chance might throw in their way. Their "chances" were advanced by the quarrel, then at its height, between President Johnson and the Congress, and they lost no opportunity of playing upon the passions already unduly excited. The North was flooded with accounts of indignities and outrages heaped upon Northern men, and of the continued disloyalty of the South; and the South, smarting under its defeat and loss of property, isolated itself, and became united in a political combination bitter in its antagonism to the ruling power

in the nation. Such was the condition when General Grant came to the Presidency and found nearly all of the Federal offices at the South filled by men of Northern birth. He felt the wrong of such condition, and desired to change it; but the reticence of Southern men, and their unwillingness to co-operate with him, or to give advice or information to aid him in the matter of appointments to office, left him unable to carry his wishes in this regard into effect.

His knowledge of men was generally accurate; but he was apt in this respect, as in others, to reach his conclusions rapidly, and was thus not infrequently led to give his confidence where it was not deserved; and it was from the abuse of his confidence, thus reposed, that rose most of the censure which, after the close of the war, was visited upon him.

Where he gave his friendship he gave it *unreservedly*—whether friendship or confidence, he gave it *unreservedly*—and was slow to believe anything to the discredit of those of whom he was fond.

When he entered upon the Presidency he did so without much, if any, previous experience in civil administration. He soon, however, very soon, made himself thoroughly familiar with all the questions that were brought to his consideration, and he may truly be said to have applied himself to the great problems of government.

In his Cabinet meetings his habit was to bring before his counselors such questions as might have been suggested to him, either by friends or as the result of his own thought. He would generally ask of the members of his Cabinet, in order or successively, their views, and would then reach his own conclusion, and direct the course to be pursued which he thought best. So far as my own department was concerned, he kept thoroughly up with all the questions that arose; and, so far as I could judge, he was equally familiar with the questions in each of the other departments.

He was very free to accept the opinions and views of his Cabinet, often antagonistic to his own preconceived notions. As an instance of this, when the inflation bill had passed Congress, and was strenuously urged upon him for approval by many of his most influential friends in each house of Congress, and by a majority of his Cabinet, he at first reluctantly yielded to a determination to approve the bill, and prepared a paper to be submitted to Congress, explaining his reasons for approval of the bill, which paper was laid before the Cabinet, but not read. I had most strenuously advocated his vetoing the bill, and an evening or two previous to this Cabinet meeting he sent for me and read me the paper. Having done it, he remarked: "The more I have written upon this, the more I don't like it; and I have determined to veto the bill, and am preparing a message accordingly." At the Cabinet meeting he stated that he had prepared a paper assigning the reasons for approving the bill, but had determined not to present it, and had written another message vetoing the bill, which he then read to the Cabinet and subsequently sent to Congress. He had consulted his own good sense, and had given careful study by himself to this important question affecting the currency.



Another illustration of his readiness to yield a preconceived opinion is afforded by his action concerning the Treaty of Washington. After the beginning of negotiations about the treaty, it became necessary to determine upon commissioners on the part of the United States. I felt it important that the commission should not be partisan, and that there should be at least one Democrat on it. The suggestion at first did not strike the President as important, and it was opposed by many of his confidential friends; but on presenting the question fully and strongly to him he abandoned his position, and decided the question in favor of appointing Judge Nelson as one of the commissioners. Subsequently, when an arbitrator was to be appointed to the tribunal at Geneva, strong objections were urged from various quarters against the selection of Charles Francis Adams, which made an impression adverse to him in the mind of General Grant—strongly adverse. But upon my urging upon him that Mr. Adams was more familiar than any other man with the incidents attending the escape of the rebel cruisers, that he had conducted the legation in London during the Rebellion with admirable discretion and under a great deal of personal trial, and was entitled to recognition, General Grant cordially yielded his opposition, and over-ruled the objections of many close and confidential political advisers.

So, too, was it in the appointment of Mr. Evarts as counsel. Some things had occurred at the close of Johnson's administration, while Mr. Evarts was Attorney-General, which left a strong feeling of irritation in General Grant; but on the representation of Mr. Evarts' ability, and his fitness for the position, he yielded all personal feeling, and cordially agreed to his appointment. As a general rule, he asserted his own views tenaciously and firmly.

Until his election to the Presidency, I don't think he had taken much interest in party politics. He had been brought up—following the political views of his father—in sympathy with the old Whig Party. But while in the army he never voted until the election between Fremont and Buchanan, when, from want of confidence in General Fremont's civil capacity, and being then out of the army, he voted for Buchanan. And he often, jokingly, said to me, that his "first attempt in politics had been a great failure."

He was not indifferent to public criticism, but not unduly excited by it. I never knew him but once to be led into an action of the policy or expediency of which he had doubt by the criticism of the press or the public. It was not a very important matter, relating only to the employment of a certain individual, in the conveyance of a message, whom a hostile journal had boastfully said should never again be thus employed.

I never met any one who formed, in advance, better estimates of elections that were about to take place than General Grant. On the evening preceding the Presidential election of 1872 I was sitting with him, and he gave the probable result in each of the States. I noted it down, and found that it varied in each State almost inappreciably.

He was not a great reader. He wrote with fluency, tersely, strongly, and with great rapidity. He was methodical in his habits, and punctilious in the discharge of whatever duties might be before him.

He had no historical models, but worked out his own course from his good sense and thoughtfulness. He formed his opinions, apparently, from intuition.

I think he was the most scrupulously truthful man I ever met. He had little idea of the value of money, and had no tendency to its accumulation. He was lavish in his expenditures and generous in his charities. He gave to all who asked of him, being often unnecessarily and unwisely profuse in his donations. I have not infrequently known him to give sums from five to ten times the amount of what the applicants could have reasonably or probably expected.

In his family he was the fondest and most indulgent and liberal of husbands and fathers.

He had a large fund of humor, enjoyed a good story, and had the faculty of telling a good story, and of telling it well. I never heard him use a profane or an obscene word.

The habit of public speaking came to him after the end of his Presidency. While he was President, on one occasion a large body of clergymen called upon and made him a long address to which he had to reply, and which he always disliked to do. After a sentence or two I noticed that his voice faltered, and fearing that he might be at a loss what next to say, standing next to him, I caused a diversion by beginning to cough violently so as to interrupt his speech. He afterward told me how fortunate it was for him that I had *that* cough, as he had felt his knees begin to shake, and did not think that he could have spoken another word.

His indignation was always intense against any case of marital infidelity; and I have known an instance of his refusing consideration of applications in favor of an individual of high public position who lay under such a charge. And once, where a man of much political influence, who had been thus guilty, recommended and was urging upon him some action, the General remarked, after his withdrawal: "That man had better take care of his own moral conduct than come and give advice to me on any question."

He was strongly impressed with religious views, and was a firm believer in the fundamental principles of Christianity. He was brought up in connection with the Methodist Church, which he attended in Washington. On the Sunday either succeeding or preceding—I don't remember which—his second election in 1872 he invited his Cabinet, in a body, to accompany him to the Metropolitan Church in Washington, which he was in the habit of attending, to listen to a sermon from Dr. Newman appropriate to the occasion. The moral side of questions of a public nature, or otherwise, whether presented by his Cabinet or by his friends, always had influence with him.

Before strangers, or before a large number of persons, he was naturally inclined to be taciturn. But few men had more powers of conversation and of narration



than he when in the company of intimate friends, without the restraints imposed by numbers.

His memory was minute and accurate to a degree. He was not fond of talking of the war, or of his battles; but when he could be induced or led to the subject, he would carry it through, giving the incidents of a fight, stating minutely, at the various stages of the engagement, the location of each division or separate corps or regiment.

I asked him once: "General, in case we should get into another war, how about our armies?"

"Well," he said, "we have the best men in the world to lead them. No three men living are more capable of leading an army or conducting a campaign than the men we have. There is a difference between fighting and planning and conducting a campaign; but there are no three men living better fitted to plan a campaign and to lead armies than Sherman, Sheridan, and Schofield."

I said: "But I hope we may have no war until these gentlemen may be too old to lead our armies. What then?"

"There are young men coming up who will quite fill their places."

"Such as who?"

He answered: "Upton, McKenzie, Wilson; and there are more."

He said that during the battles around Richmond he placed McKenzie in charge of the cavalry operating with Sheridan, and this assignment of command at once added fifty per cent. to the efficiency of that division of cavalry.

You ask, "What position will General Grant take in the history of this country?" I hope it will not be considered irreverent to say that Washington, Lincoln, and Grant will be regarded as a political trinity—the one the founder, the second the liberator, and the third the saviour of the United States. It is admirably illustrated in that medallion in which they are represented as the *pater*, the *liberator*, and the *salvator*. The work of each was necessary to the completion of the whole.

#### PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GRANT

In a sermon preached in the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, on the 26th of July, 1885, Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D.D., the well-known pastor of the Metropolitan Church in Washington during General Grant's administration, said:

The first time I ever saw General Grant was on a visit that he made to Chicago near the close of the war. I had been requested by the governor of the State to assist in raising funds for the purchase of a soldiers' orphan home, and had informed the governor that with his and General Grant's indorsement I believed the effort would be a success. I was impressed with the aptness of the questions which General Grant put to me; they were brief, methodical, and seemed to cover the whole ground. Appointing the next day for an interview, at the hour



named I found him in a room full of friends and visitors. When recognizing me, he directed one of his aids to bring writing materials, and sat down in the midst of the confusion and wrote a commendation of the enterprise to the people of the State, who gladly responded.

A trait of his character was developed when on a subsequent visit to the same city he remained there over Sunday. Great interest was manifested in knowing where he would worship on that day. Pews were offered for his use in almost all the principal churches, and carriages were proffered by their owners for his accommodation. On Saturday afternoon he sent one of his aids to inquire of a well-known Methodist lady whether a clergyman by the name of Vincent, who used to preach in Galena, was not preaching somewhere in Chicago, and was informed that Mr. Vincent was pastor of Trinity Church in the southern part of the city. Trinity Church was then a mission station, and Dr. Vincent had not attained his present conspicuous position. And so, on Sunday the General quietly, with his staff, entered a carriage and drove down unannounced to worship in the little church, and listen to a sermon by the pastor whom he had heard in his former home.

I next met him at a reception given by ex-Governor Ward, of New Jersey, at his residence in Newark. The question of my going to Washington was then under consideration, and the General very kindly offered to make me welcome, and encouraged the idea of my going. This interview became memorable with me, for I left the house of Governor Ward, in company with Senator Frelinghuysen and Justice Bradley, and as we separated we noticed that the illuminated clock of one of the churches pointed to the hour of one, and there were doubts expressed as to our complying with the request of General Grant to meet him at the railroad at seven next morning. We did so, however, and came to New York with him, and were surprised to read subsequently in the press a total misrepresentation of the facts in the case, occasion having been made by ribald defamers of the General to invent a succession of excesses, and to wickedly decry his good name and personal respectability. When I went to Washington to become pastor of the Metropolitan Church, I found him one of the most regular of the congregation in attendance upon public worship. He seemed to be scrupulously careful on this matter, frequently explaining, when necessarily absent, the occasion of his non-attendance. His attention to the service was marked and unflagging, and the subjects of sermons were frequently matters of subsequent conversation. He never seemed conscious of the fact that the eyes of the great congregation were often fixed upon him, and always in passing out at the minister's private exit (to avoid the crowd) he spoke cheerily and appreciatingly to the clergyman. He enjoyed all of the religious services of the church excepting the singing, having a constitutional inability to appreciate music. He told me once that all music seemed to affect him as discord would a sensitive and cultivated ear, and that he would go a mile out of his way rather than listen to the playing of a band; and when the hymn to be sung consisted of four stanzas, he experienced a feeling of relief as each one was sung, and so disposed of.

Not long after my arrival in Washington, at a reception given by ex-Postmaster-General King, I was asked by his daughter whether it was true, as she had heard, that General Grant had never sworn a profane oath. I was surprised at the question, and took opportunity to speak to the General about it; when he told me that he never had used profane language, and he was quite sure if he had ever done so under any provocation he would have remembered it. On one occasion a friend whom I wished to hear was to preach for me on a Sunday night. I called upon the President to inform him of this fact, and said that I had done so because I had observed that he attended service only once on a Sunday, and thought that if he knew of this arrangement for the pulpit he might prefer to attend the evening service. He said to me: "I am glad of an opportunity to explain this matter to you. Secretary Fish and some others have an absurd notion that I ought not to walk about the streets of Washington at night, and consequently I never get to the evening service, though I should be glad to do so." And seeing that I was surprised by this statement, he said: "Perhaps you think that I might have the carriage and ride to service; but, Doctor, when I was a poor man, long before I ever thought that I should have a servant, I made up my mind that if I ever did have one, he should have his hours of Sunday for worship; and no servants or horses are ever called into use by me upon that day for my own personal convenience."

I was a stranger to him when I assumed that pulpit, and his Methodist training and education is shown in an incident narrated to me by Bishop Ames. There is in Washington a Methodist church much nearer to the White House than the Metropolitan, and the official members of that church believed that it would be greatly to its interest if a minister who was well known to the General, and much liked by him, could be induced to become their pastor and the General induced to attend the service. And they waited upon him with a statement of their views, when General Grant simply remarked to the spokesman at the interview, that he believed it was the Methodist custom to change pastors and not to change churches. Some months before his second inauguration he asked me if I expected to be at home on the Sunday preceding that ceremony. I informed him that I did, and asked him why he put the question. He said he thought it would be appropriate to invite the members of his Cabinet to attend service with him on that day. Accordingly, they were invited, and came. Chief Justice Chase, learning of this intention, invited the members of the Supreme Court; and perhaps this is the only occasion in the history of the Government that these chief officers, with other military and civil functionaries, have been present at a similar religious service.

The home life in the White House during the Grants' residence was beautiful in its domestic simplicity and purity, and the influence of the family in society was markedly beneficial. In former times, public receptions had been made the occasion of conviviality and excess; and the banishment of wine and spirits from the public receptions of the office was requested by General Grant, and promptly



complied with. Due credit was never given by temperance crusaders and politicians to the wholesome effect of this, and the admirable example thus set before the American people. The tenderness and love of the General for his family was simple and unrestrained—without affectation, without ostentation. It was a sore trial to both parents to allow their daughter to leave their home ; but when, after complying with the General's direction that Mr. Sartoris should become an American citizen, he took the necessary steps, their consent was given. The marriage took place in the East Room of the White House, and was conducted, according to our Methodist forms, with simplicity and dignity ; but the parting of the father from his only daughter seemed for a time to completely unnerve him. I found him in the evening of that day sad and depressed and lonely. His treasure had gone, and was to be parted from him by the seas ; for a death had occurred in the Sartoris family which made it necessary that Mr. Sartoris should return to his English home. The life of that daughter was to him an inspiration. He longed for her presence, and wistfully counted the hours of their necessary separation, and rejoiced at the promised speed of the vessel which would bring her to him. Her face was fittingly the last upon which his conscious gaze rested, and the love of the two has thus become immortal.

He was silent under bitter accusation and calumny, and I remember well one evening at the White House when my family and Mr. Colfax and his sister were the only guests. Mr. Colfax remarked : "During the campaign, General, I marveled at the quietness of your endurance of wrong and misrepresentation. Now that I myself am passing under similar trials, it seems to me that your endurance was almost more than human." The General quietly remarked, "Did you ever believe, Mr. Colfax, that I was insensible to it, and that it did not hurt?" He made no special religious profession, and yet he was a man of religious habit, and thoroughly honest and earnest in his belief in a superintending Providence, regarding certain facts in history as inexplicable without this, and admiring the firm faith of a devoted sister, and reverencing, with a sacredness that was beautiful in its exhibition, the piety of his parents.

He made a visit of a week to Martha's Vineyard, which was then, as now, my summer home. I preached a sermon on the victory of the faith from the text, "They overcame him by the Blood of the Lamb." He was more moved than I had ever seen him under a discourse, and at the close of the sermon, at his suggestion, we wandered away from the crowd, and engaged in earnest and serious conversation. He said, "Why is there so much stress laid on the blood in your preaching and in the New Testament?" I explained to him in the simplest terms the doctrine of atonement, and he seemed fully to comprehend it. The giving up of life as a test of love was an incontrovertible argument to a man who had led thousands through death to victory, and I have always had a strong confidence that on that day the General had a personal realization of the truth as it is in Jesus.





*John Tyler Coe*

VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



## AN INCIDENT OF VICKSBURG—GENERAL GRANT'S KINDNESS REMEMBERED

On the 5th of July, 1863, a Southern planter and Mrs. Dockery, of Arkansas, slowly made their way to General Grant's head-quarters, in the rear of Vicksburg. The day before the long, tedious siege ended in the surrender of the Confederate forces to General Grant. All was, therefore, in confusion and bustle, but the Union soldiers were in excellent humor, and offered no opposition to the progress of the two visitors to see the "old man," as they loved to call their commander. Mrs. Dockery was the wife of a Confederate brigadier-general who took part in the defense of the city. During the siege she had remained eleven miles in the rear of Vicksburg with the planter and his family. She could hear the fearful cannonading all during the long combat, and at times the reports of the cannon were as rapid as the notes of a quick tune on a violin. As soon as the city surrendered, she determined to hear the fate of her husband, so she persuaded the planter to get an old dilapidated buggy left on the place by some of the straggling soldiers, and with harness improvised with old straps, ropes, and strings, and a mule caught on the highway, to attempt the trip to General Grant's head-quarters.

The mule pulled the buggy and its two occupants along the hot, dusty road at a lively pace, and by eleven o'clock Grant's shady retreat, about three miles to the rear of Vicksburg, was reached. His head-quarter tents were pitched just a little to the north of the old Jackson road, on a ridge thickly covered with dense shade trees. As soon as the guards were reached, a sergeant informed the two they could proceed no further, as he knew General Grant would not see them. Mrs. Dockery, with tears in her eyes, begged the soldiers to go to Grant and tell him that a lady in great distress wished only to see him just "one little minute." The officer went into the General's tent, remained only one instant, returned, and invited Mrs. Dockery and the planter to walk in. They left the buggy with the guards, and tremblingly approached Grant's tent. What was their agreeable surprise to be cordially invited by Grant himself to be seated. Before hardly a word was spoken Grant instructed an orderly to serve his guests with cool water, and insisted on Mrs. Dockery taking an easy-chair, which he vacated for her. As soon as Mrs. Dockery could command language, she poured into the General's ears her fears that her husband was wounded or dead, and asked for a pass to go to Vicksburg and learn what was his fate. Grant replied, almost word for word, as follows: "Madam, General Grant has issued an order that there shall be no passing to and from Vicksburg, and he cannot set the example of violating his own orders."

Mrs. Dockery was in tears when she said: "Oh, my God! what shall I do?"

A smile almost passed over Grant's face as he replied: "Oh, don't distress yourself; I will take it upon myself to get news from your husband. He must be a gallant fellow to have won such a devoted wife."

"But when will you find out for me? Can you not see this suspense is almost killing me?" replied the lady.



"Right now," said Grant ; "and you shall be my guest until my orderly can fly to General Pemberton's head-quarters and get the news."

Grant instantly instructed one of his aids to write a note to General Pemberton, and inquire of him whether or not General Dockery, of Bowen's division, had escaped unharmed, and all the news about him, as Mrs. Dockery was at his head-quarters exceedingly anxious to know. While the orderly was gone General Grant's dinner was served, and Mrs. Dockery and the planter dined with him and his friends. There were perhaps twenty generals, colonels, majors, aids, and others at the table, but not one of them spoke a word that could wound the feelings of the General's guests. The General himself was exceedingly agreeable, and instead of talking about war, or anything pertaining to it, devoted himself to getting all the information he could about the South and its productions. No cotton planter ever evinced more interest in cotton than did the great soldier to whom a strong city had surrendered the day before.

Soon after dinner the orderly returned with a note from General Pemberton, stating that General Dockery was in excellent health and would visit his wife as soon as General Grant would permit it. General Grant smiled and said : "You shall see him in a day or two ; just as soon as we can fix things a little. I'll not forget your name, and of course will have to remember him."

When the General's visitors arose to depart, he assured them he appreciated their call, and taking a scrap of paper wrote on it for the guards to pass Mr. and Mrs. Dockery to their home, and signed his name. Only one picket had to be passed, but the pass looked so much more common than those regularly issued that the guard scanned it closely. When he read Grant's own signature, he said : "Humph, the 'old man' got to writing passes? Let them by."—*Vicksburg Commercial*.

#### GENERAL GRANT'S REMARKABLE CAREER

At the funeral service for General Grant at Augusta, Maine, on the 8th of August, the Hon. James G. Blaine said :

Public sensibility and personal sorrow over the death of General Grant are not confined to one continent. A profound admiration for great qualities, and still more profound gratitude for great services, have touched the heart of the people with true sympathy, increased even to tender emotions by the agony of his closing days and the undoubted heroism with which he morally conquered a last cruel fate. The world in its hero worship is discriminating and practical, if not, indeed, selfish. Eminent qualities and rare achievements do not always insure lasting fame. The hero for the age is he who has been chief and foremost in contributing to the moral and material progress, to the grandeur and glory of the succeeding generation. Washington secured the freedom of the colonies and founded a new nation, Lincoln was the prophet who warned the people of the evils that were undermining our free government, and the statesman who was called to leadership





*A. G. Raine*

Portrait of A. G. Raine, Esq.



in the work of their extirpation. Grant was the soldier who, by victory in the field, gave vitality and force to the policies and philanthropic measures which Lincoln defined in the Cabinet for the regeneration and security of the Republic.

The monopoly of fame by the few in this world comes from an instinct, perhaps from a deep-seated necessity of human nature. Heroes cannot be multiplied, units only survive. General Grant's name will survive through the centuries, because it is indissolubly connected with the greatest military and moral triumph in the history of the United States. If the armies of the Union had ultimately failed, the vast and beneficent designs of Lincoln would have been frustrated, and he would have been known in history as a statesman and philanthropist who, in the cause of humanity, cherished great aims which he could not realize, and conceived great ends which he could not attain—as an unsuccessful ruler whose policies distracted and dissevered his country—while General Grant would have taken his place with that long and always increasing array of great men who were found wanting in the supreme hours of trial.

General Grant's military supremacy was honestly earned, without factious praise and without extraneous help. He had no influence to urge his promotion except such as was attracted by his own achievements. He had no potential friends except those whom his victories won to his support. He rose more rapidly than any military leader in history from the command of a single regiment to the supreme direction of a million of men, divided into many great armies and operating over an area as large as the empires of Germany and Austria combined. He exhibited extraordinary qualities in the field. Bravery among American officers is a rule which has, happily, had few exceptions; but as an eminent general said, Grant possessed a quality above bravery. He had an insensibility to danger, apparently an unconsciousness of fear. Besides that, he possessed an evenness of judgment to be depended upon in sunshine and in storm. Napoleon said, "The rarest attribute among generals is two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage. I mean," he added, "unprepared courage; that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and promptness of decision." No better description could be given of the type of courage which distinguished General Grant. His constant readiness to fight was another quality which, according to the same great authority, established his right as a commander. "Generals," said the exile at St. Helena, "are rarely found eager to give battle; they choose their positions, consider their combinations, and their indecision begins. Nothing," added this greatest warrior of modern times—"nothing is so difficult as to decide." General Grant in his services in the field never once exhibited indecision, and it was this quality that gave him his crowning characteristic as a military leader. He inspired his men with a sense of their invincibility, and they were thenceforth invincible. The career of General Grant, when he passed from military to civil administration, was marked by his strong qualities. His Presidency of eight years was filled with events of magnitude in which, if his judg-

ment was sometimes questioned, his patriotism was always conceded. He entered upon his office after the angry disturbance caused by the singular conduct of Lincoln's successor, and quietly enforced a policy which had been for four years the cause of bitter disputation. His election to the Presidency proved in one important aspect a landmark in the history of the country. For nearly fifty years preceding that event there had been few Presidential elections in which the fate of the Union had not in some degree been agitated, either by the threats of political malcontents or in the apprehension of timid patriots. The Union was saved by the victory of the Army commanded by General Grant. No menace of its destruction has ever been heard since General Grant's victory before the people. Death always holds a flag of truce over its own. Under that flag friend and foe sit peacefully together, passions are stilled, benevolence is restored, wrongs are repaired, justice is done. It is impossible that a career so long, so prominent, so positive as that of General Grant should not have provoked strife and engendered enmity. For more than twenty years, from the death of Lincoln to the close of his own life, General Grant was the most conspicuous man in America, one to whom leaders looked for leadership, upon whom partisans built their hopes of victory, to whom personal friends, by tens of thousands, offered their sincere devotion. It was according to the weakness and the strength of human nature that counter-movements should ensue ; that General Grant's primacy should be challenged ; that his party should be resisted ; that his devoted friends should be confronted by jealous men in his own ranks and by bitter enemies in the ranks of his opponents. But all these passions and all these resentments are buried in the grave which to-day receives his remains. Contention respecting his rank as a commander ceases, and Unionists and Confederates alike testify to his powers in battle and his magnanimity in peace. The controversy over his civil administration closes, as Democrats and Republicans unite in pronouncing him to have been in every act and every aspiration an American patriot.

#### ENGLAND'S ESTIMATE OF GENERAL GRANT

At the imposing funeral service for General Grant in Westminster Abbey,\* August 4, 1885, Canon Farrar said :

To-day we assemble at the obsequies of the great soldier whose sun set while it was yet day, and at whose funeral service in America tens of thousands are assembled

\* The *Saturday Review*, in commenting upon this impressive scene, called attention to the fact that never before has there been a service of this nature held in the Abbey for any other than an Englishman. Memorials have been frequently placed among the tablets ; but a funeral, and a funeral discourse from the Canon—a funeral attended by persons representing the royal family, and by the present Premier, the ex-Premier, the Commander-in-Chief, and a long list of official and titled persons—for a foreigner, is the most impressive and touching mark of sympathy and friendship which it is possible for one nation to bestow upon another. It is quite certain that this departure from custom would not have been made for any country but the United States, nor for any citizen of the United States except General Grant. It is evident, too, that the movement



at this moment to mourn with the weeping family and friends. I desire to speak simply and directly, with generous appreciation, but without idle flattery, of him whose death has made a nation mourn. His private life, his faults or failings of character, whatever they may have been, belong in no sense to the world. They are before the judgment of God's merciful forgiveness. We will touch only upon his public actions and service.

Upon a bluff overlooking the Hudson his monument will stand, recalling to future generations the dark page in the nation's history which he did so much to close. \* \* \* If the men who knew him in Galena, obscure, silent, unprosperous, unambitious, had said—if any one had predicted—that he would become twice President and one of the foremost men of the day, the prophecy would have seemed extravagantly ridiculous. But such careers are the glory of the American continent; they show that the people have a sovereign insight into intrinsic force. If Rome told with pride that her dictators came from the plough, America may record the answer of the President who, when asked what would be his coat of arms, answered, proudly mindful of his early struggles, "A pair of shirt-sleeves." The answer showed a noble sense of the dignity of labor, a noble superiority to the vanities of feudalism, a strong conviction that men should be honored simply as men, not according to the accident of birth. America has had two martyred Presidents, both sons of the people. One, a homely man, who was a farm lad at the age of seven, a rail-splitter at nineteen, a Mississippi boatman at twenty-eight, and who in manhood proved one of the strongest, most honest and God-fearing of modern rulers. The other grew, from a shoeless child, to be a humble teacher in the Hiram Institute. With those Presidents America need not blush to name the leather-seller of Galena. Every true man derives a patent of nobleness direct from God. Was not the Lord for thirty years a carpenter in Nazareth? Lincoln's and Garfield's and Grant's early conscientious attention to humble duties fitted them to become kings of men.

The year 1861 saw the outbreak of the most terrible of modern wars. The hour came and the man was needed. Within four years Grant commanded an army vaster than had ever before been handled by man. It was not luck, but the result

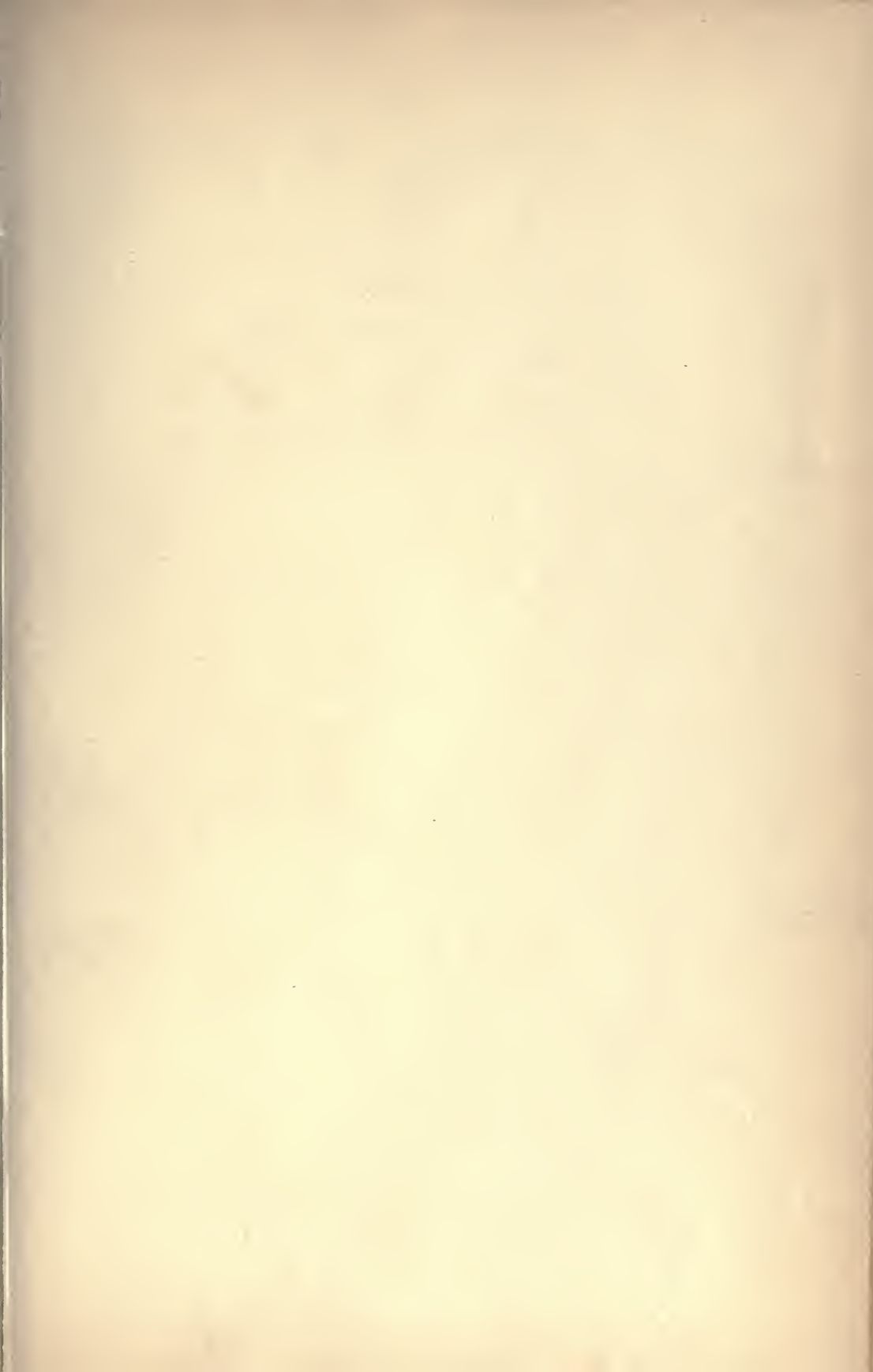
was a spontaneous one. It came from the deep feeling of the English people appropriately seconded by the throne and the governing powers. It is a token of brotherhood that has never before been rendered by either country to the other.

The stately edifice was crowded with a congregation nearly every member of which was a distinguished person. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were among the number, also Prime Minister Salisbury, the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, the Marquis of Lorne, General Lord Wolseley, the Earl of Iddesleigh, the Earl of Harrowby, Earl Cranbrook, Sir Lyon and Lady Playfair, the Duke and Duchess of Teck. Adjutant-General Sir Archibald Alison, Sir Gerald Gresham, Right Hon. Mr. Forster, Lord Houghton, the Right Hon. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Chief Justice Waite of the United States, who came from Scotland, ex-Attorney-General Brewster, and Senators Edmunds and Hawley. Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Edinburgh were represented by equeuries.



of inflexible faithfulness, indomitable resolution, sleepless energy, iron purpose, persistent tenacity. He rose by the upward gravitation of natural fitness. The very soldiers became impregnated with his spirit. General Grant has been grossly and unjustly called a butcher. He loved peace and hated bloodshed. But it was his duty at all costs to save the country. The struggle was not for victory, but for existence ; not for glory, but for life or death. In his silence, determination, and clearness of insight, Grant resembled Washington and Wellington. In the hottest fury of battles his speech never exceeded "yea, yea," and "nay, nay." God's light has shown for the future destinies of a mighty nation that the war of 1861 was a necessary—a blessed work. The Church has never refused to honor the faithful soldier fighting for the cause of his country and his God. The cause for which Grant fought—the unity of a great people, the freedom of a whole race—was as great and noble as when at Lexington the embattled farmers fired the shot which resounded around the world. The South accepted a bloody arbitrament. But the rancor and fury of the past are buried in oblivion. The names of Lee and Jackson will be a common heritage with those of Garfield and Grant. Americans are no longer Northerners and Southerners, but Americans.

What verdict history will pronounce upon Grant as a politician and a man I know not ; but here and now the voice of censure, deserved or undeserved, is silent. We leave his faults to the mercy of the merciful. Let us write his virtues on brass for men's example. Let his faults, whatever they may have been, be written on water. Who can tell if his closing hours of torture and misery were not blessings in disguise—God purging the gold from dross until the strong man was utterly purified by his strong agony ? Could we be gathered in a more fitting place to honor General Grant ? There is no lack of American memorials here. We add another to-day. Whatever there be between the two nations to forget and forgive is forgotten and forgiven. If the two peoples which are one be true to their duty, who can doubt that the destinies of the world are in their hands ? Let America and England march in the van of freedom and progress, showing the world not only a magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but a still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples united, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice, which are the unchanging laws of God.





GENERAL GRANT AT MT. MCGREGOR.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL GRANT AND FAMILY, JUNE 19, 1885, BY RECORD & EPLER, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.)



## THE LAST DAYS OF GENERAL GRANT.

ON Christmas Eve, 1883, General Grant seemed to himself and to the world a healthy and prosperous man. He was sixty-one years of age, full of mental vigor, and physically as strong, if not as active, as he had ever been. He was engaged in business that brought him in an ample income, and he told his intimate friends that he was worth a million of dollars. He passed that evening at the house of an acquaintance and went home in a cab about midnight. As he alighted he turned to hand the driver a fare, and in doing this his foot slipped on the ice, for the weather was cold and wet, and the rain froze on the pavement. He fell to the ground and was unable to rise. The driver got down from the box to assist him, but the General was suffering acutely, and the man was obliged to call for help from within doors. A servant came out, and General Grant was carried up the steps into his house, which he was never to leave again a well man.

The family at the time consisted only of Mrs. Grant and a young niece, with the servants. Mrs. Grant was naturally very much alarmed, but the General declared that the injury was not serious, and although he was almost senseless from pain he refused to allow a medical man to be summoned. In the morning his son Ulysses, who lived near, was brought, and he at once sent for Dr. Fordyce Barker, the family physician, who pronounced the case one that required surgical treatment, and called in Dr. Lewis A. Stimson. The injury was thought to be the rupture of a muscle in the upper part of the thigh, and although after the first few days the suffering was less, any quick or sudden movement of the limb was so painful that the General was unable to move in his bed without assistance; he did not leave it for weeks. A few days after the fall he suffered an attack of pleurisy, which also at first occasioned excruciating pain, but was not absolutely dangerous.

The effects of this accident detained General Grant in the house many weeks, but after a while he was able to hobble about on crutches, and in March he went, by the advice of his physicians, to Washington and Fortress Monroe. By this time his general health was greatly improved, but the weakness in his leg and hip continued, and the unusual confinement somewhat affected his spirits, though not his temper or his intellect. He was the most patient of sufferers, the most equable of

prisoners. Hosts of friends among the most distinguished people of the country gathered around him wherever he went, and their society, always one of his greatest delights, now cheered the tedium and allayed the suffering of the invalid. In April he returned to New York and was able to drive his own horse and to attend army reunions. He went, however, to no private entertainments. His affairs seemed still very prosperous, and he hoped soon to recover entirely from the effects of his fall.

I had been absent from the country during the winter, but returned late in April, and at once saw much of my old chief. I found him cheerful and uncomplaining, going to his office daily on business, interested in politics and affairs. The Presidential election was approaching, and although he never spoke of such a possibility, many of his political friends thought the prospect of his nomination very bright. Every day revealed apparently irreconcilable differences among the adherents of other candidates, and the party and the country, not a few believed, were turning again to him who had twice been the head of the State. He, however, responded to no such intimations, and never said even to his family that he desired or expected a return to public station. Any expression that ever fell from him on the subject was to repress or repel the suggestion. He was resting from national cares, and in the unwonted enjoyment of a private competence. He told me that in December for the first time in his life he had a bank account from which he could draw as freely as he desired. He was generous in gifts to his children, but never luxurious in his personal habits. He had only two expenses of his own,—his horses and his cigars.

When General Grant returned from Europe in 1879 his entire fortune amounted to one hundred thousand dollars, and the income of this sum just paid his expenses at the hotel where he and Mrs. Grant occupied two rooms. He kept no carriage. Finding that he could not live in New York suitably to his position, he began to consider what other residence he should select or what means of support. His son Ulysses was engaged in the banking business with Ferdinand Ward and James D. Fish, and supposed he had accumulated four hundred thousand dollars. He offered to receive his father as a partner in his profits. General Grant would not consent to this, but

proposed to invest his hundred thousand dollars in the business and become an actual partner. Ward and Fish concurred, and in 1880 General Grant was admitted as a special partner in the firm of "Grant and Ward."

He was never, however, actively engaged in its affairs. His name was used and he gave his money, but others did the business. Ward in reality acted for the firm, made the investments, drew the cheques, received the deposits, and disposed of them. General Grant was assured that the investments were proper, and, utterly unaccustomed as he was to business, he inquired little further. Once or twice he thought he had reason to say that the firm must have no dealings in Government contracts, and he said so promptly. He declared that his position as ex-President made it improper and impossible for a firm of which he was a member to have such dealings; and Ward assured him that there were none. The apparent returns from the business were enormous, but General Grant knew that scores of bankers and brokers around him had made as rapid fortunes as he, and was not surprised. He put all his available capital into the bank, and many of his friends and relatives invested or deposited with it. One of his sons was a partner, another had become an agent of the firm, and their father had all confidence in their integrity and capacity.

But suddenly out of the clear sky came the thunderbolt. On Tuesday morning, the 6th of May, 1884, General Grant went from his house in Sixty-sixth street, supposing himself a millionaire. When he arrived at his place of business in Wall street he found he was ruined. As he entered his office he was met by his son Ulysses, who said at once: "Father, you had better go home. The bank has failed"; but the General went in and waited awhile. I happened to visit him that day about noon, and found him alone. After a moment he said to me gravely enough, but calmly: "We are all ruined here." I was astounded at the news, and he continued: "The bank has failed. Mr. Ward cannot be found. The securities are locked up in the safe, and he has the key. No one knows where he is."

He could not at that time have known the event more than half an hour. In a few moments he got into a carriage and was driven home. He never returned to Wall street.

The world knows that he gave up all that was his. The story of the debt to Mr. Vanderbilt into which he was inveigled is pitiful. Ferdinand Ward had come to him on Sunday the 4th of May and represented that the

Marine Bank, where Grant and Ward had large deposits, was in danger, but that speedy assistance would enable it to overcome the difficulty. The assistance, however, must be immediate if they would save themselves. He urged General Grant to obtain at once a loan of \$150,000 for this purpose; and Sunday though it was, the old warrior sallied out at the instance of the partner, who knew at that moment that all the fortunes of General Grant had been lost through his means. He went first to Mr. Victor Newcomb, who was not at home, and then to Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, who at once agreed to let General Grant have his cheque for \$150,000 without security. He said that he had never done such a thing before, but he would do it for General Grant. The General expected to return the money immediately; he wanted it only to enable the Marine Bank to find time to collect its loans. Ward had assured him, and he repeated to Mr. Vanderbilt, that there were securities for more than a million of dollars in the vaults of Grant and Ward.

The first thing General Grant did when the failure was known was to make over all his individual property to Mr. Vanderbilt. In this act Mrs. Grant afterwards joined, waiving her right of dower. The house in which they lived belonged to Mrs. Grant. Three years before a hundred thousand dollars had been subscribed to purchase her a home, and the building in Sixty-sixth street was selected; but there was a mortgage on the property which the holders refused to cancel. It was a good investment, and they preferred to retain it. The price of the house was \$98,000, and the mortgage was for \$50,000; so \$48,000 only was paid, and the remainder of the sum subscribed was deposited with Grant and Ward, to be applied to the purchase of bonds. Ward, as the active member of the firm, was commissioned to make the purchase. He reported having done so, received the money, and the interest was regularly paid. But after the failure it was discovered that the purchase had never been made. There was therefore a mortgage on the property which could not be redeemed. The library and the rare contents of the house were, however, made over to Mr. Vanderbilt.

But this was not all. The Trust Fund of \$250,000 raised for General Grant, the interest of which was devoted to his benefit, had been invested in the bonds of a company which at this juncture suspended payment. The fund was guaranteed by the E. D. Morgan estate, but from some technicality of the law the guarantors could not pay the deficient interest until the company had been six months in default; this





Wm Vanderbilt





resource therefore failed entirely for the time. The last payment had been deposited with Grant and Ward, and of course was lost.

General Grant was as brave, however, as under all circumstances, and though regretting the loss of fortune for himself and his sons, as well as for those who had suffered through their means, he was as yet free from any acute humiliation. He himself was ruined; one son was a partner in the wreck and the liabilities; another, the agent of the firm, was bankrupt for half a million; his youngest son on the 3d of May had deposited all his means, about \$80,000, in the bank of his father and brother, and the bank suspended payment on the 6th; his daughter had made a little investment of \$12,000 with the firm; one sister had put in \$5,000, another \$25,000; a nephew had invested a few thousands, the savings of a clerkship; and other personal friends invested more largely. It was painful and mortifying that all these should lose in this way, but still there was no thought of personal disgrace.

But after a day or two came out the shameful story of craft and guile in all its horrible proportions, and it was seen that his honored name had been used to entice and decoy hosts of friends and acquaintances, to their own injury and General Grant's discredit. Imputations were even cast on the fame that belonged to the country; and this blow was the most terrible that General Grant ever endured. The shock of battle was less tremendous, the mortal agony was less acute.

There seemed, too, under the circumstances, to be nothing to do, nothing to say. He was indeed through life always able to remain silent, but the task was harder now than amid the abuse directed against him during the war, or the detraction and calumnies of political campaigns. His own fair fame, his honor as a man, the honor of his children,—all were assailed; all discussed, doubted, defiled by the tongues of a careless and censorious world. The glory which had been likened to that of Washington was obscured. He never spoke of this even to those closest and dearest, but none the less they knew that the wound was eating into his soul. This sorrow was a cancer indeed.

After a time the clouds were lifted a little, and the world seemed satisfied, at least in part, that his honor was untarnished. He breathed freer now; but still the accusations were hurled against his children; and for him, for whom the family relations were absolutely the profoundest and most intimate of his nature, this was anguish intolerable.

His bodily health was soon affected, though not yet conspicuously. He did not grow openl

worse, but he ceased to grow better. His lameness did not mend. His strength did not increase. He was not morose, but hardly so cheerful as was his wont, although too brave to be willing to seem cast down. But he was indignant to the core at those who had injured him and his fame and his sons.

At first he was distressed even for money for household expenses. Eighty dollars in his pocket-book and one hundred and thirty dollars in cash belonging to Mrs. Grant were all he had to live on. If two friends, one a man he had never seen and the other a foreigner, had not come to his relief, General Grant must have suffered actual want for a while. The very cheques paid out to tradesmen a few days before the failure were dishonored. He was penniless in the house that was crowded with his trophies.

But, four days after the 6th of May an unknown countryman, Mr. Charles Wood, of Lansingburg, New York, wrote to General Grant and offered to lend him \$1000 on his note for twelve months, without interest, with the option of renewal at the same rate. He inclosed a cheque for \$500, "on account," he said, "of my share for services ending April, 1865," and General Grant gratefully accepted the offer.

About the same time Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister, who had been a valued friend from the period when the French were driven from Mexico, came on from Washington, and insisted on lending him \$1000. At first the General declined the offer, but Mr. Romero suddenly quitted the room, leaving his cheque for \$1000 on the table. But for these succors the man who had dined with half the kings of the earth would have wanted money to buy bread for himself and his children.

For it was not only himself and Mrs. Grant who were to be supported, but two of his sons and their families. Ulysses went to live with his father-in-law, the Hon. J. B. Chaffee, who was a man of means; but General Grant must maintain the others, for, until released by their creditors, they could not even go into business. Mrs. Grant, however, owned two little houses in Washington, and she wrote at once to Mr. W. McLean, of Cincinnati, who she knew was buying property at the capital. Mr. McLean was a staunch personal friend of General Grant, although a political opponent, and Mrs. Grant asked him at this crisis to purchase her houses, telling him that she needed money for the absolute living expenses of the family. Mr. McLean at once directed his agent to purchase the houses, whether they were needed or not, and to pay the market price. This timely act relieved the



family from their immediate anxieties. The generous loan of Mr. Romero was repaid; the dishonored cheques for household expenses were redeemed, and enough was left to live on during the summer.

As early as December, 1883, the editors of *THE CENTURY* magazine had inquired of me whether General Grant could not be induced to write about one or two of his battles for their series of papers on the war, mentioning Shiloh and the Wilderness. I laid the matter before him, but he was disinclined to attempt the unfamiliar task. The editors, however, renewed their solicitations. After the failure of Grant and Ward they addressed me a letter, saying: "The country looks with so much regret and sympathy upon General Grant's misfortune that it would gladly welcome the announcement and especially the publication of material relating to him or by him, concerning a part of his honored career in which every one takes pride. It would be glad," they said, "to have its attention diverted from his present troubles, and no doubt such diversion of his own mind would be welcome to him."

He was touched by the tone of the communication, but shrank at first from presenting himself to the public at this juncture, preferring absolute withdrawal and retirement. When I conveyed his reply, I spoke of the complete financial ruin that had overtaken him. The editors at once inquired whether a pecuniary inducement might not have weight, and made an offer to him for two articles on any of his battles which he might select. His necessities decided him. The modern Belisarius did not mean to beg.

In June he went to Long Branch for the summer, and soon afterwards sent for me and showed me a few pages he had written, and called an article. The fragment was terse and clear, of course, like almost everything he wrote, but too laconic and compact, I knew, to suit the editorial purpose; it would not have filled three pages of the magazine. I urged him to expand it.

"But why write more?" he asked. "I have told the story. What more is there to say?"

I begged him to go into detail, to explain his purposes and movements, to describe the commanders, to give pictures of the country; and he seized the idea, and developed the sketch into a more protracted effort. It was copied by his eldest son, who carried it to the editors, one of whom at once came to see him, and asked him to still further extend his article by including topics covered by him in the interview. He consented again, and the paper became the elaborate one—elaborate for its author—which appeared in *THE CENTURY*

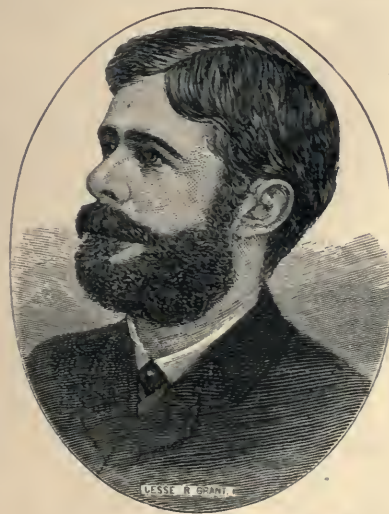
for February, 1885. This was General Grant's first attempt at anything like literary or historical composition.

He at once became interested in the work. The occupation had, indeed, distracted him from the contemplation of his misfortunes, and the thoughts of his old companions and campaigns brought back pleasanter recollections. He agreed to prepare still another article. His first theme had been the battle of Shiloh; the second was the Vicksburg Campaign and Siege. If he had been too concise at the start, he was now inclined to be more than full, and covered two hundred pages of manuscript in a few weeks. As soon as it became known that he had begun to write, the story spread that he was preparing his memoirs, and half the prominent publishers in the country made him offers. Again he sent for me, and said he felt inclined to write a book; but that as my own history of his campaigns had been composed with his concurrence, and with the expectation that it would take the place of all he would have to say on the subject, he thought it right to consult me. He wanted also to employ the material I had collected and arranged in it, and to use the work as authority for figures and for such facts as his own memory would not supply. Besides this, he wanted my assistance in various ways; all of which was arranged. In October I went to live at his house.

At this time he seemed in very fair health. He was crippled and unable to move without crutches, but he walked out alone, and he had driven me once or twice at Long Branch behind his own horse. He gave up driving, however, after his return to town. But he was cheerful; his children and grandchildren were a great solace to him; many friends came in to see him and to testify their undiminished respect. His evenings were spent in their society at his own house, for he never visited again; and his days were devoted to his literary labor. He worked often five and six, and sometimes even seven hours a day, and he was a man not inclined to sedentary occupation. The four papers which he had promised to *THE CENTURY*, he intended to incorporate afterwards, with some modifications, into his memoirs. To this the editors agreed. Thus General Grant's book grew out of his articles for *THE CENTURY*.

In October he complained constantly of pains in his throat. He had suffered during the summer from the same cause, but paid no attention to the symptoms until towards the end of his stay at Long Branch, when Dr. De Costa, of Philadelphia, who was paying him a call, examined his throat. That gentle-





GEN. GRANT'S CHILDREN.



man urged General Grant to consult the most eminent physicians immediately on his return to New York. But General Grant never nursed himself, and it was nearly a month before he acted on this advice. His pains finally became so frequent and so acute that Mrs. Grant persuaded him to see Dr. Fordyce Barker, who instantly said if the case were his own or that of one of his family, he should consult Dr. J. H. Douglas; and General Grant went the same day to Dr. Douglas. This was on the 22d of October.

When he returned he said the physician had told him that his throat was affected by a complaint with a cancerous tendency. He seemed serious but not alarmed, though it was afterwards learned that he had pressed Dr. Douglas for close information, and had detected a greater apprehension on the part of the physician than the family at first discovered. Still there was disquietude and even alarm,—the terrible word cancer was itself almost a knell.

It was now November, and all through this month he went regularly to the physician's house, about two miles from his own, taking the street-car. At first he went alone, but after a while he was persuaded to take a man-servant with him. One or two of the family called on Dr. Douglas to make further inquiry, and the response awakened further solicitude. The pains did not decrease, and the extraction of four teeth greatly aggravated the nervous condition. He went to a dentist to have one tooth taken out, but his fortitude was such that the operator was doubtless deceived, and proposed the extraction of three others, and the shock to the General's system was one from which he did not recover for weeks.

As the weather became colder the disease was further aggravated by the exposure to which he was subjected in the street-car; yet for a long time he refused to go by the carriage. It required much urging to induce him to take this precaution, but he was finally persuaded. In December his pains became still more excruciating; he could not swallow without torture, and his sufferings at table were intense. He was obliged to use liquid food and to avoid acids altogether. I shall always recall his figure as he sat at the head of the table, his head bowed over his plate, his mouth set grimly, his features clinched in the endeavor to conceal the expression of pain, especially from Mrs. Grant, who sat at the other end. He no longer carved or helped the family, and at last was often obliged to leave before the meal was over, pacing the hall or the adjoining library in his agony.

At this time he said to me that he had no

desire to live if he was not to recover. He preferred death at once to lingering, hopeless disease. He made the same remark to several of his family. For a while he seemed to lose, not courage, yet a little of his hope, almost of his grip on life. He did not care to write, nor even to talk; he made little physical effort, and often sat for hours propped up in his chair, with his hands clasped, looking at the blank wall before him, silent, contemplating the future; not alarmed, but solemn, at the prospect of pain and disease, and only death at the end. It was like a man gazing into his open grave. He was in no way dismayed, but the sight was to me the most appalling I have ever witnessed: the conqueror looking at his inevitable conqueror; the stern soldier, to whom armies had surrendered, watching the approach of that enemy to whom even he must yield.

But the apathy was not long-lived; the indifference to his book was soon over. Before long he went to work with renewed vigor. He enjoyed his labors now, and quite got the literary fever for a while. He liked to have his pages read aloud to the family in the evening, so that he might hear how they sounded and receive their comments. He worked, however, for the most part from ten or eleven o'clock in the morning until two or three in the afternoon, and sometimes again later in the day. Once in a while General Tower, a comrade in the Mexican War, came in and discussed the chapters describing the capture of Vera Cruz or the march on Mexico. Sometimes Mr. Chaffee listened to the political passages, and begged the General not to emasculate them, but to say all he thought without fear or favor.

Daily about one o'clock he was interrupted by his grandchildren, who stopped as they passed to their lunch, and looked in at the open door, not entering till he saw them and summoned them. Their prattle and kisses were always welcome, and made me think that the very misfortune which brought them to his house had its compensations. He took a positive pleasure in their society, and when at one time it was thought that they disturbed his labors, and they were told not to visit him, he was distressed at the omission and revoked the order. They came, indeed, like a burst of light into the sick man's study, three of them, dancing, gamboling, laughing—as pretty a brood of merry, graceful grandchildren as ever a conqueror claimed for descendants, or looked upon to perpetuate his name. Those were happy months, at times, despite the anxiety, until the anxiety became despair. For although the doctors had warned the family, there was yet hope of arresting, if not of curing, the disease, and a possibility of arresting it for years. His constitution was good; he



came of a long-lived stock ; his nerve and will were what all the world knows. So there was hope ; not with so much foundation as could have been desired, but still there was hope.

I shall never forget the frolic with the little ones on Christmas Day. They all came to dinner, and the two youngest sat one on each side of him. He was comparatively free from pain at that time ; indeed, for a month or more the excruciating tortures came only at intervals ; and on this day he took his own place at the head of the table. The babies were allowed to talk as much as they pleased, and they pleased a great deal. They monopolized the conversation, and when their mammas endeavored to check them, the General interposed and declared that this was their day. So they prattled across their grandpapa, and made preposterous attempts at jokes in their broken English, at which everybody laughed, and no one more heartily than the great warrior, their progenitor. It was a delicious morsel of sweet in the midst of so much bitter care, a gleam of satisfaction in the gloom of that sad winter, with its fears, and certainties and sorrows.

No one, indeed, can understand the character of General Grant who does not know the strength of his regard for his children. It was like the passion of a wild beast for its cubs, or the love of a mother for her sucking child,—instinctive, unreasoning, overweening ; yet, what everyone can comprehend and appreciate, natural, and in this grim veteran touching in the extreme. He not only thought his sons able, wise, and pure ; he had a trust in them that was absolute and child-like ; his affection even clouded his judgment and turned appreciation into admiration. For them he would have sacrificed fortune, or ease, or even *his* fame ; for them he did endure criticism and censure, and underwent physical fatigue and pain. He rose from his death-bed to work for them, and when he thought he was dying his utterances were about his "boys." This feeling, lavished on his own children, reached over to theirs. No parent ever enveloped his entire progeny in a more comprehensive or closer regard ; none ever felt them more absolutely a part of himself, his own offspring, the issue of his reins.

By the last of the year the editors of *THE CENTURY* had received three of his papers for their magazine and announced all four articles for publication. The announcement of the series had been followed by a large increase in their sales. The editors, thinking at least a part of this due to his name, sent him in December a cheque for one thousand dollars more than they had stipulated. General Grant at first intended to divide this sum

between his two daughters-in-law living in the house with him, as a Christmas present. The amount would have been very acceptable to those ladies, but almost immediately he remembered his debt to Mr. Wood, his benefactor of the 10th of May, and inclosed his cheque for the thousand dollars to that gentleman, stating that the money was the result of his first earnings in literature. Still later General Grant received from the *CENTURY* another thousand dollars in addition to the sum stipulated for the fourth article. This cheque was the last he ever indorsed, and the payment, beyond his expectations, gave him in the last week of his life the satisfaction of knowing that his literary efforts had a high market value.

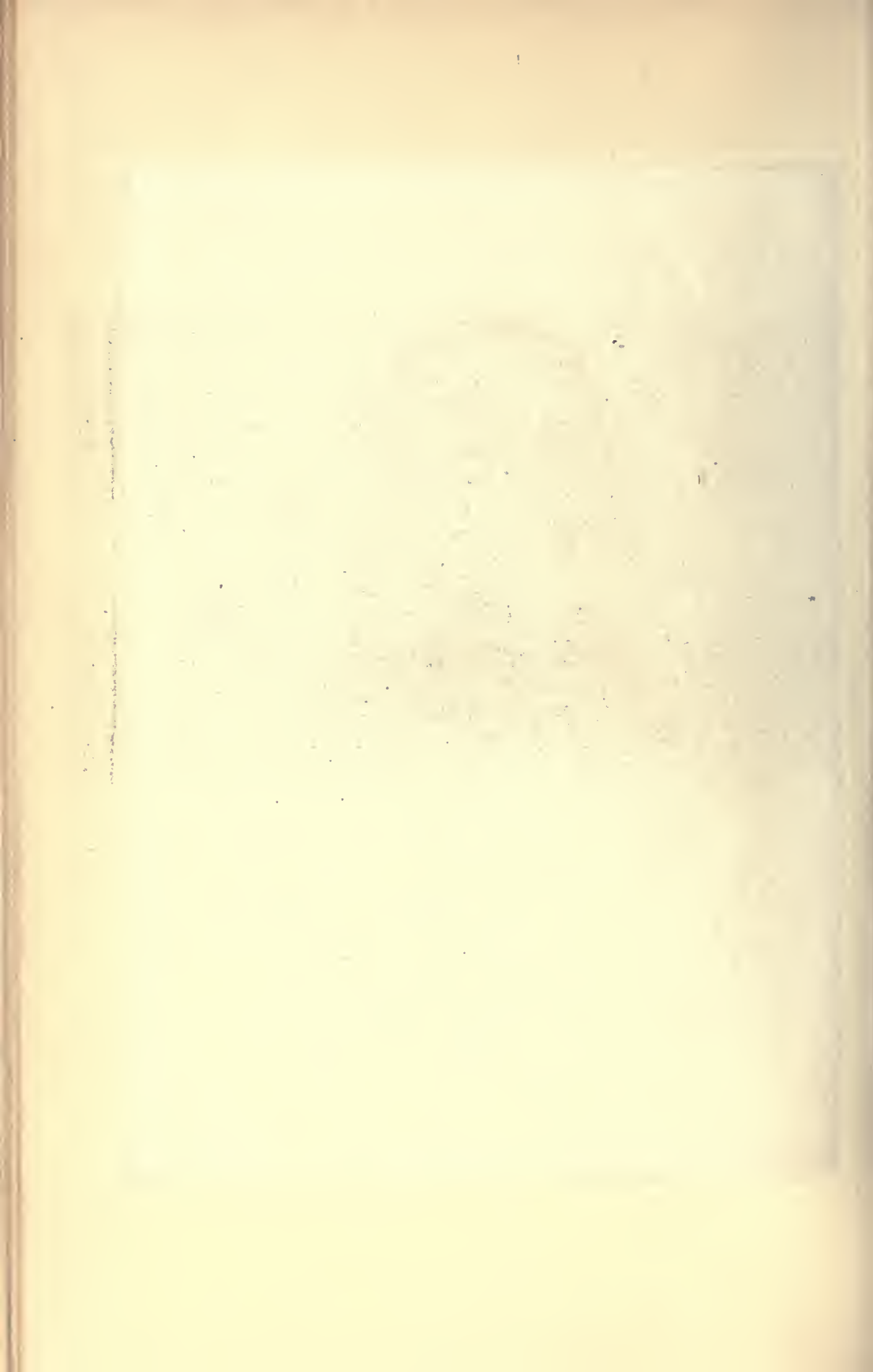
About Christmas the pecuniary troubles became more complicated. There was a possibility of some small creditors of Grant and Ward attempting to levy on the famous swords and presents he had received from Congress and the States and foreign potentates and cities. In order to save them Mr. Vanderbilt proposed to enforce his prior claim. Talk of this got abroad and was misunderstood.

At this juncture General Sherman was in New York, and of course visited his old chief and comrade. I went to call on him the next day, and he asked me about the possibility of any annoyance to General Grant on this score. He was extremely anxious, and declared : "Grant must not be allowed to suffer this new disgrace." He would share his own income rather. I did not feel at liberty to say what I knew, even to him, and General Sherman's talk in New York, Philadelphia and Washington excited a great and general sympathy. The result was that a number of General Grant's friends, with Mr. Cyrus W. Field at their head, began to raise a fund to save the hero from this last indignity. A hundred thousand dollars were to be subscribed to pay off the debt to Mr. Vanderbilt, who it was supposed would compromise his claim for that amount.

But General Grant was weary of the repeated efforts to aid him. Congress had failed to place him on the retired list. A bill for this purpose had indeed passed the Senate at the preceding session, but President Arthur, it was known, would veto it, in order to preserve his consistency, having vetoed another intended to restore General Fitz John Porter to the army. He forgot, apparently, that the cases were different. General Grant himself said, "I have not been court-martialed." Mr. Arthur proposed, it is true, a pension, but this General Grant indignantly declined to receive. He disliked to appear to apply for public or private charity, and wrote now to Mr. Vanderbilt, informing him of the well-meant efforts



*C. A. Hutton*





in his behalf, but declaring that he preferred not to avail himself of them. He requested Mr. Vanderbilt to exercise his legal rights and offer for sale the whole of General Grant's property in his hands, including the presents and trophies of peace and war. He did not feel at liberty to thwart the intentions of his other friends without the sanction of Mr. Vanderbilt, as their efforts would enable him to cancel his debt to Mr. Vanderbilt, but he pre-

guile of a monster in craft, who selected the people's hero as his victim and his decoy; the abandonment of the property, and the surrender—harder still—of those monuments to his fame which his deeds had won; surrendered, it is true, to the nation, which will guard them sacredly, as it will the fame of which they are the symbol and the seal.

All this wore on the frame torn by disease and the spirit racked by imputations, thrown



GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO. (1885.) THE HOUSE LOOKS UPON THE OHIO RIVER.

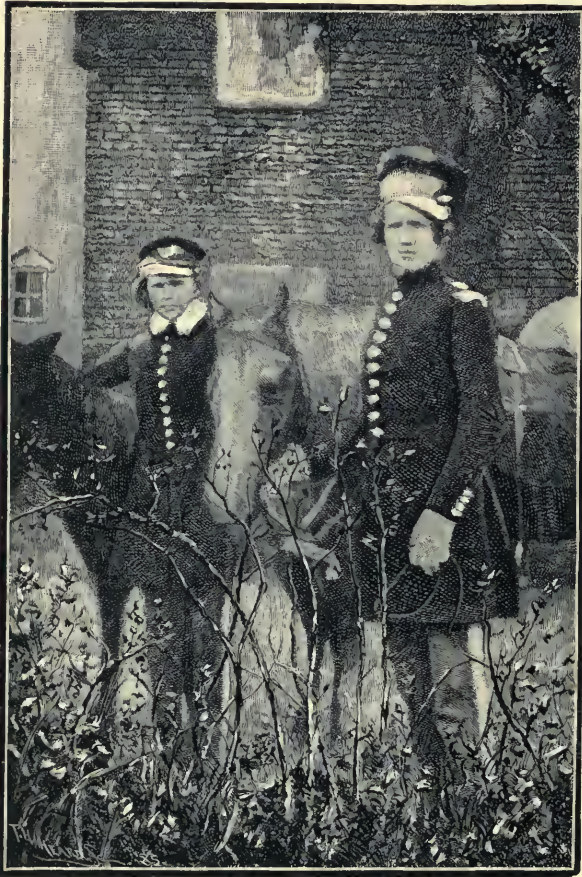
ferred that the debt should be paid by the sale of the property, not by a new subscription.

Then came the correspondence which has been given to the world: first the munificent offer of Mr. Vanderbilt to make over all the property to Mrs. Grant, only providing that the presents should be held in trust during her life and that of the General, to be afterwards transferred to the Government, as souvenirs of the glory which is national; then the letter from General Grant, accepting the offer so far as it concerned the disposition of the presents, but declining to receive the return of the property; the persistent pressure of the great millionaire; the acceptance of General Grant under this pressure; Mrs. Grant's letter of an hour afterwards recalling the acceptance, written, of course, with General Grant's sanction, but signed by Mrs. Grant to save the General from the appearance of discourtesy; and the final abandonment of every particle of property he had in the world to satisfy a debt incurred at the instance and through the outrageous falsity and

off, it is true, but some of which still rankled, like poisoned arrows, that wound though they are extracted; all this told on that body which had endured so many sleepless nights and prolonged marches, which had suffered fatigue and hunger and watchings, and that soul which had withstood cares and responsibilities and torturing anxieties such as have fallen to the lot of no other man in our time; for no other bore on his single shoulders the weight of the destiny of a great nation at the very crisis of its history; no other stood before the enemy and the country and the world as the incarnation of the hopes and fears and efforts of a people waiting to be saved. These labors, endured long before, told now, and made him less able to withstand the shocks of fortune and of nature, and he gradually succumbed.

When the extent of General Grant's humiliation became a common story, when it was disclosed to the world that the house in which he lived was no longer his own, that his books and furniture were held on sufferance, that he was stripped even of the insignia of his





LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT AND GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OLD DAGUERRETYPE.)

fame, while he seemed neglected and forgotten in his adversity by the nation he had done so much to save, then even his stout heart gave way. All his symptoms were aggravated; his pains increased, the appalling depression of spirit returned, and more than all, the exhaustion of his strength—far greater than the disease alone could at that stage have produced—occasioned the physicians as well as the family the most painful solicitude. Dr. Barker and Dr. Douglas had as yet retained the case exclusively in their own hands. They had never deceived the family, but said from the beginning that the disease was epithelial cancer; that it might be arrested, but they had never known it cured. Neither Mrs. Grant nor the General had been told so much, although both of course knew that the case was critical, and both were undoubtedly anxious. What General Grant in his heart feared or expected he said to no human being; not his wife nor his children penetrated to the inner sanctuary where his soul contemplated its fate and balanced the

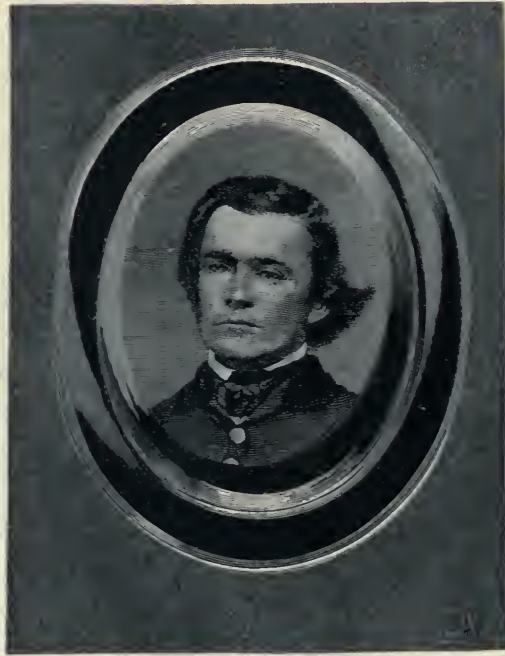
chances of life and death alone. But the gravity of his manner and the dejection of his nevertheless intrepid spirit indicated too plainly that he felt how great was his danger.

In January he ceased to visit his physician. Dr. Douglas now came to the patient daily, and after a while twice in the twenty-four hours. The visits of Dr. Barker were twice a week. The physicians had always agreed perfectly as to the nature of the malady and its treatment, and now were agreed in their alarm at its progress. In fact the earlier stages were past. The phases followed each other with ominous rapidity. The pains in the throat had become lancinating and sharp, the infiltration extended further and further, the cancer was eating into the delicate and vital tissues, and the end seemed in sight. This relapse could be traced directly to its cause,—it was the fresh revelation of his misfortunes, the loss of his honors, the publicity of his humiliation that kindled anew the fatal fires of the disease.

At this juncture the physicians determined to call in other eminent men in their profession. Dr. H. B. Sands and Dr. T. M. Markoe were requested to make a minute examination with the others, after which a general consultation was held. The conclusion was not immediately communicated to the family, but

enough was said to confirm their gravest apprehensions, and no announcement whatever was made either to the General or to Mrs. Grant. At the same time a piece of the affected tissue was submitted to Dr. G. R. Elliott, an expert with the microscope, who, after careful preparation and examination, not knowing the name of the patient on whose case he was to pronounce, declared, as all the others had done, that the indications of the fatal disease were unmistakable. The verdict of science was that a malignant cancer had seized on the system and was hopelessly ravaging the strength and vitality of the sufferer. General Grant was doomed. All that could be done was, not to stay the progress of the destroyer, but to alleviate the tortures that were imminent. This apprehension of approaching and inevitable agony was keener with the physicians than they were willing to betray; but their gloomy manner and guarded words told in spite of them what they were anxious to conceal.

Immediately after this consultation a state-



CAPTAIN U. S. GRANT.

FROM A DAGUERRETYPE (ONE-FOURTH OF THE ABOVE SIZE) GIVEN BY HIM TO MRS. GRANT, AND WORN BY HER ON A WRISTLET.

ment was made in a medical journal, apparently by authority, that General Grant was improving, that the disease was not unquestionably cancer, and that care and good fortune might even yet bring about recovery. Mrs. Grant first saw this statement, and naturally supposed it to be the official report of the consultation. She read it to the General, who, like herself, was greatly relieved. The effect upon his spirits was immediate and evident. He spoke of the report to the family as if it was decisive, and even mentioned it to the physicians. But this publication was a version of what had been said long before, at a time when a peculiar phase of the complaint gave ground for favorable vaticinations, and when it was thought wise not to alarm the public mind for fear of the reaction upon the patient. The delusion was cruel, for it was destined to be dissipated. No utterances of the press, even appearing to emanate from his immediate medical attendants, could conceal from General Grant for more than a day or two the fact that he was rapidly failing. His own sufferings, his extreme prostration, the redoubled care and attention of his physicians,—all combined to disclose to him the reality.

Immediately after this publication a second announcement was made in the newspapers, this one divulging the exact truth, which the family had not yet communicated in its fullness to their most intimate friends, or hardly

admitted in words to themselves. How this statement became public was not discovered, but it mattered little now, for the bitter verity could no longer be withheld. When friends and reporters came instantly to inquire, the sons admitted the danger of their father, as well as the anxieties and distress of the family. These utterances were at once published, and were read by General Grant. He doubtless then for the first time became convinced of his condition, and of the extent of the solicitude of his children. Mrs. Grant also at this time first realized what were the fears of the family. Her disappointment was sharp, coming after the elation of the last few hours, and General Grant himself, it was evident, felt the shock profoundly. No one spoke to him on the subject, nor did he mention it to any one, but he acted like a condemned man. He had no thought before, I believe, that he might not live years, although ill, and with a terrible shadow hanging over him. That his days were numbered was an intimation for which he was not prepared.

He was, I am sure, unwilling to die covered with the cloud of misfortune. On this subject also he was silent to every human being, but the thought added bitterness to his agony. I know it, as well as if he had told me. It could not indeed but be hard for him who had led the armies of his country to repeated victory, who had received more surrenders than any



other conqueror in history, who for eight years had sat in the chair of Washington, and whose greatness had been sealed by the verdict of the world, to leave his children bankrupt, their faith questioned, their name, which was

dred letters and telegrams arrived each day, with pity and affection in every line. The soldiers all over the country were conspicuous in their manifestations of sympathy — Southerners as well as Northerners. Army clubs



GENERAL GRANT'S CABIN, FORMERLY HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT; REMOVED IN 1865 TO EAST PARK, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE IT NOW STANDS.

his, tarnished — that name which must live forever. The blur on his reputation, even with the taint of dishonor entirely removed, the wreck of his fortune, the neglect of the Government, the humiliations of his poverty, — these stern images hovered around his couch by night and day, and goaded and galled him till the moment when physical torture crowded out even mental pain.

The country received the news of his condition with grief and consternation. Whatever had been said or thought injurious to him was instantly ignored, revoked, stamped out of mind; under the black shadow of Death the memory of his great services became vivid once more, like writing in sympathetic ink before a fire. All the admiration and love of the days immediately after the war returned. The house was thronged with visitors, old friends, army comrades, former cabinet ministers, senators, generals, diplomatists, on errands of inquiry or commiseration. A hun-

and loyal leagues sent messages incessantly. Meetings of former Confederates were held to signify their sorrow. The sons of Robert E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston were among the first to proffer good wishes to him whom their fathers had fought. Political opponents were as outspoken as partisan friends, and the bitterest enemies of General Grant in the daily press were generous and constant in the expression of their interest. Rivals in the army like Buell and Rosecrans made known that the calamity which impended over the nation was a sorrow for them, because they were Americans. Mr. Jefferson Davis more than once uttered kind words which were conveyed to the sufferer. The new Secretary of War of the Democratic administration called in person; the new Secretary of State sent remedies and good wishes. The new President dispatched the Marshal of the District of Columbia from Washington to make inquiries. Ex-President Hayes and





GENERAL GRANT, MRS. GRANT, AND MASTER JESSE AT HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT.  
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY E. AND H. T. ANTHONY.)

ex-Secretary Lincoln had called long before. State legislatures voted their commiseration; the Queen of England telegraphed her condolences, and little children from all parts of the country sent constant messages of affection and tributes of flowers.

But no sympathy could check the progress of the pale rider who bears his summons with impartial footsteps to the hovels of the poor and the palaces of the great. The

malady made incessant advance. The terrible darting pains increased in intensity. Another medical attendant, Dr. G. F. Shrady, was called in to assist and relieve Dr. Douglas. The great fear of the physicians now was of the horrible cancerous pains. They said repeatedly that a speedy termination of the disease was to be desired. If pneumonia or some other quick-ending complaint could carry off the patient in a week, it would be

cause for gratitude. This sickening apprehension of coming physical torment aggravated the expectation of bereavement and left nothing lacking to the intensity of the calamity.

Yet it seemed to me after the first shock that General Grant still had not given up. His unconquerable nature rebounded. He looked at the physicians with an anxiety that could not have been so acute unless the possibility of hope had been mingled. He submitted to every operation, he carefully attended to every injunction, and sustained the long siege of disease with the same determination and tenacity he had displayed in other sieges and campaigns with other enemies. But now he was on the defensive,—it was the first time.

Meanwhile his article on Shiloh had appeared in *THE CENTURY* Magazine, and the influx of letters and criticisms from friends and opponents excited his interest for a while. The greeting offered to his first contribution to written history showed that the world stood ready to receive his story from himself, but even this thought could not arrest the rapid concentration of his attention on bodily ailing and failing powers. The strifes of battle and the contests of history sounded distant and dull to ears that were deadened with the ever present sense of pain, and even the imposing fabric of his fame looked shadowy and unsubstantial to eyes about to close forever on the glories and honors of this world.

As soon as General Grant's condition became known an attempt was made in Congress to revive the measure for restoring him to the army. Since the bill which had already passed the Senate and was actually before the House of Representatives would be vetoed, Senator Edmunds introduced another, with the view of obviating Mr. Arthur's objections. This was rapidly passed by the Senate and sent to the other House. There it was taken up by Mr. Randall, the Democratic leader, who in conjunction with General Grant's personal and political friends, and many Democrats and Southern soldiers, made every effort to secure its success. Most of the Democrats, however, opposed it. They were anxious to pass the earlier bill, and thus force the President either to reverse his previous action in the Porter case or to veto the bill in favor of General Grant. The President allowed it to be known that he would not recede from his position; Congress must pass the bill that he wished, for he would veto the other.

On Sunday morning, the 15th of February, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who had been incessant in his efforts in the press and in private to secure the passage of the bill, came to General Grant's house and asked for me. He said if a determined effort were made by General

Grant's friends, he thought the bill might be passed the next day; and asked me to go to see whoever I thought would have influence. I told the General of the visit. He was gratified at the interest of his friends, but would give me no advice, and I sallied out and spent the day in his service. I found Mr. Hamilton Fish, General Grant's old Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, who had just been elected Senator, and General Horace Porter, my former comrade on General Grant's staff. All were willing and earnest; all wrote letters at once to reach members of Congress the next day, and General Porter went with me to visit others who we thought might help us. But Monday came and the bill was called up and lost.

General Grant felt the rebuff acutely. Though he had made no demonstration of anxiety in advance, those who saw most of him and had learned to interpret the few and faint indications he ever gave of his personal preferences and desires, knew how eagerly he had hoped, how cruelly he was disappointed. He had indeed looked to this bill as in some sort a reparation of the injury his reputation had sustained; as an official vindication, an intimation that the country still believed in him and regarded his fame, had not forgotten his services. When the reparation was withheld he suffered proportionally.

But he refused to reveal his emotion. A day or two before the decision he declared that he did not expect the passage of the bill; and when the defeat was announced he made no remark. That evening he played cards with his family and displayed unusual spirit and gayety; but all saw through the mask. All joined, however, in the deception that deceived no one. None spoke of the disappointment; and a grim interest in what apparently absorbed the party that was heart-broken for him who permitted neither wife nor child to come beneath the cloak that concealed his wound. All he said was that the bill had failed on the 16th of February, the anniversary of the fall of Fort Donelson.

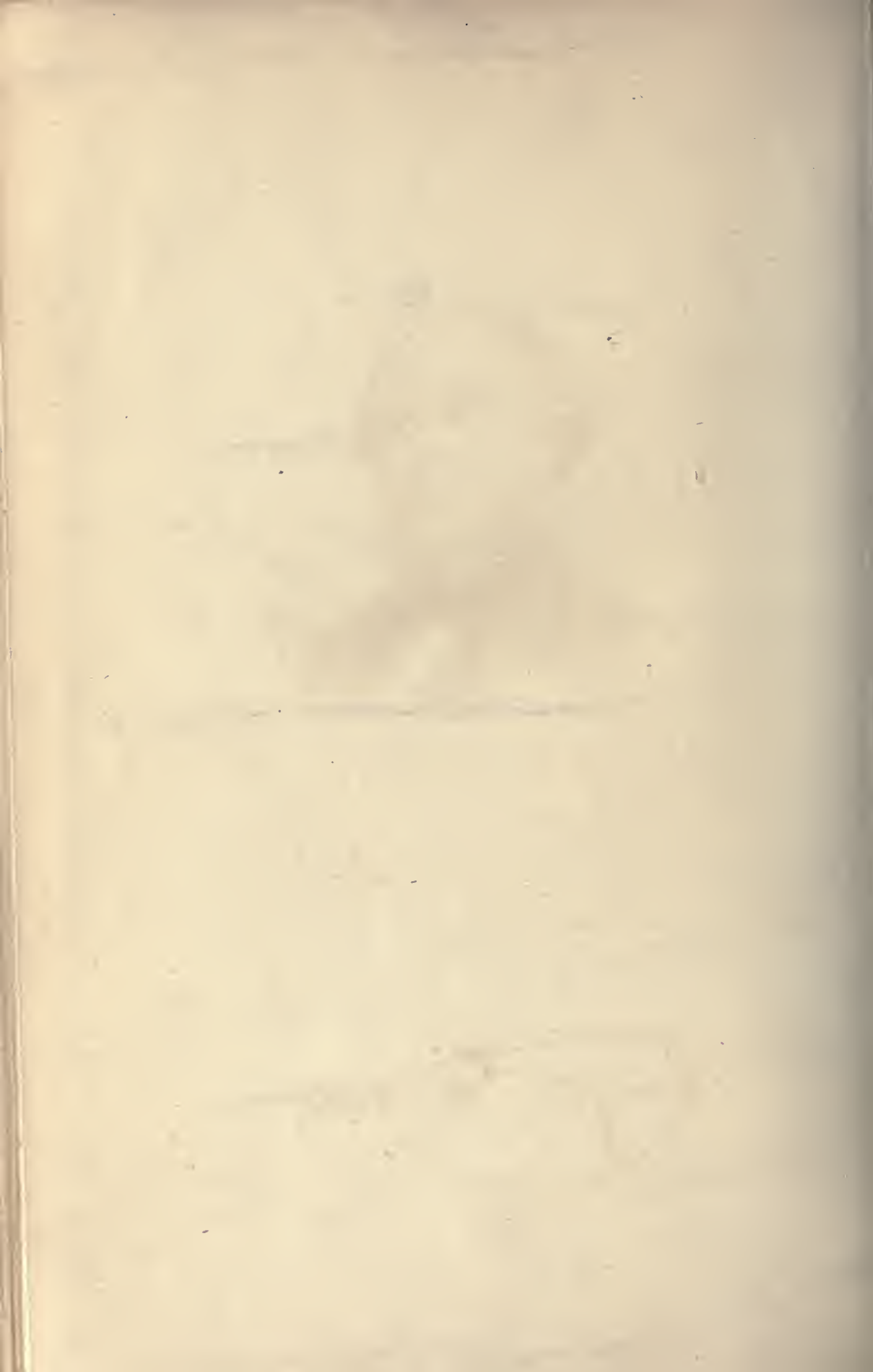
The next day he was worse, and in a week the gravest fears seemed near realization. He himself appeared conscious of the approach of the end. He had all winter been considering and discussing the choice of a publisher for his book, but had made no decision. Now he came to a conclusion, and in the first week in March the agreement was signed with his present publishers, Messrs. C. L. Webster & Co.

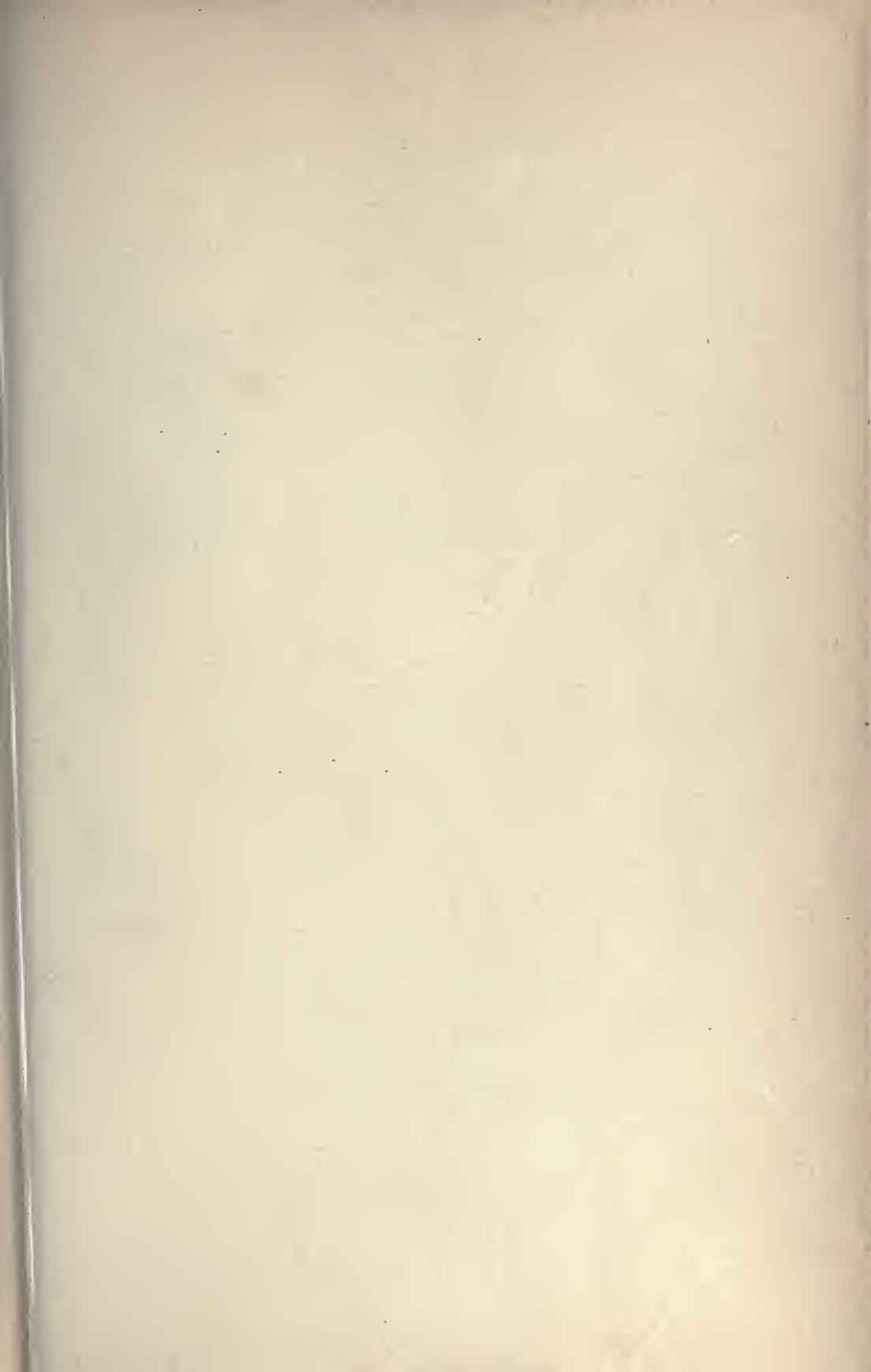
At the same time the family thought they could no longer withhold from his daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, the knowledge of her father's condition. She was in England, and they had, of course, notified her of his illness, but, in the hope of amelioration or respite, had deferred



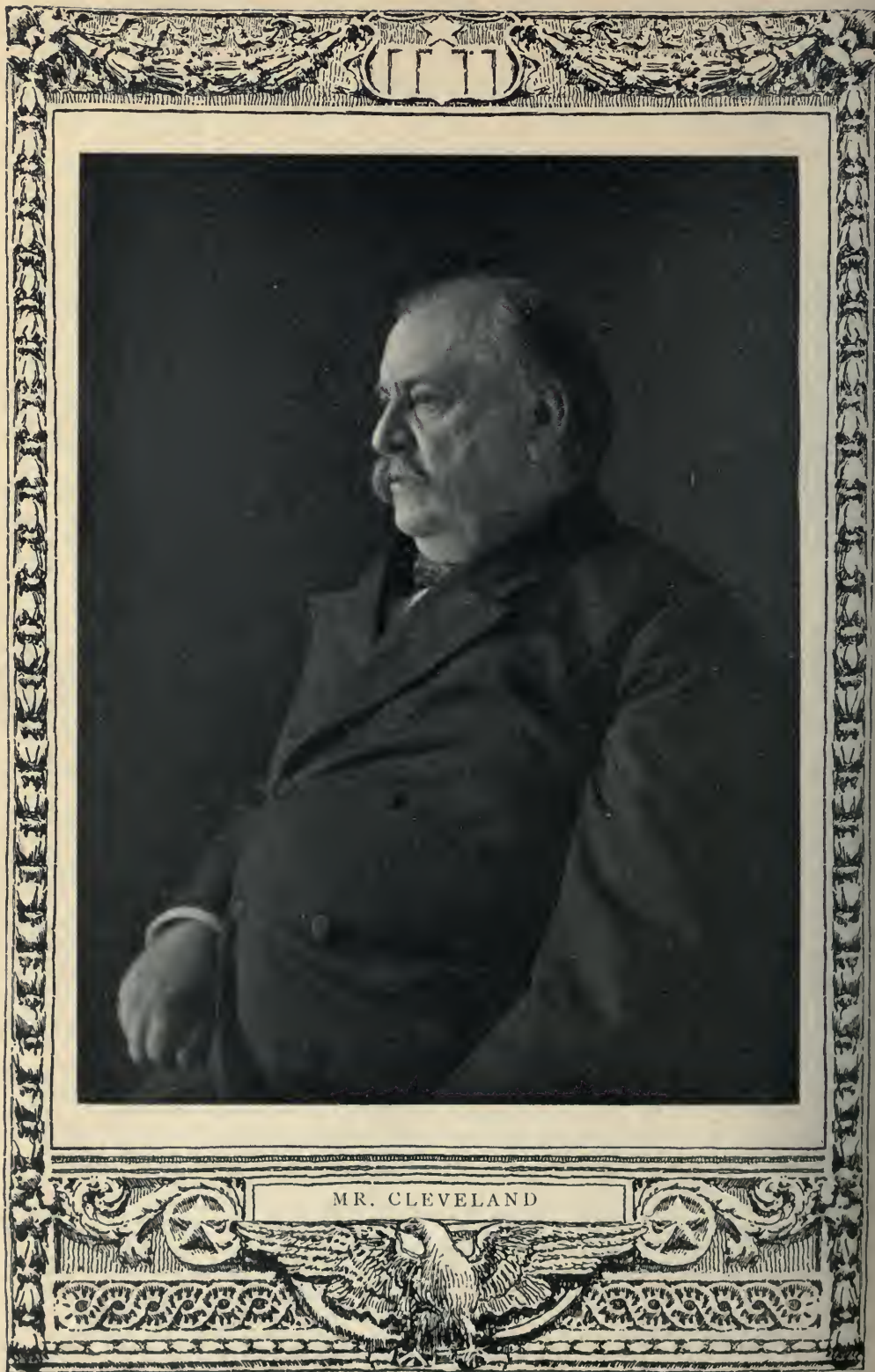


J. W. Child.









FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. C. COX, TAKEN AT THE WHITE HOUSE, FEBRUARY 8, 1897.

the announcement of its critical character. But at last they wrote and urged her to hasten to him. After his second relapse they telegraphed, and she started for his bedside. They were still unwilling to inform General Grant that she had been summoned, lest he should be depressed by the certainty that they believed the end to be near; they only told him she had written to say that she was coming; but the amiable concealment hardly deceived him. Though his spirit was broken, his exhaustion extreme, his mind depressed, and certainly at this time weakened, he knew too well why she was coming; but he asked nothing and said nothing.

The decay of his energy was to me more distressing than any other symptom. For the inroads extended beyond physical strength; they reached at last mental power, and even that nerve and force which made the great character that the world has recognized. To one who had studied him for half a lifetime, it was acute pain to watch his strength give way, the light of his intellect flicker and fade, the great qualities all apparently crumble. To see General Grant listless, incapable of effort, indifferent to work, absorbed in physical needs and pains,—a sick man in soul as well as in body,—was hardest of all.

The interest of the country still followed him, and, as the disease proceeded, became still more intense. The physicians now sent out daily bulletins, and crowds of people watched the boards where these were published. His friends determined that still another effort should be made in Congress to pass some bill for his retirement; but he felt little interest in the measure now,—the languor had reached his heart.

For many weeks he had been unable to go downstairs to his meals, or to receive a friend, and had spent his days in the room which, before his illness became so acute, he had used as a study. Here his papers still remained, and once in a great while he even yet attempted to write a page; but alas! it was not like what he had once been able to write. Sometimes I tried to catch an idea and took it down from his lips, reading it afterwards to him to verify it. But these opportunities became rarer and rarer; he had no longer strength for the effort, no longer interest in his work, and at last abandoned all idea of being able to finish it.

Then his sleeping-room was changed. Mrs. Grant gave up hers at the front of the house to him, and took that which he had occupied at the rear, so that his bedchamber might be next to his sitting-room. At first he objected to the change, but soon his strength was so

far gone that he recognized the need. The two great chairs in which for months he had sat, leaning back in one with his feet in the other, were taken into that room, in which all now thought he would die. Still, he walked almost daily into the apartment where he had spent so many hours during the winter.

Meanwhile the efforts to pass the bill for his retirement continued. This one Mr. Arthur would sign. It had passed the Senate, and Mr. Randall, General Slocum, and other prominent Democrats wrote to General Grant's family and friends that the final result would be favorable. Mr. Randall had greater power in the matter than any one else, his party being in the majority, and no one was more earnest than he. But General Grant remained indifferent, and this time his indifference was real. He was absorbed in his sufferings, and believed the bill would be of no use to him now. His family, too, cared little for success, save as it might soothe or possibly brighten his last hours. The doctors thought it might possibly revive his spirits and prolong his days; but why, some thought, prolong his sufferings?

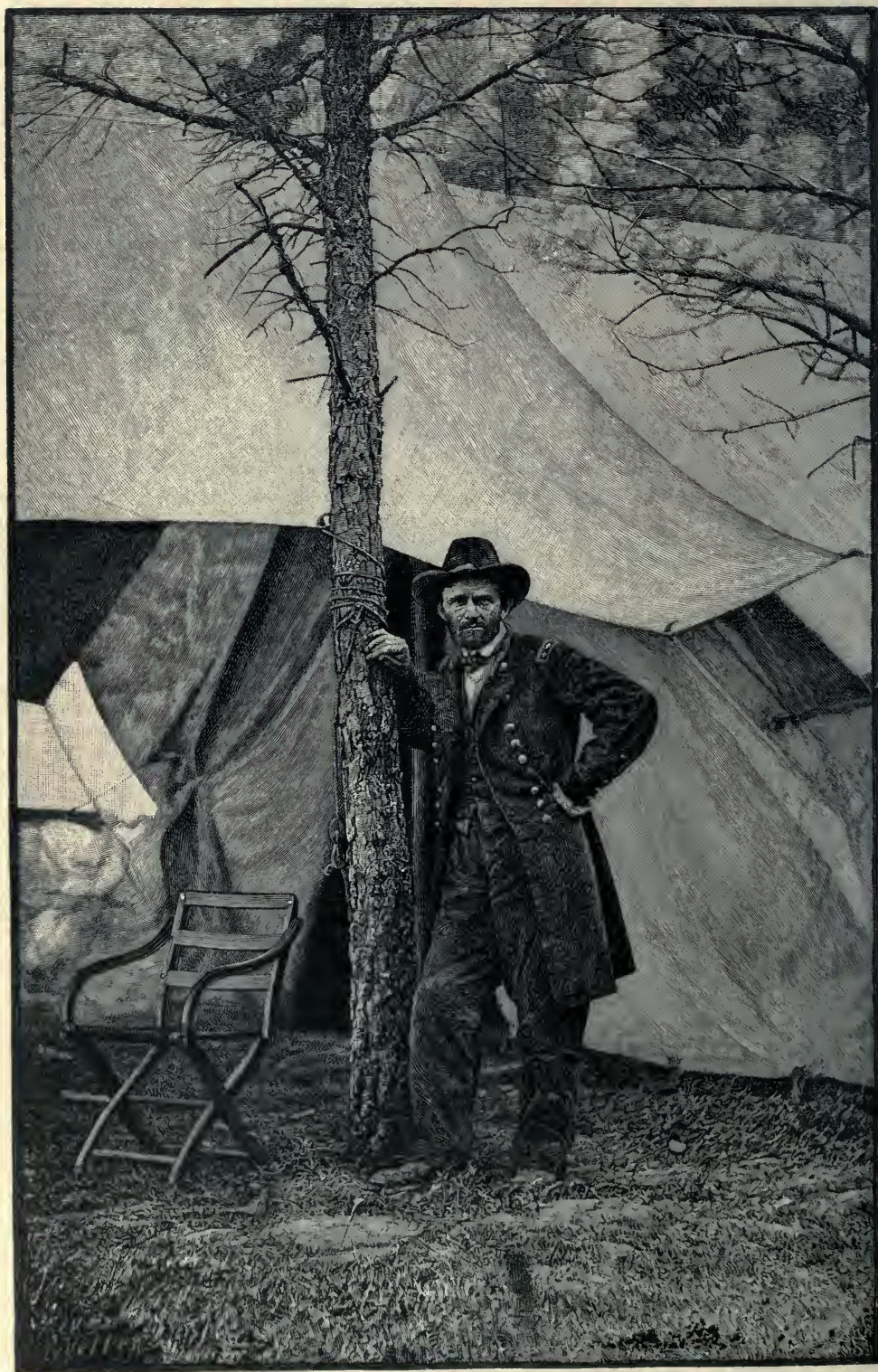
Finally, on the morning of the 4th of March, almost in the last moments of the expiring Congress, the bill was taken up by unanimous consent in the House of Representatives, and passed at once amid great cheering. The President, as usual at the close of the session, was in a chamber at the Capitol, waiting to sign such bills as had been left to the last moment, and must fail unless they instantly received his signature. He signed the bill. A nomination had been made out in advance and was sent at once to the Senate. There lacked but a few moments of the hour when Congress would cease to exist; but Senator Edmunds, the presiding officer, announced a message from the President; all other business was suspended, and the nomination was confirmed amid tumultuous applause from the galleries.

President Cleveland signed the commission; it was the second act of his administration.\* The news was telegraphed to General Grant by numerous friends, and the same day the adjutant-general of the army notified him officially of his appointment. General Grant wrote the telegram of acceptance in his own hand. He was again in the army which he had so often led to victory. It did seem preposterous that any difficulty should have been made about admitting him to that army of which he had been the most illustrious member.

But the recognition came too late. He was gratified and cheered, but the hand of fate had fallen, and could not be removed. There was no revival of his strength, no reaction

\* The nomination of the Cabinet was the first.—EDITOR.





GENERAL GRANT AT HEADQUARTERS DURING THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)



from his depression, no cessation of his pain. The exhaustion went on.

Nevertheless his restoration to the army, though it could neither bring back his health nor prolong his days, made a deeper impression on him than he was willing to betray. When the end of the month came this was apparent. All officers of the army are required to make a monthly report of their post-office address to the adjutant-general. I do not remember that this report was ever made by him as general-in-chief, after his headquarters were removed from the field; but now he was extremely anxious to make it, and filled out the form himself, though with extreme difficulty. It was a question at the time whether he would live through the day, and it was strange to read the language required by the regulations: "My post-office address for the ensuing month will be"—3 East Sixty-sixth street, New York.

He was still more eager to draw his pay. It seemed as if he looked upon these two circumstances as the seal of his return to the army. No young lieutenant expecting his stipend for the first time could have been more anxious. He sent for his pay-accounts before the time, and when signed they were forwarded to the paymaster, so that on the day when the first month's pay was due the cheque was handed him. At first he insisted that one of his sons should go at once to the bank to have the cheque cashed; he wanted to handle the money. But at this juncture his sons were unwilling to leave the house even for an hour, and he finally consented that Mr. Chaffee should draw the money. When it was handed him he divided it among Mrs. Grant and his children; saying it was all he had to leave them. This was on the 31st of March, when he was expecting to die within forty-eight hours.

During the month of March his daughter arrived, and although, of course, her coming was a solace, yet he knew too well by this time that she had come to see him die. The gathering of other friends also had significance. He ceased now to leave his room, except at rarest intervals. One physician always slept in the house.

His suffering at last grew so acute that anodynes, the use of which had long been postponed, became indispensable. The pain was not of that violent character which had been so sorely dreaded, and which the progress of the disease did not even yet induce; it was rather an intolerable nervousness, as unlike as possible the ordinary phlegmatic calm of General Grant,—a physical excitement and an excessive sleeplessness, combined with a weakness that was spasmodic.

These sensations were the cause of a consuming wretchedness, but they were not cancerous pains. The physicians constantly declared that although the cancer was making irresistible advance, it was not the cancer that produced the exhaustion and the nervousness, which, unless arrested, would bring about death very soon. It was only too plain that the mental, moral disease was killing General Grant,—it was the blow which had struck him to the dust and humiliated him before the world from which he could not recover. He who was thought so stolid, so strong, so undemonstrative, was dying for a sentiment—because of the injury to his fame, the aspersions on his honor.

This, now, every one recognized. Every one now admitted his purity, contended for his honor, which it was said was the country's. If the universal affection and regard which were showered on him could have salved his wounds he might have been cured, but the recognition and reparation were in vain. He who had passed unscathed through Shiloh and the Wilderness was stricken by a weapon more fatal than the rebels ever wielded; he who had recovered from the attacks of political assailants and resisted the calumnies of partisan campaigns was succumbing under the result of the machinations of one man.

Still, the sympathy soothed his mortal anguish and cast a gleam of consolation into his dying chamber. It seemed to change and soften his spirit. His indignation at former enemies was mollified by their protestations of pity; the bitterness he had once felt for them was converted into gratitude for their compassionate utterings. The very fire of his nature seemed quenched by the cold shadows of impending dissolution. Now, also, an unfamiliar tenderness appeared, which had been long concealed. The depths of his affection were disclosed; he was willing to express more of his intimate feeling than ever before. It was a new man, a new Grant in these matters that was revealed, as if the husks were torn aside and the sweet kernel given to those from whom it had been so long withheld. All who approached him intimately at this time recognized this uncloaking of certain parts of his nature which hitherto had been so carefully veiled.

But one more struggle, one more fierce battle remained. He had yet to justify himself, to say in person what he had never yet said to the world, of his relations with "Grant and Ward," to tell himself the story of the deceit which had brought him low. James D. Fish, one of the partners in the firm, was on trial, and General Grant's testimony was desirable. He was now so feeble that it was almost dangerous

to subject him to the ordeal of an examination; but yet to vindicate his fame, to allow him in his dying moments to utter his own defense, it was worth while incurring whatever danger. His sons, especially, were anxious that he should say what no one else could ever say for him, and for them; and although in his weak condition he did not appear to share their anxiety, he consented for their sake to make the effort.

The examination was held in his bedchamber. The lawyers and the stenographer and one or two others were present. The ceremony of an oath was waived, with the consent of the opposing counsel, and the dying man answered all questions and told how he had been betrayed. As the inquiry went on the old spirit of battle revived; he felt all the importance of the occasion, roused himself for the effort, and made a definite declaration, damning in its evidence of the guilt of one man's action, absolute in the assertion of the purity of his own.

In his testimony he spared neither Fish nor Ward; he felt that this was his last blow, and he dealt it hard. If he had died then, as it was almost feared he might, it would have been, not only like the old warrior of story, standing, but fighting to the last. He never relented in his bitterness to these two men. The harshest words I ever heard him speak were his frequent utterances, after he knew that he was doomed, in regard to them who had been the cause of his ruin, and, as he doubtless felt, of his end.

The examination lasted nearly an hour. When it was over he did not at first appear more than usually exhausted. He never showed immediately the effects of any intense physical or mental strain. Not after his great disappointment in February did his strength or spirit at once give way; so now for a day or two he seemed no weaker than before.

But in forty-eight hours he began to fail. He recognized himself the decrease of vital force, and believed it was the beginning of the end. The physicians shared the belief. Two now remained constantly in the house. Anodynes were doubled, to control the excessive nervousness and to prevent the occurrence of the anticipated agonies. One of his sons was in his room continuously and the family were summoned more than once when he seemed in mortal peril.

At this time General Grant had not lain in his bed for more than a few moments at a time in months; a sensation of choking invariably attacked him in that position, and although the physicians assured him that there was no danger of suffocation, the symptoms were so distressing that he could not be persuaded to

take to his bed. He sat in one great chair, with his feet in another, propped up by pillows, usually wearing a dressing-gown, and his legs swathed in blankets.

Very early in April I was obliged to give up my room; after Mrs. Sartoris arrived, there was no other where the faithful medical attendants could rest in the intervals of their watchings. I still spent my days at the house, and often remained for the night, lying where I could, or snatching sleep in a chair, with Mr. Chaffee or other intimate friends.

One morning General Grant himself thought he was dying. The family were all summoned. He kissed each of them in turn, and when Mrs. Grant asked him to bless her he replied: "I bless you. I bless you all!" After this he went lower and nearer death than ever before. The pulse was flickering like a candle, and the physicians said: "He is going." But there had been an injection of brandy prepared some days before, for just such emergencies, and one physician whispered to the other: "Now! the brandy." "Where is it?" "On the table." "Shall we use it? Is it worth while to bring him back to pain?" "Yes." And Dr. Shrady administered the brandy, which Dr. Douglas had prepared. It stimulated the nerves, it produced another pulsation. The throbbings went on, and General Grant returned to the world he had almost quitted forever.

Another morning I was at my hotel, having left the house after midnight. At about four o'clock I was awakened, and a note was handed me from Colonel Grant. It contained only the word, "Come." I knew too well what this must mean, and hurried to the house. A hemorrhage had occurred. This was one of the contingencies that had always been foreseen, and it was supposed certainly would be fatal. Every one had been summoned. "What shall I say?" asked Colonel Grant, as he wrote the notes. "It makes no difference," said the doctor; "all will be over before they get here." But General Grant walked to the basin and helped to wash his throat, and the hemorrhage proved favorable instead of fatal. It was caused by the loosening of a slough that had formed over a part of the throat, and the slough in a day or two came entirely away, after which the cancer itself was eased, and indeed for a while arrested. The weakness, for some cause or by some means which I have never been able to understand, was to a certain extent overcome. The anodynes were lessened in quantity, and their injurious effects passed away. For several days General Grant seemed to hover between life and death, and then came a marvelous change. To the amazement of all, his strength returned and



his spirits revived. At first he disbelieved in the amelioration. He had perhaps for one moment a glimmer of hope, but then the conviction overwhelmed him that recovery was impossible.

At this crisis he did not wish to live. "The doctors are responsible three times," he said, "for my being alive, and — unless they can cure me — I don't thank them." He had no desire to go through the agony again. For, he had suffered death; he had parted with his family; he had undergone every physical pang that could have come had he died before the brandy was administered.

It seemed to me then cruel to bring him back only to renew his torture; for I had no idea, nor had any one else, that he would live more than a week, if so long. He had said more than once: "I have no regrets, except for leaving my family." But he was recalled, and from that time the apparent improvement went on.

He still, however, for a few days remained unwilling to live—in pain; though always eager to be cured. He was never afraid to die. Having disposed of his book and his affairs, these matters he considered settled; just as in battle, after giving an order, he never doubted, or wished to recall it. But the fighting spirit, the unconquerable nature, made him struggle still. The dejection which marks the disease, and which had been so appalling in January and February, did not return. In its stead a new phase came on. He was battling again, and this time harder than before, for the enemy was closer. He fairly grappled and wrestled now with Death. The terrible calm of the fight was exactly like the determination in the Wilderness or before Richmond, where I once heard him say: "I feel as sure of taking Richmond as I do of dying." There was no excitement, no hysterical grief or fear, but a steady effort of vital power, an impossibility for his spirit to be subdued. He was not resigned; neither was he hopeful. He simply, because he could not help himself, made every effort to conquer. After every paroxysm of mortal faintness the indomitable soul revived, and aroused the physical part.

I may not be thought to lift too far the veil from a dying chamber if I mention one circumstance which had for me a peculiar interest. During all of General Grant's illness, down to the hour when his partial recovery began, Mrs. Grant never could bring herself to believe that she was about to lose him. A woman with many of those singular premonitions and presentiments that amount almost to superstition, but which yet affect some of the strongest minds, and from which General

Grant himself was certainly not entirely free, she declared always, even at the moment which every one else thought would prove the last, that she could not realize the imminence of the end. Her behavior was a mystery and a wonder to those who knew the depth of the tenderness and the abundance of the affection that she lavished on her great husband. Her calmness and self-control almost seemed coldness, only we knew that this was impossible. I did not presume, of course, to comment on this apparent stoicism, but once or twice she told me she could not despair; that there was a feeling constantly that this was not to be the last; and even when she wept at the gifts and the words that were thought to be farewells, she was putting up prayers that were full of confidence, and after which the wonderful and unexpected recuperation occurred.

All this while, the public interest was painful. So much of it penetrated into that house under the shadow of Death, that it seemed to us within as if the whole world were partaking of our sorrow. All day through the half-closed shutters we could see the crowds waiting silently and solemnly for news of the beloved sufferer. Every one who left the house was instantly accosted, not only by professional reporters, but by earnest and often weeping men and women, who had never known General Grant personally, but shared the feeling of the country in his behalf.

To me there chanced to come peculiar indications of this feeling. Known to be an inmate of the house, and yet not so near as the nearest relatives, I could be approached by others on subjects which they shrank from broaching to the sons. General Grant belonged to the country as well as to his family, and the country would insist on doing him every honor when the final occasion came. Many public men endeavored to ascertain through me what would be the wishes of the family in regard to the disposition of the great dead; and letters were sent to me to present at the fitting time, offering worthy sepulture. The people of the District of Columbia, through their representatives, declared their desire that the revered ashes should rest at the Capital of the country, and the general-in-chief of the army, the friend and follower of General Grant, sent proffers of a place for him at the Soldiers' Home,—a fitting name for the last habitation of a soldier. The President of the United States sent a messenger from Washington to say that he would attend in person the august obsequies, and I was to communicate in time the probabilities and arrangements. All these sad secrets were to me especial signs of the universal grief that



kept pace with the still more sacred sorrow which I saw; but I was requested not to intrude prematurely upon the family the preparations for what seemed then inevitably at hand, and I bore about with me for weeks the knowledge, undisclosed, that armies and Presidents were waiting to pay General Grant those honors which to himself would be forever unknown.

On Easter Sunday he seemed a little easier, though there was still no hope. I went into his room and found him able to listen and even to utter a few words without too much effort. I had been greatly struck by the universal watching of a nation, almost of a world, at his bedside, and especially by the sympathy from former rivals and political and even personal adversaries; and I recounted to him instances of this magnanimous forgetfulness of old-time enmities. When I told him of the utterances of General Rosecrans and Jefferson Davis he replied: "I am very glad to hear this. I would much rather have their good-will than their ill-will. I would rather have the good-will of any man than his ill-will."

On the 3d of April several newspapers which had followed General Grant with a persistent animosity down to the very beginning of his illness, recalled in touching and even eloquent words that twenty years before he had captured Richmond on that day. I told this to my chief, for I had been with him on that other 3d of April. I said the nation was looking on now, watching his battle as it did then, and that his fight with disease was as good a one as that he had made with the rebels twenty years before. "Ah," he answered, "twenty years ago I had more to say. I was in command then." "But even then," I replied, "it took a year to win; perhaps you may win still." He brightened up at this and told the physicians the story of General Ingalls's dog. Ingalls was the chief quartermaster of the armies operating against Richmond, and had been a classmate with General Grant at West Point; they were always on intimate terms. He had a peculiar dog that often came about the camp-fire at headquarters. One day during the long siege General Grant said, "Ingalls, do you mean to take that dog into Richmond?" "I think I shall," said Ingalls; "he belongs to a long-lived breed."

After this Dr. Shrady sat down to write the bulletin for the morning.

"What shall I say, General?" he asked. "How shall I tell them you are this morning?"

"More comfortable," replied the General.

And the doctor wrote a line about the physical condition of his patient, and read it

to General Grant, who approved. I was still greatly impressed by the public emotion, and I interrupted:

"General, why not say something about the sympathy of all the world, something to thank the people?"

"Yes," he exclaimed willingly, and dictated these words: "I am very much touched and grateful for the sympathy and interest manifested in me by my friends, and by—those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

Towards the last he stammered and hesitated, evidently unwilling at this moment to call any one an enemy; and finally made use of the circumlocution, "Those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

Dr. Shrady wrote out the bulletin, and read it aloud, when the General added: "I desire the good-will of all, whether heretofore friends or not."

I urged the Doctor to stop just there, to say nothing about physical details, but give this Easter message from General Grant to the world in his own language. Mrs. Grant, however, wished the word "prayerful" to be used before sympathy, and General Grant consented to the change.

Another morning, only a day or two after his improvement began, he said to me, evidently with a purpose, that it was strange how undisturbed a man could be when so near death. He supposed he had been as near the other world as one could be and survive. His feeling had been at the time that every moment might be his last; but he had not suffered one particle of apprehension, or fear, or even discomposure. He evidently wished me to know this, for we had once or twice in the winter talked of religious beliefs. "Yet," he said, "at such a time it hurt no one to have lived a good life." He had been undisturbed,—he repeated this emphatically,—but he believed any one would be more comfortable at such a moment with a conscience that could not reproach him. A good life would certainly contribute to composure at the end.

The 9th of April came, the anniversary of Appomattox, and recovery was still not assured. One of the sons had a presentiment that his father would not survive that day, but it would have been hard to have General Grant surrender on the anniversary of his greatest victory. Then came another jubilee. His birthday was the 27th of April, and by this time he was so far restored as to be able to join the family for a while at dinner. There were sixty-three lighted candles on the table to celebrate the sixty-three years, which a month before no one had hoped would ever



HOUSE IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT DIED, AT MOUNT MCGREGOR, NEW YORK.





be completed, and the house was crowded with flowers, the gifts of thankful friends. By the 1st of May he was so well that he sent for a stenographer and began to dictate matter for his book.

His strength, however, was intermittent, and the cancer soon began to make progress again. Nevertheless, one crisis was past. A new chapter in the disease was begun. He was able now to drive out, and dictated, and sometimes wrote, at intervals during the month of May and the earlier days of June. His interest in his work seemed keener than ever. It doubtless gave him strength to make a new fight—a hopeless one, he felt before long, so far as recovery was concerned. Still there was a respite, and this period, with his usual determination, he employed in the effort to complete his memoirs.

The secret of this partial recovery is not far to find. It was after the great expression of public sympathy that General Grant began to improve, after his place in the affections of the people was restored or resumed that his whole nature, moral and physical, became inspired and renovated. For this it was almost worth while to have suffered—to have the world recognize his sensitiveness, and to receive himself its appreciation in return. Few men indeed have known in advance so nearly the verdict of posthumous fame. No death-bed was ever so illumined by the light of universal affection and admiration. Garfield had not the same claims on his countrymen, and the feeling for him was pity and indignant grief rather than gratitude or lofty enthusiasm; Lincoln knew nothing of the shock that went round the world at his assassination; Washington lived before the telegraph; and no European monarch or patriot was ever so universally recognized in his last moments as a savior and hero as Grant. All this was borne in to him as he sat struggling with Death, and like the giant of old he received new strength from his contact with earth. The consciousness of a world for spectators might indeed nerve any combatant, and when he found that the attacks on his fame were parried, the reproaches forgotten, his very mistakes lost sight of in the halo that enveloped him, he gathered himself up for a further contest. The physicians, doubtless, did their part, and nothing that science or devotion could suggest was withheld; but neither science nor devotion expected or produced the resurrection and return of him whose very tomb had been prepared. It was the sense of humiliation that had stricken him, and had more to do with his prostration than disease; and when this was removed, he rose from the embrace of the

King of Terrors, and flung himself for a while into new toils and battles, and though wounded and bleeding, refused to die.

On the 9th of June he was removed to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, where a cottage had been offered him by its owner, Mr. Joseph W. Drexel. His strength had so far lapsed that the physicians afterwards declared he could not have lived a week longer in the heats and sultriness of New York. When the fatigues of the journey were over, however, and there was time for the fresh and reviving air of his new situation to affect him, his spirits rallied, and he resumed his literary labor with extraordinary energy for a man in his condition.

I was not with him at Mount McGregor, but I know that his effort there must have been prodigious. He dictated or composed more matter in the eight weeks after the 1st of May than in any other eight weeks of his life; while in the eight weeks immediately preceding that date he did not compose as many pages. But the dying General seemed to summon back his receding powers; and expression, memory, will, all revived and returned at his command. His voice failed him, however, after a while, and he was obliged to desist from dictation and to use a pencil, not only in composition, but even in communicating with his family and friends. This was doubtless a hardship at the moment, but was fortunate in the end for his fame; for the sentences jotted down from time to time were preserved exactly as they were written, and many of them are significant. They especially indicate his recognition of the magnanimous sympathy offered him by Southerners. This recognition was manifest in a score of instances. He had determined in the winter to dedicate his book to the American Volunteers,—in both armies,—and now he repeated and emphasized the declaration. He was visited at Mount McGregor by General Buckner, the Confederate commander who had surrendered to him at Fort Donelson, and he declared to his former foe: "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections." To Dr. Douglas he expressed the same sentiment in nearly the same words: "I am thankful for the providential extension of my time, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict." These utterances were not left to a fading or faulty memory to gather up, but remain legible in the handwriting of their author. They form a fitting sequel to the acts of Donelson and Vicksburg and Appomattox. Certainly it never hap-

pened to a conqueror before to reap such a harvest of appreciation and even affection from the men that he subdued; to accomplish in his death more of the aim of his life than even the victories of his life had achieved.

He saw few friends at this time, and did little besides write, and obey the directions of his physicians, or submit to the attentions of his family and nurses. His suffering, fortunately, was not greater than that of a patient in any ordinary lingering illness; it proceeded principally from weakness, for the opiates always controlled the excruciating pains. These he was spared to the last. He perhaps once or twice had a glimmer of hope, but the rays were faint, and quickly faded back into the obscurity of despair. He felt that he was working only to finish his self-appointed task.

For he had an intense desire to complete his memoirs. It was upon the sale of his book that he counted for the future fortune of his family. It was indeed for his family, not for his fame, that he was laboring now; his fame he felt was secure. But at his death his army pay would cease. There would remain to Mrs. Grant and his children, it is true, the Trust Fund, the income of which he had authority to dispose of by will; but besides this and the mortgaged house in Sixty-sixth street, and one or two inconsiderable properties elsewhere, there was nothing; and three families depended on him. His "Personal Memoirs," it was hoped, would bring in half a million of dollars; but when he had ceased work in the winter, this was little more than half completed, and the monetary value of the book would be greatly depreciated, if it must be concluded by any hand but his own. This was the consideration that strengthened the sinking soldier, that gave him courage to contend with fate and despair, and, stricken as he was by one of the most terrible of maladies, to check the advance of Death himself, while he made his preparations under the very shadow of the wing and the glare of the scythe of the Destroyer, to secure a competence for his family after he himself should have left this world. The spectacle of the hero who had earned and worn the highest earthly honors, working amid the miseries of a sick-chamber to glean the gains that he knew he could never enjoy,—the fainting warrior propped up on that mountain-top to stammer out utterances to sell for the benefit of his children,—is a picture to which history in all her annals can find no parallel.

Indeed, this simple, plain, and undramatic man, who never strove for effect, and disliked the demonstration of feeling as much as the parade of circumstance and power, was performing the most dramatic part before the

world. His whole life had been a drama, in spite of him, full of surprises and startling results and violent contrasts, but nothing in it all was more unexpected than this last scene, this eager haste, not in business nor in battle, but in literary labor: this race with Death, this effort to finish a book in order to secure a fortune for his family.

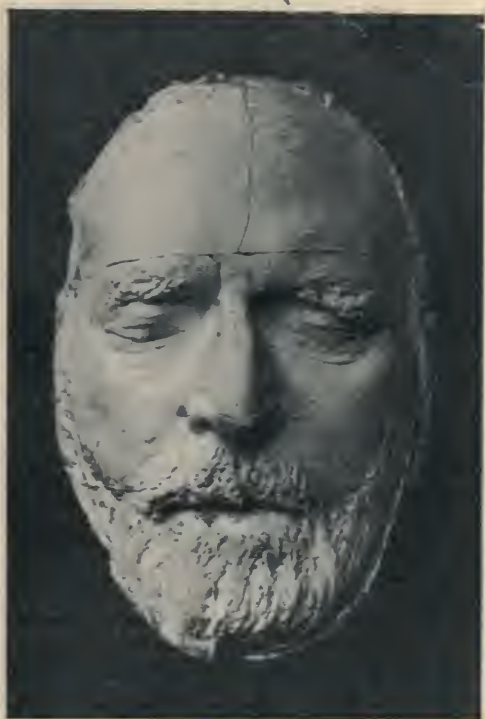
But there was a key to the mystery, a solution of the riddle, and it is the explanation of every apparent mystery in the character of General Grant. His character at bottom was like that of other men. He loved and hated; he suffered and enjoyed; he appreciated what was done for and against him; he relished his fame and his elevation, he felt his disappointments and his downfall; his susceptibilities were keen, his passions strong; but he had the great faculty of concealing them so that those closest and acutest could seldom detect their existence. I sometimes wondered whether he was conscious of his own emotions, they were so completely under control; but they were all there, all alive, all active, only enveloped in a cloak of obstinate reserve and majestic silence which only at the rarest intervals was torn aside by misfortune or lifted for a moment to a friend.

And now he may himself have been but half aware of the sentiment that inspired him; but since he had discovered that his personal honor was as clean, and his military fame as brilliant in the eyes of men as they had ever been, he determined that his reputation for worldly sense and shrewdness should also be redeemed. He would not die without regaining a fortune equal to that which had been wrung from him by fraud. No man should say that after all General Grant left his children penniless. Away down in the depths of his nature where neither affection nor friendship ever penetrated, except by the intuitions of a life-long intimacy,—this was the incentive that poured oil on the flames which the disease was quenching, this was the fuel that kept the worn-out machine still in motion, to the amazement of a world.

When the work was over, the energy expired; when the motive was withdrawn, the effort ceased; when the influence that was the impetus of the machine was exhausted, will and strength alike failed. Immediately after the end of the book was reached, the other end was seen to be at hand. One or two spasmodic bursts of life flared up, like gusts of an expiring fire, but they probably deceived not even himself, and certainly no one besides. His former indifference to life returned as soon as his task was accomplished.

The country too had no wish that he should linger on in agony. If he could have been re-

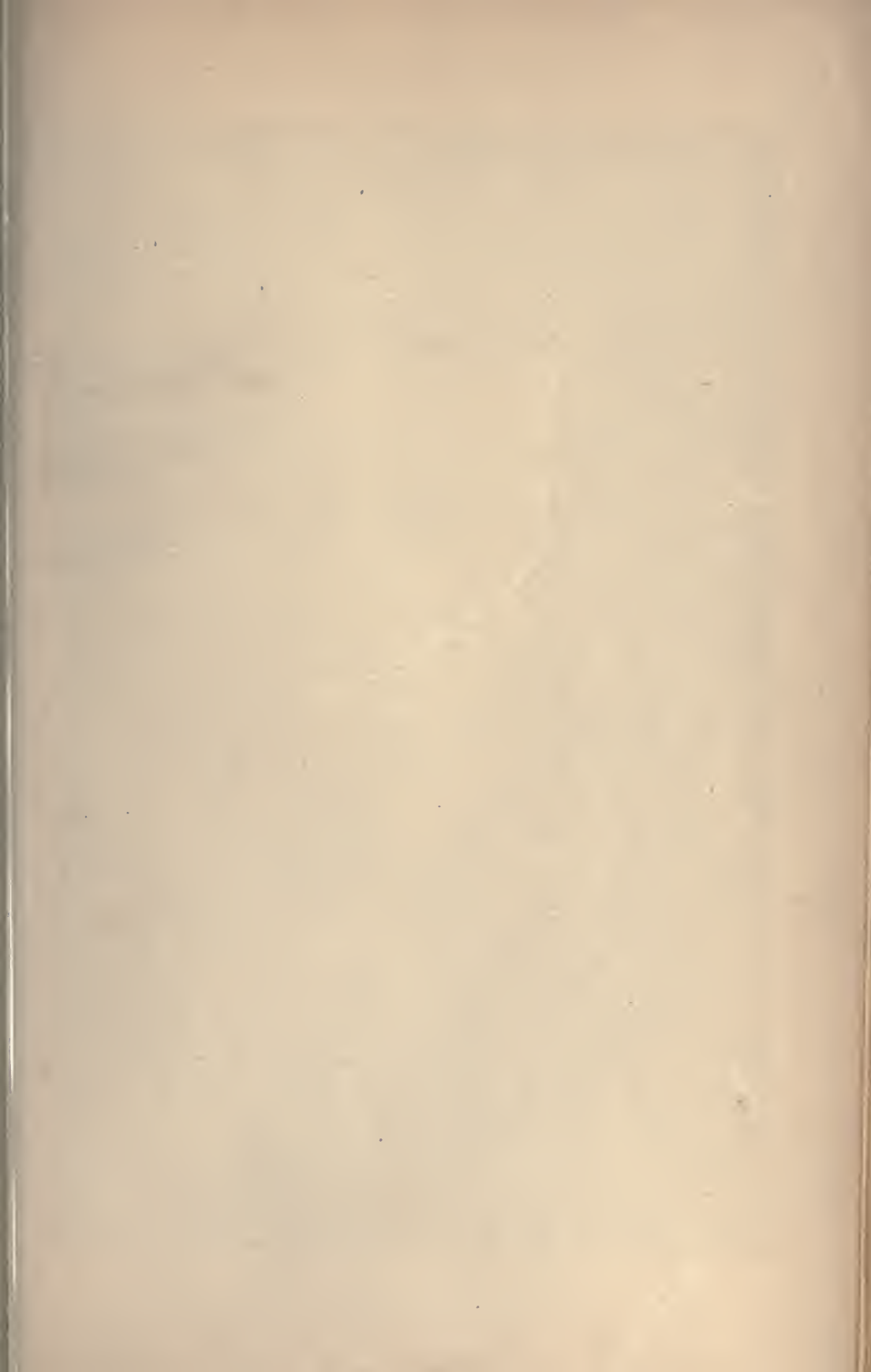


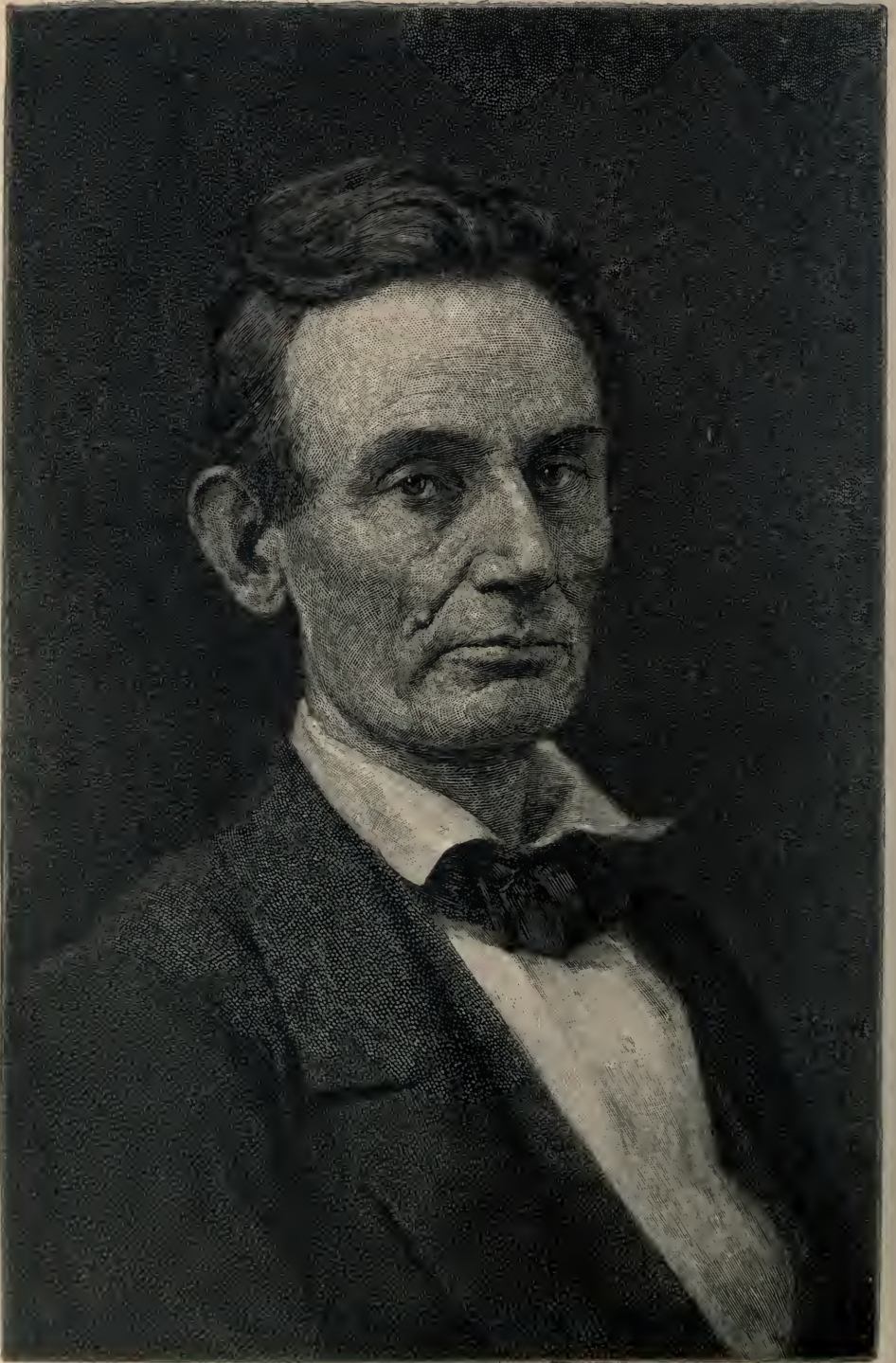


DEATH-MASK OF GENERAL GRANT, MADE BY KARL GERHARDT.









ABRAHAM LINCOLN.  
From a photograph in possession of W. P. Garrison, Esq.



stored to health and strength, nothing that the nation could have done to secure that end would have been lacking, or been thought too costly; but now that he could never be more than a sufferer, prostrate and hopeless, there was no desire to retain him. Reverent sorrow and sympathy had long ascended from every quarter of the land towards the cottage on that mountain-top, but there were no prayers uttered for protracted days.

The final crisis was neither long nor painful. On the 21st of July the country was informed that he was failing again. For two days his symptoms indicated increasing depression and exhaustion, and on the 23d came

the end. There was no renewed struggle, no distinct consciousness on his part that his feet were wet with the waters of that river which we all must cross; he made no formal parting again with his family; he endured no pangs of dissolution, but passed away quietly without a groan or a shudder, with no one but his wife and children and his medical attendants by his side. He had done most of the great things of his life with calmness and composure, and in the same way he entered the long procession in which Alexander and Cæsar and Wellington and Napoleon had preceded him.

*Adam Badeau.*

*U. S. Grant*  
*Georgetown*  
*Ohio*

AUTOGRAPH OF GENERAL GRANT WRITTEN WHILE AT WEST POINT, IN THE ALBUM OF A CLASSMATE.

[General Grant was christened, Hiram Ulysses, and is said to have reversed the initials to avoid the humorous conjunction of them. In his commission as cadet the name was by mistake written Ulysses S., and as it could not be changed officially, he afterward adopted it, taking Simpson, a family name, for the second initial.—EDITOR.]

## LINCOLN AND GRANT.

THE names of Lincoln and Grant will always be inseparably associated in connection with the events of the War of the Rebellion. At first thought they present two characters in American history entirely dissimilar. Their careers seem in striking contrast. One led the life of a civilian, and made his reputation as a statesman; the other was essentially a soldier, and is naturally classed amongst the great military captains of history. But upon a closer study of their lives, it will be found that the two men had many traits in common, and that there were many points of resemblance in their remarkable careers. Each was of humble origin, and had been compelled to struggle with adverse fortune, and learn the first lessons of life in the severe school of adversity. Each had risen from the people, possessed an abiding confidence in them, and always retained a deep hold upon their affection. Each remembered that though clothed in the robes of a master he was still the servant of the people. Both entered the public service from the same State, rose in life without the help of wealthy or influential friends, and owed every success to individual merit. Each might have said, to any who were inclined to sneer at his plain origin, what a marshal of France, who had risen from the ranks to a dukedom, said to the hereditary nobles who snubbed him in Vienna: "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants." Each was conspicuous for the possession of that most uncommon of all the virtues—common sense.

Both despised the arts of the demagogue, shrank from attitudinizing in public or posing before the world for effect, and looked upon the exercise of mawkish sentimentality and the indulgence in mock heroics with a righteous contempt. With them there was none of the puppyism which is bred by power, and none of that dogmatism which has been well described as puppyism grown to maturity. Each was endowed with talents especially bestowed upon him by Providence to meet the trying emergencies in which he was placed; each bore a patriot's part in securing the integrity of the Union; and each received from the people a second election to the highest office in their gift. Each had qualities which commanded the respect and admiration of the other, and where their characteristics were unlike, they only served to supplement each other, and to add to the strength which their combined powers exercised in the great cause in which they labored.

The acquaintance between the two men began by official correspondence, which afterwards became more personal in its tone, and when they finally met an intimacy sprang up between them which soon ripened into a genuine friendship. The writer of this article witnessed much of their intercourse; was often a listener to the estimates which each placed upon the other, and could not help being profoundly impressed with the extent to which these two historic characters became attached to each other.

They did not meet till March, 1864, and previous to that time had had but little personal correspondence. Most of the communications which the General received from the President had been in the form of executive orders sent through the War Department. Lincoln had early formed a high opinion of the Western general, in consequence of his victories at Donelson and Shiloh, and because he did not spend his time in calling for troops, but made the best use of those that were sent him. In other words, he was a man who asked for nothing, and gave the executive no trouble.

Grant's successes brought with them the usual number of jealousies and rivalries. Political generals had their advocates in Washington to plead their cause, while Grant stood without friends at court. His detractors gathered at times a great deal of strength in their efforts to supplant him with a general of their own choosing, and Lincoln was beset by many a delegation who insisted that nothing would harmonize matters in the West but Grant's removal. This nagging continued even after his great triumph at Vicksburg.

Lincoln always enjoyed telling the General, after the two had become personally intimate, how the cross-roads wiseacres had criticised his campaigns. One day, after dwelling for some time on this subject, he said to Grant: "After Vicksburg I thought it was about time to shut down on this sort of thing. So one day, when a delegation came to see me and had spent half an hour in trying to show me the fatal mistake you had made in paroling Pemberton's army, and insisting that the rebels would violate their paroles and in less than a month confront you again in the ranks, and have to be whipped all over again, I thought I should get rid of them best by telling them a story about Sykes's dog. 'Have you ever heard about Sykes's yellow dog?' said I to the spokesman of the delegation. He said he hadn't. 'Well, I must tell you about him,' said I. 'Sykes had a yellow dog he set great store by, but there were a lot of small boys around the village, and that's always a bad thing for dogs, you know. These boys didn't share Sykes's views, and they were not disposed to let the dog have a fair show. Even Sykes had to admit that the dog was getting unpopular; in fact it was soon seen that a prejudice was growing up against that dog that threatened to wreck all his future prospects in life. The boys, after meditating how they could get the best of him, finally fixed up a cartridge with a long fuse, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, dropped the meat in the road in front of Sykes's door, and then perched themselves on a

fence a good distance off with the end of the fuse in their hands. Then they whistled for the dog. When he came out he scented the bait, and bolted the meat, cartridge and all. The boys touched off the fuse with a cigar and in about a second a report came from that dog that sounded like a small clap of thunder. Sykes came bouncing out of the house, and yelled:

"'What's up! Anything busted?'"

"'There was no reply except a snicker from the small boys roosting on the fence, but as Sykes looked up he saw the whole air filled with pieces of yellow dog. He picked up the biggest piece he could find, a portion of the back with a part of the tail still hanging to it, and after turning it around and looking it all over he said, 'Well, I guess he'll never be much account again—as a dog.'" And I guess Pemberton's forces will never be much account again—as an army."

"The delegation began looking around for their hats before I had quite got to the end of the story, and I was never bothered any more after that about superseding the commander of the Army of the Tennessee."

About nine days after Vicksburg had fallen the President sent the following letter to General Grant, who was deeply touched by its frank and manly character, and the sincerity of its tone:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13, 1863.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

A. LINCOLN.

The first time the two men saw each other was about one o'clock on the 9th of March, 1864, when General Grant called upon the President at the White House to receive the commission constituting him lieutenant-general of the armies. The General had arrived in Washington from the West the day before, and was on his way to establish his headquarters in Virginia. The interview took place in the Cabinet room. There were present, besides the members of the Cabinet, General Halleck, a member of Congress, two of General Grant's staff-officers, his eldest son,



Frederick D. Grant, and the President's private secretary. Lincoln, in handing the General his commission, read with much feeling a few words which he had written for the occasion, ending with the remark, "As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need add that, with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence." The General took the commission very much as a graduate steps up and takes his diploma from the president of his college. He had written a brief reply on a sheet of paper, which he drew from his pocket and read. It closed as follows: "I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me; and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and above all to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

In a subsequent conference the President talked very freely to General Grant about the conduct of the armies in the field. He said he did not pretend to know anything about the art of war, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he ever interfered with the movements of army commanders, but he did know that celerity was absolutely necessary, that while armies were sitting down, waiting for opportunities which might perhaps be more favorable from a military point of view, the Government was spending millions of dollars every day, that there was a limit to the sinews of war, and there would come a time when the spirits and the resources of the people would become exhausted. He had always contended that these considerations must be taken into account, as well as the purely military questions, and he adopted the plan of issuing his executive orders, principally for the purpose of hurrying the movements of commanding generals. He said nothing pleased him more than the fact that the grade of lieutenant-general had been revived by Congress, and that a general-in-chief of the armies had been put at their head, who he felt would appreciate the value of minutes. He told the General he was not going to interfere in any way with his movements, and all he had to do was to call on him for whatever he required, and it would be supplied if the resources of the nation could furnish it.

General Grant soon after entered upon the Wilderness campaign. Cheering messages were frequently sent him by the President, and a number of suggestions were made, but no orders were given for the movement of troops. Many characteristic telegrams were received from the President while the armies were in front of Richmond and Petersburg. One of them afforded Grant great amusement. It closed with the words, "Hold on with a

bull-dog grip and chew and choke as much as possible. A. LINCOLN."

Each tried to anticipate the desires of the other even in matters somewhat out of his particular sphere of action. At the first meeting they had in the field after actual operations had commenced in Virginia, Lincoln said to the General that there was a man who had got a permit at Washington to visit the armies and had abused his privilege by going around using seditious language and trying to stir up trouble among the loyal Virginians in that section of country. He asked the General whether he had heard of the fellow, saying he would have arrested him if he had known just where to catch him. The General replied that he had not heard of him; that if he had he should have arrested him and sent him to Fort Monroe without troubling the President with the matter or letting him know anything about it.

"I see," said the President, "you would have served me like the Irishman wanted the doctor to serve him. The doctor told him he would have to take a quinine tonic. The Irishman asked whether he would let him put some whisky in it, and the doctor said, not a drop; if he expected to be cured he must give up the use of whisky entirely. The Irishman thought a minute, and then remarked to the doctor in a sort of confidential way, 'I say, dochtor, when ye git yer medicine all ready couldn't ye jist put in a little whesky unbeknownce to me?'" So when you got your man all ready I suppose you would have put him into Fort Monroe 'unbeknownce' to me."

The nearest Mr. Lincoln ever came to giving General Grant an order for the movement of troops was during Early's raid upon Washington. On July 10, 1864, the President telegraphed a long dispatch from Washington, which contained the following language: "What I think is that you should provide to retain your hold where you are certainly, and bring the rest with you personally, and make a vigorous effort to defeat the enemy's force in this vicinity. I think there is really a fair chance to do this, if the movement is prompt. This is what I think—upon your suggestion, and is not an order." Grant replied that on reflection he thought it would have a bad effect for him to leave City Point, then his headquarters, in front of Richmond and Petersburg, and the President was satisfied with the dispositions which the General made for the repulse of Early without taking command against him in person.

It will be seen that the President did not call for assistance to protect Washington, but for troops and a competent leader to go after Early and defeat him. The President was



undoubtedly possessed of more courage than any of his advisers. There is not an instance in which he seemed to take counsel of his fears. He was always more anxious to have the troops around Washington sent to the field than kept in the fortifications about the capital. He sent a remarkable dispatch to the General on August 4, 1862, which shows his eagerness to have the troops in his vicinity placed "south of the enemy" instead of being kept between the enemy and Washington. It referred to an order which General Grant had sent to General Halleck, chief of staff at Washington, and was as follows :

"I have seen your dispatch in which you say, 'I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy, and follow him to the death; wherever the enemy goes, let our troops go also.' This, I think, is exactly right as to how our forces should move; but please look over the dispatches you may have received from here since you made that order, and discover, if you can, that there is any idea in the head of any one here of 'putting our army south of the enemy,' or of 'following him to the death' in any direction. I repeat to you it will neither be done nor attempted, unless you watch it every day and hour and force it."

"A. LINCOLN."

This is the language of a man of courage, who felt a consciousness that he was bolder than those who counseled him at Washington, and wanted a man of Grant's aggressiveness to force the fighting, and send the troops about the capital after Early to get south of him, and follow him to the death, even if the capital had to go without defense.

On the 23d of November, when matters looked a little quiet along the lines, Grant visited the President in Washington, and spent most of the day with him and the Secretary of War conferring upon the military situation and the carrying out of some recommendations which the General had made regarding the armies in the field. His principal demand was to have eight useless major-generals and thirty brigadiers mustered out of the service to make room for the promotion of men who had won their spurs in the field. The President pointed to a number of names on the list and remarked that they were the General's own personal friends; but Grant urged the matter still more strenuously, saying that the emergency was too great to stop to consider personal feelings, and that those whose services could not be made available must give way to the rising men at the front. He succeeded in securing many vacancies in the list of generals, and the promotions which followed for meritorious services in the field did much for the morale of the armies.

On March 20, 1864, the General invited the President to visit him at City Point. The

invitation was accepted the next day, and the President arrived at the headquarters of the armies on the 22d, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and their youngest son "Tad." They had come down the Potomac and the Chesapeake Bay and up the James River on the *River Queen*, a comfortable little side-wheel steam-boat, which was convoyed by the United States gun-boat *Bat*, acting as an escort. This vessel had been a blockade-runner and had been captured by the navy and fitted up as a gun-boat. It was commanded by Captain J. S. Barnes, U. S. N. Upon the arrival of the steam-boat at the wharf at City Point General Grant and several members of his staff went aboard to welcome the presidential party. The President gave each one a hearty greeting, and in his frank and cordial way said many complimentary things about the hard work that had been done during the long winter's siege, and how fully the country appreciated it. When asked how he was he said,

"I am not feeling very well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming down, and am not altogether over it yet."

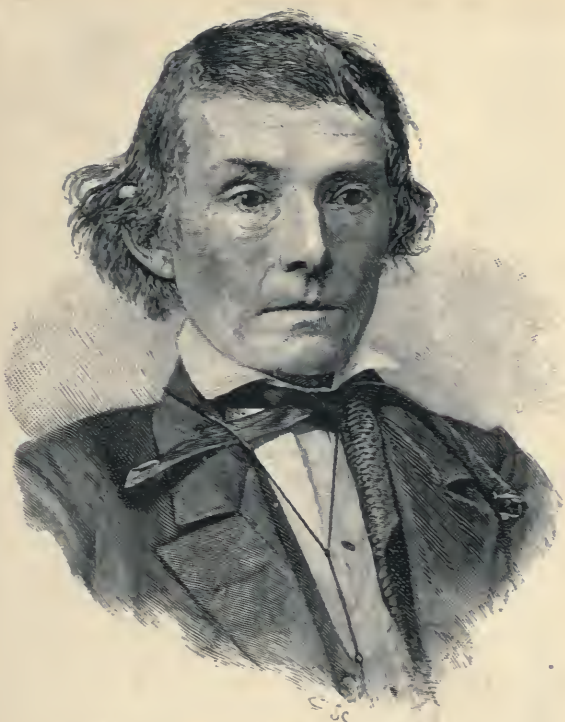
"Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President," said a staff-officer; "that is the best remedy I know of for seasickness."

"No, no, my young friend," replied the President, "I've seen many a man in my time sea-sick ashore from drinking that very article."

That was the last time any one screwed up sufficient courage to offer him wine.

The party had gathered in the after-cabin of the steam-boat, and in the course of the conversation the President said: "This cabin is the one in which I met the peace commissioners from Richmond,—Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter,—when they came down to Hampton Roads." The meeting referred to had occurred the month before. Alexander H. Stephens was the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy. He will be remembered as being a mite of a man in stature and having a complexion as yellow as an ear of ripe corn. Mr. Lincoln went on to say: "Stephens sat where I am sitting now, Hunter sat over there, and Campbell lolled on the sofa to the right. Stephens had on an overcoat about three sizes too big for him, with an old-fashioned high collar. The cabin soon began to get pretty warm and after a while he stood up and pulled off his big coat. He slipped it off just about as you would husk an ear of corn. I couldn't help thinking as I looked first at the overcoat and then at the man, 'Well, that's the biggest shuck and the smallest nubbin I ever laid eyes on.'"

During his stay the President spent much of his time riding about with Grant among the



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)





troops during the day, and sitting around the camp-fire at headquarters in the evening. The fire always had a fresh pile of dry rails thrown upon it, in his honor, and as he sat in a camp-chair with his long legs doubled up in grotesque attitudes, and the smoke of the fire curling around him, he looked the picture of comfort and good-nature. He always seemed to feel how much happier were the men who had only to meet Lee's troops in Virginia, and were never compelled to encounter that more formidable army of office-seekers in Washington. The stories he told on these occasions will never be forgotten, and the kindly face of the Chief Magistrate, with its varying expressions of mirth and sadness, will never be effaced from the memory of the men who watched it in those trying times. In the way of story-telling, those City Point nights gave promise of becoming as famous as the Arabian Nights.

Lincoln's stories were not mere anecdotes, they were illustrations. No one ever heard him relate anything simply for the amusement afforded by the story; it was always to illustrate the subject under discussion, or to give point to his statement. Whether he had treasured up in his memory an inexhaustible supply of stories to draw from, or whether he invented them as he went along, to illustrate his views, no one could tell. Perhaps both methods were employed. However this may be, there was hardly a remark made or an object shown to him which did not call to mind some story so pertinent to the subject that the dullest never failed to see the point of it. Nothing appeared to escape his recollection. A soldier once struck the idea when he said of him: "He's got a mighty fine memory, but an awful poor forgetery."

One evening the writer showed him a specimen of the new powder made for the fifteen-inch gun. The piece was about the size of an English walnut.

"What is this?" he asked.

"A grain of mammoth powder, the kind they are using in the fifteen-inch gun at Fort Monroe," was the reply.

"Well," said he, turning it over in his hand, "it is rather larger than the powder we used to buy in my shooting days. This reminds me of what once occurred in a country meeting-house in Sangamon County. You see, there were very few newspapers then, and the country store-keepers had to resort to some other means of advertising their wares. If, for instance, the preacher happened to be late in coming to a prayer-meeting of an evening, the shop-keepers would often put in the time while the people were waiting by notifying

them of any new arrival of an attractive line of goods.

"One evening a man rose up in the meeting and said:

"Brethren, let me take occasion to say while we're a-waitin' that I have just received a new inv'ice of sportin' powder. The grains are so small you kin sca'cely see 'em with the nakid eye, and polished up so fine you kin stand up and comb yer ha'r in front of one o' them grains jes like it was a lookin'-glass. Hope you'll come down to my store at the cross-roads, and examine that powder for yourselves."

"When he had got about this far a rival powder merchant in the meeting, who had been boiling over with indignation at the amount of advertising the opposition powder was getting, rose up and said:

"Brethren, I hope you'll not believe a single word brother Jones has been sayin' about that powder. I've been down thar and seen it for myself, and I pledge you my word, brethren, that the grains is bigger than the lumps in a coal-pile, and any one of you, brethren, in your future state could put a bar'l o' that powder on your shoulder and march squar' through the sulphurous flames of the world below without the least danger of an explosion."

We thought that grain of powder had served a better purpose in drawing out this story than it could ever serve in being fired from a fifteen-inch gun.

On the 27th Sherman arrived at City Point, fresh from his triumphant march to the sea. Admiral Porter, who commanded the fleet, and had contributed so largely to the success of the operations by his brilliant services at Fort Fisher, was sent for, and he, with Grant and Sherman, went to pay their respects to the President on board his steamer. The meeting presented a historical scene which is one of the most memorable of the whole war. It was not a council of war, or even a formal military conference. It was an interchange of views between the four great representative men who at that moment seemed to hold the destinies of the republic in their hands. All were eager to hear more details of his march from the man who had cut so broad a swath through the heart of the Confederacy. Sherman's recital of the event was told with all his vividness of style and crispness of expression. The subject was a grand one and the narrative was a whole epic in itself. The President made no particular suggestions as to the campaign, but at the breaking up of the conference said good-bye to the distinguished company, with buoyant hopes of the future and renewed confidence in his commanders. He was always



willing that they should reap all the glory of the victories in the field. He was like the workmen employed upon the Gobelin tapestries who stand behind the cloth, and are content to work there, knowing they are contributing their full share to the beauties of the front.

General Grant now confided to the President his determination to move against Lee as soon as the roads were dry enough, and to make what he intended should be the final campaign. The President resolved to remain at headquarters until the army moved, and seemed glad of the opportunity of continuing some days longer the pleasant intercourse with the General-in-chief. Sitting by the camp-fire one evening he spoke very feelingly of the hopes and fears he had experienced at different times during the rebellion. The patriotism of the people, the devotion of the loyal North, the courage and superb fighting qualities of the troops on the one hand; on the other, the financial difficulties, the terrible losses in men, the disloyal element in the rear, and the threatening attitude of England and France. When asked if he ever doubted the final success of the cause, he said, "Never for a moment." Mr. Seward, he told us, had often said that there was always just enough virtue in this republic to save it; sometimes none to spare, but still enough to meet the emergency, and he agreed with Mr. Seward in this view. He said the capture of Mason and Slidell on board the English vessel, and the complications with Great Britain, which resulted at so critical a period of the war, had given him great uneasiness. When asked whether it was not a great trial to surrender them he said:

"Yes, that was a pretty bitter pill to swallow, but I contented myself with believing that England's triumph in the matter would be short-lived, and that after ending our war successfully we should be so powerful that we could call England to account for all the embarrassments she had inflicted upon us. I felt a good deal like the sick man in Illinois who was told he probably hadn't many days longer to live and he ought to make peace with any enemies he might have. He said the man he hated worst of all was a fellow named Brown, in the next village, and he guessed he had better commence on him first. So Brown was sent for, and when he came the sick man began to say, in a voice as meek as Moses', that he wanted to die at peace with all his fellow-creatures, and hoped he and Brown could now shake hands and bury all their enmity. The scene was becoming altogether too pathetic for Brown, who had to get out his handkerchief and wipe the gathering tears from his eyes. It wasn't long before he melted

and gave his hand to his neighbor, and they had a regular love-feast. After a parting that would have softened the heart of a grindstone, Brown had about reached the room door, when the sick man rose up on his elbow and said, 'But see here, Brown, if I *should* happen to get well, mind that old grudge stands!' So I thought that if this nation should happen to get well we might want that old grudge against England to stand."

As Mr. Lincoln abstained from interfering in purely military matters, so General Grant refrained from taking any action in political affairs. On the 2d of March, 1865, Lee wrote a very significant letter to Grant. From some remarks made in an interview which had occurred between General Longstreet and General Ord under a flag of truce, Lee conceived the idea that a military convention might be made the means of a satisfactory adjustment of the existing difficulties. He wrote General Grant a note in which the following language occurs:

"Sincerely desiring to leave nothing untried which may put an end to the calamities of war, I propose to meet you at such convenient time and place as you may designate, with the hope that upon an interchange of views it may be found practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a convention of the kind mentioned."

General Grant looked upon this as referring to a subject entirely outside of his province, and forwarded it to the President. After some correspondence with him regarding it the General replied to Lee as follows:

"In regard to meeting you on the 6th inst. I would state that I have no authority to accede to your proposition for a conference on the subject proposed. Such authority is vested in the President of the United States alone. General Ord could only have meant that I would not refuse an interview on any subject on which I have a right to act, which, of course, would be such as is purely of a military character, and on the subject of exchanges, which has been intrusted to me."

So the interview never took place. General Grant's spirit of subordination was such that nothing ever led him into an act which might be construed as transcending his powers as a purely military officer. If the General had not had implicit confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of the President he might not have restrained himself so easily from endeavoring to impress his views upon the Government in questions of general policy, but he had an abiding faith in the prudence and sagacity of the executive.

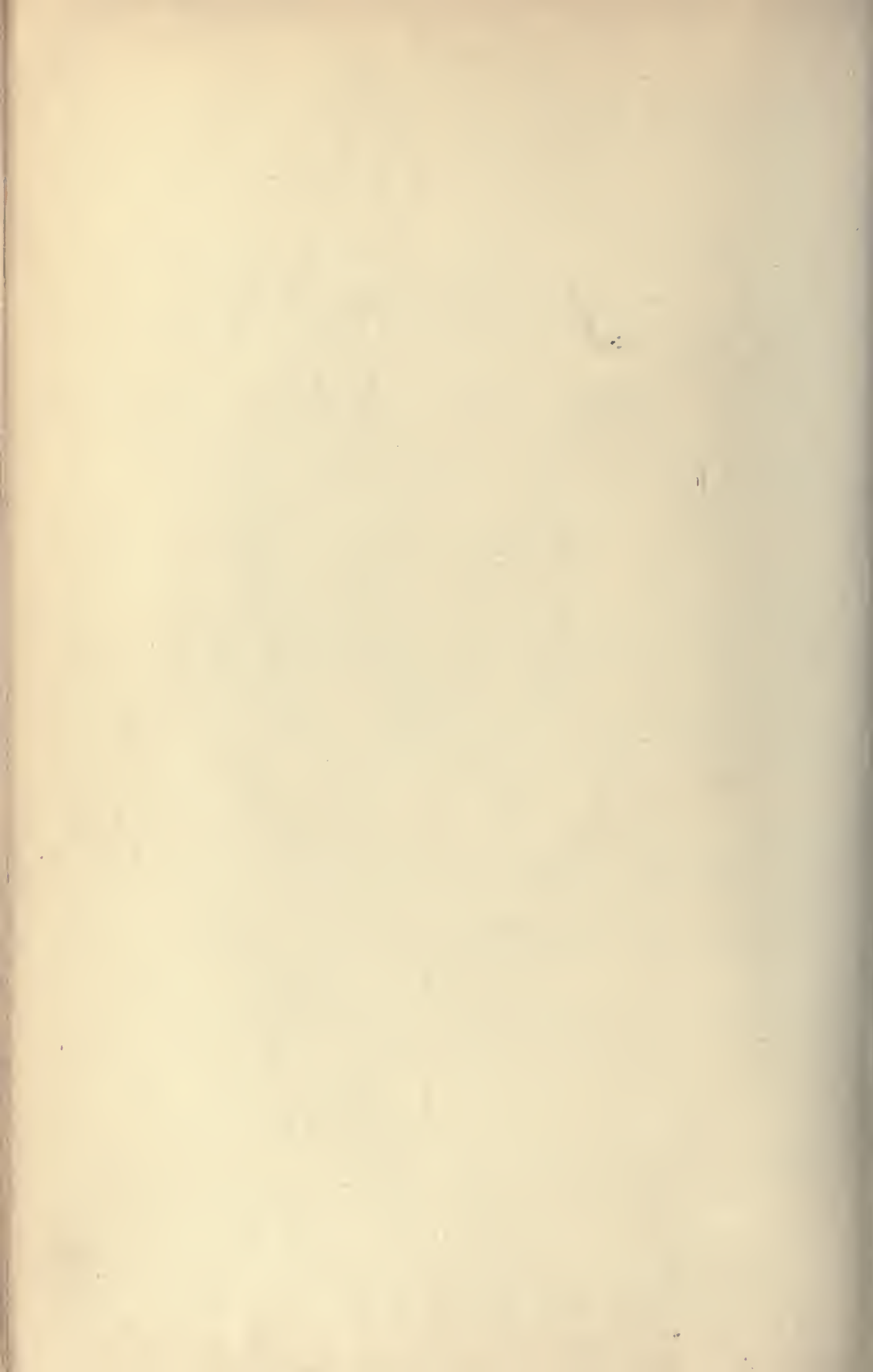
General Grant used to say of Lincoln, "I regard him as one of the greatest of men. He is unquestionably the greatest man I have ever encountered. The more I see of him



JOHN M. MASON.

JOHN SLIDELL.





and exchange views with him, the more he impresses me. I admire his courage, and respect the firmness he always displays. Many think from the gentleness of his character that he has a yielding nature; but while he has the courage to change his mind when convinced that he is wrong, he has all the tenacity of purpose which could be desired in a great statesman. His quickness of perception often astonishes me. Long before the statement of a complicated question is finished his mind will grasp the main points, and he will seem to comprehend the whole subject better than the person who is stating it. He will take rank in history alongside of Washington."

Lincoln made many visits with Grant to the lines around Richmond and Petersburg. On such occasions he usually rode one of the General's fine bay horses, called "Cincinnati." He was a good horseman, and made his way through swamps and over corduroy roads as well as the best trooper in the command. The soldiers invariably recognized him and greeted him, wherever he appeared amongst them, with cheers that were no lip service, but came from the depth of their hearts. He always had a pleasant salute or a friendly word for the men in the ranks. His son, Robert T. Lincoln, had joined the General's staff some time before, with the rank of captain and aide-de-camp, and was doing good service at headquarters, where he made an excellent record. The practical experience acquired at that time in the field was of important service to him in after years in administering the affairs of the War Department.

One evening, upon return to camp after a ride among the soldiers, Mr. Lincoln said:

"General, you don't seem to have your horse decked out in as gay trappings as some of our generals, or to give yourself any particular trouble about the elegance of your uniform."

"No," said the General; "I once learned a lesson on that subject when I was serving under General Taylor in Mexico. He used to wear about the same kind of clothes and shoes as those issued to the privates, and generally rode a horse that looked as if it had just come off a farm. On the march he often rested himself by sitting woman-fashion on his saddle with both feet on the same side, and no one in the army gave less thought to his style of dress. One day, while in camp near Corpus Christi, he received a very formal note from the commodore in command of the naval squadron in the Gulf, saying he would go ashore the next day for the purpose of paying his respects in person to the commander of the army. General Taylor had a conviction that naval officers were great sticklers for etiquette, and on occasions of ceremony always looked as fine

as if they had just come out of a band-box; and not willing to be outdone by his web-footed visitor, the general set his servant at work to overhaul his wardrobe and burnish up his full-dress uniform, which had probably not been out of his chest since the war began.

"The commodore, it appeared, was a man who had as great a contempt for fine dressing as Taylor, but he had an idea that the commanding general of the army would expect a commodore of the navy to display no end of style in paying a visit of ceremony, and he was determined to exhibit a proper degree of respect in this regard, no matter what it cost in the way of inconvenience; so he ransacked the bottom of his locker for his best toggery, and the next day appeared on shore resplendent in white gloves, blue cloth, and gold lace. There was a broiling Southern sun pouring down, and by the time the commodore had walked from the landing to the general's quarters he was reeking with perspiration and looking as red as a boiled lobster. He found the general sitting in his tent, buttoned up to the chin in a well-wrinkled uniform coat, mopping his head with a handkerchief and swinging a big palm-leaf fan to help catch a breath of air. After these distinguished representatives of the sister services had indulged in profound bows, shaken hands, and exchanged compliments in a very formal and dignified manner, they sat down on opposite sides of a table, looked at each other for some minutes, and then a smile began to steal over their faces, which soon widened into a broad grin, and showed that they were both beginning to take in the absurdity of the situation.

"'Oh! this is all nonsense!' said Taylor, pulling off his coat and throwing it to the other side of the tent.

"'Infernal nonsense!' cried the commodore, jerking off everything but his shirt and trousers. Then they lighted a couple of pipes and had a good sensible talk over the military situation."

Mr. Lincoln was as good at listening as he was at story-telling; and as he gradually took in the absurdity of the scene described he became so convulsed with laughter that his sides fairly shook.

The President remained at headquarters till the armies moved out on the Appomattox campaign. General Grant and staff started about nine o'clock on the morning of March 29, 1865. They went by the military railroad as far as its terminus south of Petersburg and there took their horses. As the party mounted the car the President went through a cordial hand-shaking with each one, speaking many words of cheer and good wishes. As the train was about to move the party collected on the rear platform of the car and respectfully raised



their hats. The President waved a farewell with his long right arm and said, in a voice broken with emotion, "Good-bye, gentlemen. God bless you all. Remember your success is my success."

A few days after, when the lines around Petersburg had been carried and we were closing in about the city, the General telegraphed to City Point:

"... The whole captures since the army started out gunning will not amount to less than twelve thousand men and probably fifty pieces of artillery. . . All seems well with us and everything quiet just now. I think the President might come out and pay us a visit to-morrow."

Mr. Lincoln sent the following reply:

"Allow me to tender to you and all with you the nation's grateful thanks for the additional and magnificent success. At your kind suggestion I think I will meet you to-morrow."

The next day Petersburg had fallen, and about noon the President, accompanied by his son "Tad," joined General Grant in the city. They sat together for nearly two hours upon the porch of a comfortable little house with a small yard in front, and crowds of citizens soon gathered at the fence to gaze upon these remarkable men of whom they had heard so much. The President's heart was filled with joy, for he felt that this was "the beginning of the end." He revealed to the General many of his plans for the rehabilitation of the South, and it could easily be seen that a spirit of magnanimity was uppermost in his heart. They were anxiously awaiting dispatches from General Weitzel, in the hopes that he had already captured Richmond, but General Grant had to take up his march with the columns that had started in pursuit of Lee, before getting the much-coveted news. He had ridden only a short distance when he received a dispatch from Weitzel saying that Richmond had been taken several hours before.

Immediately after the surrender at Appomattox Court House General Grant hurried to Washington, not even stopping to visit Richmond. His first thought was to take prompt measures for disbanding the armies and saving expenses. He arrived at the capital on the morning of the 13th of April. During that day he spent much of his time with the President, and took a drive through the city with Mrs. Lincoln. The people were wild with enthusiasm, and wherever the General appeared he was greeted with cheers, the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and every possible demonstration of delight. The next day Lincoln invited the General to accompany him to Ford's Theater in the evening, and take a seat in his box to see the play of "Our American Cousin." The General

begged to be excused, saying Mrs. Grant was anxious to have him go to Burlington, New Jersey, where their children were at school, and he wanted to start as soon as possible. The President was somewhat urgent, and said the people would expect to see the General at the theater, and would be so much delighted to get a sight of him. While they were talking a note came from Mrs. Grant giving reasons for wanting to start that afternoon, and this afforded the General an excuse for declining the invitation to the play. When he bade the President good-bye, he little thought it would be the last time that he would ever see him alive. At lunch at Willard's Hotel, the General noticed a man who sat near him at table, and was apparently trying to overhear his conversation. As he drove to the railway station in the afternoon a man on horseback followed the carriage, and seemed to be the same person who had attracted his attention at lunch. This man was unquestionably John Wilkes Booth. Some time afterwards the General received an anonymous letter from a person who said he had been selected to kill him, and had boarded the train and ridden as far as the Delaware River with the intention of carrying out his purpose, but the car-door was locked, so he could not get in. He expressed himself as very thankful he had failed. The General had a special car, and it is a fact that the conductor locked it, so that there was this much to corroborate the man's story. Besides, it was shown upon the trial of the assassins that General Grant was one of the men marked for assassination. At the Walnut street wharf in Philadelphia, just as he was about to go on board the ferry-boat, he was handed a telegram conveying the appalling announcement that the chief he so much honored, the friend for whom he had conceived so warm an affection, had fallen, the victim of an assassin's bullet. The General returned at once to Washington. He often said that this was the saddest day of his whole life.

Twenty years later when he too had reached the full measure of his greatness his own death plunged the country again into a profound grief, the nation was called upon to put on the mourning it had worn for Lincoln, and the people suffered another loss which was felt by every one in the land with a sense of personal bereavement. The ashes of these two great central figures of the war now lie entombed in the soil their efforts saved; their names have passed into history.

Their devoted loyalty, steadfast courage, pure patriotism, and manly personal virtues will forever command the admiration of all who make a study of their lives. Between them the jealousy which springs from narrow minds







EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GRANT, MADE BY O'DONOVAN AND EAKINS FOR THE BROOKLYN MEMORIAL ARCH.

was absent; the rivalry which is born of selfishness had no place in their souls. They taught the world that it is time to abandon the path of ambition when it becomes so narrow that two cannot walk abreast. With them the safety of the nation was above all personal aims; and like the men in the Roman phalanx of old they stood shoulder to shoulder, and

linked their shields against a common foe. It was a priceless blessing to the Republic that the era of the Rebellion did not breed a Marius and a Sulla, a Cæsar and a Pompey, or a Charles the First and a Cromwell, but that the power to which its destinies were intrusted was wielded by a Lincoln and a Grant.

*Horace Porter.*

## REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GRANT.

I WAS with General Sherman the night before he began his march to the sea, in camp near Gaylesville, in the north-eastern corner of Alabama, to which point he had followed Hood from Atlanta in his counter movement towards Tennessee. I had recently arrived from the Valley of Virginia, whence I had been sent by General Grant to reorganize and command the Western cavalry. After disposing of the business of the day we spent the evening, indeed most of the night, in front of a comfortable camp-fire, chatting about the incidents of the recent campaigns and considering the details of those yet to come. One by one the staff-officers had withdrawn to their tents, for Sherman was "an owl" always ready to make a night of it, and they saw that he was well under way towards it upon that occasion. A dark and solemn forest surrounded us, and a dead silence had fallen upon the sleeping army; not a sound except that of the measured tread of the sentinel in front of the general's tent disturbed the quiet of the night. Twelve o'clock had come and gone, and one o'clock was at hand, when there came a pause in the conversation; then a moment of reflection on the part of Sherman, whose deeply lined face and brilliant, sleepless eyes I see now as plainly as I did then, turned towards and lighted up by the red glare of the blazing logs, and bright with intelligent and energetic life. Then came a quick, nervous upward glance at me, and then the following remark: "Wilson, I am a great deal smarter man than Grant; I see things more quickly than he does. I know more about law, and history, and war, and nearly everything else than he does; but I'll tell you where he beats me and where he beats the world. He don't care a d— for what he can't see the enemy doing, and it scares me like h—!" And this vigorous and graphic speech is the best description of the fundamental characteristics and differences of the two men I have ever heard. It shows not only a profound self-knowledge on the part of Sherman, but a profound, comprehensive, and discriminating esti-

mate of the personal peculiarities of General Grant; for it is true that the latter was never scared by what the enemy might be doing beyond his sight. He gave his best attention to learning the position, strength, and probable plans of his adversary, and then made his own plans as best he might to foil or overthrow him, modifying or changing them only after it became clearly necessary to do so, but never lying awake of nights trying to make plans for the enemy as well as for himself; never countermanding his orders, never counter-marching his troops, and never annoying or harassing his subordinate commanders by orders evolved from his imagination. He never worried over what he could not help, but was always cool, level-headed, and reasonable, never in the least excitable or imaginative. He always had the nerve to play his game through calmly and without any external exhibition of uneasiness or anxiety; and this was constitutional with him, not the result of training nor altogether of reflection. It was his nature, and he could not help it. The sanguine and nervous elements were so happily modified, blended, and held in check by the lymphatic element of his temperament that he could do nothing in a hurry or a heat, and, above all, it was impossible for him to borrow trouble from what he did not know to be certain, or could not change. While this equable temper guided him smoothly through many dangers, it also kept him out of many difficulties of a personal as well as of an official nature. It made it easy for him to command an army of discordant elements, filled with jealousies, and led by generals mostly from civil life, quite ready to quarrel with each other, or with any one else, for that matter, excepting himself, while another commander less happily organized would have been constantly in hot water. The value of such a temperament in war can scarcely be estimated by one not acquainted with the troubles which come from a vivid and excitable imagination. It was this temperament, together with a modest reasonableness and capability, an openness to



good counsels, and a freedom from offensive obstinacy of opinion, in reference to what should be done in a campaign, which caused so many experienced and judicious officers to say, as they frequently did, that they would rather take their chances in a great war or in a desperate campaign with Grant, even in his old age, than with any of his great subordinates.

But Grant had another noticeable characteristic, in a measure flowing from his temperament, which was of immense value, and ultimately gave the greatest confidence to the armies commanded by him. I refer, of course, to his constancy or steadfastness,—that quality which was blood of his blood and bone of his bone, which came to him perhaps from generations of wild and warlike ancestry, and which caused him to fight all his campaigns and battles through to the end, whether it took three days, three weeks, “all summer,” or a whole year. It was that quality which made it natural and easy for him to say at Belmont, when his little army was surrounded, “We must fight our way out as we fought our way in”; which made him exclaim, on seeing the well-filled haversack of a dead rebel at Donelson, “They are trying to escape; if we attack first and vigorously we shall win”; which made him try every possible way of reaching a solid footing for his army in the Vicksburg campaign, and finally run the batteries with his transports, ferry his army across the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, cut loose from his line of communications, swing out into the Confederacy, beat and disperse the army confronting him, break up the railroads and sit down calmly and resolutely behind the fortifications of Vicksburg, resolved to take it by siege or starvation if not by assault. It was that quality which carried him through the perils and difficulties of Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge, and which finally brought him the rank of lieutenant-general, and gave him command of all the loyal armies. And finally it was that quality which caused him to fight his way, inch by inch, through the Wilderness and to continue the fighting day after day, from the morning of May 5th till the evening of the 12th, holding on to all the ground he gained, never halting, never yielding, but inexorably pressing forward, no matter what the discouragements nor what the difficulties to be overcome. Such persistency was never before shown by an American general. The Army of the Potomac had never before been compelled to fight more than two days consecutively. Its commanders had always hesitated even in the full tide of victory, as at Antietam or Gettysburg, or had fallen back as at Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville, after the second day’s fighting, and before any de-

cisive advantage had been gained by either side. It had never been compelled to fight its battles through before, but now all this was changed. And there is no sort of doubt that this change marked the final epoch of the war, inasmuch as it convinced both the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac, and indeed of all the Union armies, that there would be no more yielding, no more retreating, no more rest from fighting and marching till the national cause had everywhere triumphed over its enemies! Neither is there any sort of doubt that Lee and his valiant army also recognized the advent of Grant as the beginning of the end. They were from the first amazed at the unshakable steadiness and persistency with which he held his army to its work, and they saw at once the doom of the Confederacy and the end of all their hopes. This is plainly shown by the defensive attitude which they maintained thenceforth to the end of the war. The only *riposte* Lee ever made against Grant was on the evening of the second day’s fighting in the Wilderness, when the rebels by a happy stroke turned the right flank of the Sixth Corps and threw it into great confusion. There is reason for supposing, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, that Grant’s nerves were severely shaken by this unexpected and untoward reverse. He was in a strange army, surrounded almost entirely by strangers, and naturally enough for a short time amidst the darkness and confusion felt uncertain as to the purposes of the enemy, the extent of the disaster, and the capacity of his own army to recover from it. In all that host there were only three general officers who had served with him in the West,—Rawlins, his able and courageous chief-of-staff, Sheridan, and myself. Meade, whose headquarters were near by, and all the infantry corps and division commanders, were comparatively unknown to him, and what is worse, precedent, so far as there was any precedent, in that army, seemed to require them under such circumstances to retire, and not advance. I was with Sheridan and Forsyth, his chief-of-staff, that night, near Old Chancellorsville. Forsyth and I lay till dawn listening to what seemed to us to be the roar of distant musketry; orders had been received during the night by the cavalry “to cover the trains,” and from our position, and what we knew of the precedents, as well as of the temper of the army, we feared that the next day would find us on the way to the north side of the Rappahannock, instead of on the road to Richmond. Sheridan shared this apprehension. Before dawn he gave me orders to move as soon as I could see with my division towards Germanna Ford, and ascertain if the enemy, after

turning the right flank of the Sixth Corps, had interposed between the army and the river or penetrated towards the rear. By sunrise I had covered the whole region in the direction indicated, and having ascertained that the noise of the night before was the rumbling of the trains on the Fredericksburg turnpike, and that the enemy had withdrawn without discovering the magnitude of his advantage, I rode rapidly to General Grant's headquarters, for the twofold purpose of reporting the result of my reconnoissance and of ascertaining how the General had stood the alarm and trials of the night and day before. I felt that the Army of the Potomac had not been beaten and that it would be fatal for it to withdraw at that stage of the campaign, and yet I feared that the pressure upon General Grant might be so great as to induce him to yield to it. I found him at his camp on a knoll covered with scrub pine, where he had spent the day and night, just ready to mount and move out. I dismounted at the foot of the knoll, and throwing my bridle to my orderly, started rapidly towards the General, who not only saw me coming, but saw also the look of anxious inquiry in my face, and, without waiting to receive my report or to question or be questioned, called out in cheerful and reassuring tones: "It's all right, Wilson; the army is already on the move for Richmond! It is not going back, but forward, until we beat Lee or he beats us." I saw at a glance that, however severely tried, Grant had recovered his equilibrium, and that his courage was steadfast and unshaken. My anxieties were relieved, and after expressing my gratification at the orders he had given, and saying what I could in support of the policy announced, I remounted my horse and galloped back to my division. I imparted the result of my reconnoissance and of my interview with General Grant promptly to Forsyth and Sheridan, both of whom received it with unmistakable delight and satisfaction. It is not too much to say that a great load was lifted from our minds. We saw that the gravest crisis of Grant's life was safely past, and we felt that our success was now solely a question of pluck and persistency on the part of the army. We knew that the commanding general would do his duty to the bitter end, and we could not doubt what the end would be.

Grant has been severely criticised for the rude and disjointed battles fought by the Army of the Potomac during this memorable campaign, and much of this criticism is well founded, though not so well directed. If Grant had been a great tactician, which he was not, or had more closely supervised the car-

rying out of his own orders, instead of depending upon Meade and his corps and division commanders for all the details and their execution, it is probable that many valuable lives would have been spared; but it must not be forgotten, after all, that whenever everything else fails and the resources of strategy and tactics are exhausted, the fundamental fact remains that that army or that nation generally prevails, or has the greatest capacity for war, which stands killing best. In the words of the rebel General Forrest, "War means fight, and fight means kill." Lee and his army of veterans had to be taught that there was nothing left for them but to fight it out; that no matter how many Union soldiers they killed, their places would be promptly filled; that no matter how many assaults they might repulse, new assaults would follow, until finally there would be no safety left for their steadily decreasing numbers except in flight or surrender. And this was the result which followed! Even the unsuccessful and unnecessary assaults at Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg contributed to this result, for they taught the rebels to beware of meeting in the open field soldiers who could make such assaults and withstand such bloody repulses without being disgraced or seriously discouraged thereby.

But General Grant's temperament gave him other good qualities besides the one so graphically described by Sherman. It made him modest, patient and slow to anger, and these virtues contributed to his earlier successes almost as much as the rapid and sturdy blows which he dealt the enemy confronting him. They kept him from putting on airs, assuming superiority, or otherwise offending the sensibilities and self-respect of either the officers or men who constituted the rank and file of the army, and while these were negative virtues, they were unfortunately not possessed by all the regular army officers who found themselves in command of volunteers at the outbreak of the rebellion. Notwithstanding Grant's extraordinary success at Donelson and his excellent behavior at Shiloh, there was a great outcry against him not only in the army, but throughout the North-west. He was charged with leaving his command without authority, neglect of duty, and incompetence, and there is no doubt that the Administration not only lent ear to these charges, but authorized Halleck to supersede Grant in the field, and assured General McClelland that he should have command of an expedition for the purpose of opening the Mississippi River.

I joined the staff of General Grant as an officer of engineers, in October, 1862, and found him just starting on the Tallahatchee or Gren-



ada (Mississippi) campaign. Before leaving Washington I became satisfied that the chief honors of his command would be given to McClelland, if the President and Secretary of War could manage it without a public scandal; and I lost no time, after returning from a short tour of duty with McPherson, then commanding the left wing of Grant's army, in making known to Major Rawlins the information upon which I had reached my conclusion. Grant had gone to Memphis, but Rawlins and I followed him shortly, and when fitting opportunity presented itself the former laid my information before the General, and considered it with him. At that time Vicksburg had come to be regarded as the great strategic point in the Western theater of war, and consequently its capture was looked upon as of the first importance to the Union cause. It also became abundantly evident that McClelland had not only been promised the command of the expedition for that purpose, but there was reason for believing that he and his friends were using all the means in their power to foster and spread the discontent with Grant, and if possible to relegate him to a subordinate position. Grant's conduct at this juncture was cautious and prudent. Rawlins and others urged him to make short work of it, and relieve McClelland, or at least to assert his own authority, and rebuke the pretensions of his lieutenant in a manner which could not be misunderstood, but he declined, contenting himself with modestly asking General Halleck if there was any reason why he should not himself go in chief command of that part of the army to be employed in the movement against Vicksburg. Later on, when McClelland showed his resentment and bad temper, and indirectly claimed independence of Grant's control, Rawlins again urged a decided rebuke of his insubordination, but Grant still declined, saying, quietly but firmly: "I can't afford to quarrel with a man whom I have to command." McClelland, it will be remembered, was a politician of influence and distinction, had been a leading and influential member of Congress, was a townsman of Mr. Lincoln, a war Democrat of pronounced and ardent loyalty to the Government, and above all he had shown himself to be a brave, energetic, and fairly skillful division commander, and, notwithstanding his extraordinary vanity and captiousness, was of entirely too much consideration to admit of being relieved for any light or trivial or uncertain cause; and so Grant bore with him modestly and patiently till, in his estimation, forbearance was no longer possible. In this I encouraged him whenever occasion offered, and appreciating my motives, it was his custom to intrust me

with nearly all of the orders and instructions for McClelland's corps. At the battle near Port Gibson, where the enemy was first met after our passage of the Mississippi, McClelland behaved with his accustomed gallantry and sound judgment, and as I had been near him throughout the action, I thought I saw an opportunity in it for bringing about a better understanding between him and General Grant. Accordingly, when the latter arrived upon the field I explained the situation to him, and suggested that he should congratulate and thank McClelland in person for his good management and success. But much to my surprise he declined to do this, merely remarking that McClelland had done no more than his duty, and that it would be time enough to thank and congratulate him when the action was over and good conduct and subordination had become habitual with him. From that day forward the breach between them widened, notwithstanding the bravery of McClelland's corps at the battle of Champion's Hill, and of Lawler's brigade of the same corps at Big Black. McClelland's temper seemed to grow worse and worse. He alienated the only friends he had at headquarters by violent language and threatened insubordination. Finally, "for falsely reporting the capture of the enemy's works in his front," for the publication of a bombastic order of congratulation to his corps, and for failing to send a copy of the same to army headquarters, Grant relieved him from command, while in the trenches before Vicksburg, and ordered him to proceed to such point in Illinois as he might select, reporting thence to the War Department for orders. I mention this circumstance with no intention of passing censure upon McClelland, nor even of judging between him and his commanding general, but merely for the purpose of illustrating Grant's patience and forbearance, and calling attention to the fact that when he was ready to act, his action was vigorous and effective; and that notwithstanding his patience he was inexorable and unrelenting towards one who he thought had intended to do him official and personal injury. In this he was not unlike the most of mankind so far as the feeling of resentment was concerned, but it will be observed that he acted even in this case with caution and prudence, inasmuch as he took no action and raised no questions to be settled by the President or Secretary of War till substantial success had so strengthened him in the popular mind that his position was unassailable. And so it was throughout his military career. He never quarreled with those he had to command, but bore with their shortcomings long and patiently. Such as



proved themselves incompetent or inefficient from any cause were quietly but surely eliminated, while those who were so imprudent as to criticise him or his generalship in such a way as to attract his notice were more summarily and promptly disposed of as his power increased and as his own supremacy became assured. In reference to all official matters he was a man of but few words, either in speech or writing, hence whatever he did in this direction was done decently and in order, and apparently upon the theory that "He who offends by silence offends wisely; by speech rashly." While it is certainly true, as a general rule, that Grant was impatient of even friendly criticism from subordinates, and did not like unfriendly criticism from any quarter, it would give an entirely erroneous impression of him and his peculiarities, if the foregoing statement were not qualified by a brief explanation of his relations with Rawlins, Sherman, and McPherson.

When I reported at his headquarters at Grand Junction, I found Major (afterwards Major-General) John A. Rawlins in charge as assistant adjutant-general. He received me warmly and cordially, explained frankly but impressively the character of General Grant, including its defects as well as its strong array of virtues, described the staff by whom he was surrounded, and gave me a brief account of the army and its subordinate commanders, concluding the conversation by proposing that we should form an "alliance offensive and defensive" in the performance of our duties towards General Grant and the cause in which we were all engaged. We soon became fast friends, with no reserve or concealments of any kind between us. Shortly afterwards the forces serving in that region were organized into "the Army of the Tennessee," and divided into corps; whereupon Rawlins was designated as adjutant-general and I as inspector-general of the army, each with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The duties of these positions brought us still more closely together, and if possible established our relations on a still firmer footing with each other and with General Grant. I mention this fact merely to show that I was in a position to know all that took place at headquarters, and especially to learn the characteristics and influence of the men by whom Grant was surrounded and with whom I was thrown in daily contact.

Rawlins was a man of extraordinary ability and force of character, entirely self-made and self-educated. When he was twenty-three years of age he was burning charcoal for a living. By the meager gains from this humble calling he had paid his way through the Academy, where he had acquired most of his edu-

cation. He had studied and practiced law, rising rapidly in his profession and acquiring a solid reputation for ability as a pleader and as a public speaker. He had come to be a leader of the Douglas wing of the Democratic party, and was a candidate for the Electoral College on that ticket in 1860, before he had reached his thirtieth year. Immediately after the rebels fired upon Sumter, he made an impassioned and eloquent speech at Galena, in which he declared for the doctrine of coercion, and closed with the following stirring peroration: "I have been a Democrat all my life; but this is no longer a question of politics. It is simply union or disunion, country or no country. I have favored every honorable compromise, but the day for compromise is past. Only one course is left for us. We will stand by the flag of our country and appeal to the God of Battles!" Amongst the audience was Ulysses S. Grant, late captain Fourth United States Infantry, but then a clerk in his father's Galena leather store. He was not a politician, still less a partisan, but he had hitherto called himself a Democrat, and had cast his only presidential vote four years before for James Buchanan. He had listened attentively to Rawlins's speech, and had been deeply impressed by it and by the manly bearing of the orator, with whom he had already formed an acquaintance, and that night on his way home he declared himself in favor of the doctrine of coercion, telling a friend that he should at once offer his services to the Government through the adjutant-general of the army. The story of his fruitless efforts to secure recognition at first, and of his final success in getting into the volunteer army through Governor Yates, who appointed him colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, and also of his appointment to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers through the recommendation of the Hon. E. B. Washburne and his colleagues of the Illinois delegation in Congress, is well known, and needs no repetition here; but it is not so well known that the very first day after Grant's assignment by seniority to the command of a brigade, he wrote to Mr. Rawlins and offered him the place of aide-de-camp on his staff, or that with equal promptitude after receiving notice, only a few days later, of his appointment as brigadier-general, he wrote again to Rawlins, offering him the position of assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of captain. When it is remembered that Rawlins was at that time not only entirely ignorant of everything pertaining to military affairs, but had never even seen a company of artillery, cavalry, or infantry, it will be admitted at once that he must have had other very marked qualities to commend

him so strongly to a professional soldier, and this was indeed the case. Having been a politician himself, he knew many of the leading public men from Illinois and the north-west; being a lawyer, he had carefully studied the relations between the States and the General Government, and had arrived at clear and decided notions in reference to the duties of the citizen towards both. He was a man of the most ardent patriotism, with prodigious energy of both mind and body, of severe, upright conduct, rigid morals, and most correct principles. He was not long in learning either the duties of his own station or the general principles of army organizations; and what is still more important, he also learned, with the promptitude of one having a true genius for war, the essential rules of the military art, so that he became from the start an important factor in all matters concerning his chief, whether personal or official, and was recognized as such by Grant, as well as by all the leading officers in the army with which he was connected. He did not hesitate when occasion seemed to call for it to express his opinion upon all questions concerning Grant, the army he was commanding, or the public welfare; and this he did in language so forcible and with arguments so sound that he never failed to command attention and respect, and rarely ever failed in the end to see his views adopted. It cannot be said that Grant was accustomed to taking formal counsel with Rawlins, but owing to circumstances of a personal nature, and to the fearless and independent character of the latter, this made but little difference to him. Grant himself was a stickler neither for etiquette nor ceremony, while Rawlins never permitted either to stand between him and the performance of what he conceived to be a duty. Grant was always willing to listen, and even if he had not been he could not well have failed to hear the stentorian tones in which Rawlins occasionally thought it necessary to impart his views to a staff or general officer, so that all within ear-shot might profit thereby. I never knew Grant to resent the liberties taken by Rawlins, and they were many, but to the contrary their personal intimacy, although strained at times and perhaps finally in some degree irksome to Grant, remained unbroken to the end of the war, and indeed up to the date of Rawlins's death, in 1869. When the history of the Great Rebellion shall have been fully written, it will appear that this friendship was alike creditable to both and beneficial to the country, and that Rawlins was, as stated by Grant himself, "more nearly indispensable to him than any other man in the army." Indeed nothing is more

certain than that he was altogether indispensable; and that he was a constant and most important factor in all that concerned Grant, either personally or officially, and contributed more to his success at every stage of his military career than any or all other officers or influences combined.

Both Sherman and McPherson were very intimate with Grant, and were held in the highest estimation by him; both were fully trusted, and both acted towards him with the most perfect loyalty; and yet neither of them, although both were men of extraordinary brilliancy, ever exerted a tithe of the influence that was exerted by Rawlins. Sherman was especially open and outspoken in giving his views, whether asked for or not; but having once freed his mind, verbally, or by letter, as in the case of the Vicksburg campaign in opposition to the turning movement as it was finally made, he dropped his contention there, and loyally and cheerfully, without hesitation or delay, and equally without grumbling or criticism, set vigorously about performing the duty assigned to him. It is but fair to add that Sherman always had decided views. He was then, as now, a man of great abilities and great attainments, not only in the art of war, but in nearly everything else. In short, to use his own words, he was "a great deal smarter man than Grant," and knew it, and perhaps Grant knew it also, and yet there was never any rivalry or jealousy between them. In view of all this, and especially in view of the marked differences and idiosyncrasies of the two men, it must be admitted that there is nothing in the life of either which reflects more honor upon him than his friendship for and confidence in the other.

McPherson, who was also serving with Grant when I joined him, and enjoyed his confidence and affectionate regard, was also an officer of rare merit. Like Sherman, he was a graduate of the Military Academy, and was justly noted for the brilliancy of his intellect and his high standing and attainments in the military profession. He was much younger than Sherman, but, unlike him, had never been in civil life since his original entry into the service at West Point. He was cheerful, modest and unassuming, but vigorous and active in the performance of every duty, and while he was justly regarded by all as a general of excellent judgment and great promise, and while it is also certain that he enjoyed Grant's confidence and esteem to the highest degree, it is equally certain that Grant rarely if ever consulted him on questions of policy, or even as to the details of the movements or dispositions of the army. It is still more certain that McPherson



did not, during the Vicksburg campaign nor at any time subsequent, volunteer his opinions. He neither furnished brains nor plans, as was at one time so commonly supposed in army circles to be the case, but confined himself strictly to the duty of commanding his corps, and doing cheerfully and ably whatever he was ordered to do by those in authority over him. He made no protests, wrote no letters of advice, and indulged in no criticisms whatever. He was an ideal subordinate, with a commanding figure and a lofty and patriotic character, and endeared himself, by his frank and open nature and his chivalric bearing and behavior, to his superiors and equals as well as to his subordinates. Grant loved him as a brother, and lost no opportunity to secure his promotion or to advance his fortunes, but never leant upon him for either advice or plans. He sent orders as occasion required, never doubting that they would be understood, and loyally and intelligently carried out according to the requirements of the case and the best interests of the service.

As a rule these orders were general in their terms, and specially designed to leave McPherson free to regulate and arrange the details according to his own judgment. So perfectly in accord were Grant and McPherson, so well placed was Grant's confidence in his admirable lieutenant, that there was never a shade of disappointment or ill feeling on the part of either towards the other. It is almost needless to add that Grant and Rawlins were of one mind in reference to both Sherman and McPherson, and indeed in reference to nearly everybody else. They judged from the same standpoint and from the same facts, knowledge of which necessarily in many cases reached Rawlins first, producing a profound impression on his vigorous and alert mind, and with gathered force upon that of his chief. It is proper to add that I never knew an army which was so little affected by jealousies, ill feeling, and heart-burnings as was the Army of the Tennessee under Grant; and I cannot imagine an army headquarters or administration where prejudice had so little influence or where the public business was conducted on higher principles than at those of General Grant. Merit and success were the sole tests by which subordinate commanders were judged. I say merit and success, but I wish to emphasize the statement that merit even without success was sure to receive the recognition it deserved. In this respect Grant's conduct was a model which cannot be too highly commended. His patience and deliberation caused him to judge fairly of every action before meting out praise or blame. With the former he was lavish and generous; with the latter no one could be more

sparing. If the circumstances did not justify success, or if the orders given were misunderstood, or if contingencies were not properly provided for, he would always say: "It was my fault, not his; I ought to have known better," or "I should have foreseen the difficulty," or "I should have sent so and so," or "I should have given him a larger force." It is not to be wondered at that, with such consideration for his subordinate commanders, Grant should have become exceedingly popular with them, from the highest to the lowest. And yet it should not be forgotten that he was free from and above all claptrap, and utterly despised the cheap arts of advertisement and popularity so easily mastered by the military charlatan. He was at that period of his life the embodiment of modesty and simplicity, and showed it not only in his relations with those above and below him, but in his retinue and equipage, whether in camp or on the march. This is well illustrated by the fact that he crossed the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, without a horse, and with no baggage whatever except a toothbrush and a paper collar. He rode forward to the battle near Port Gibson on an orderly's horse, and knocked about the field and country like any private soldier till his own horse and camp equipage, which did not cross till after the main body of the army, had rejoined him. Throughout this wonderful campaign he shared every hardship and every peril, and what is more, never for a moment forgot the comfort or hardships of those about him.

Having been engaged the second night in rebuilding the bridges over the north fork of the Bayou Pierre, in order that the army might not be delayed in following up its advantages, after completing my task, and seeing the advanced division well started on the march, I went to the little log-cabin by the roadside where the General and staff had bivouacked. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning, and after reporting to the General, as he always desired should be done under such circumstances, that the bridge was completed and the column moving, I turned in for sleep and rest, and was soon unconscious of everything around me. Breakfast was ready and eaten before daylight, and Grant and the rest of the staff moved out as soon as they could see the road and the marching soldiers; but as it was my second night without sleep he would not permit me to be disturbed, but directed the cook to put up my breakfast, and left an orderly to keep it for me, and to show me the road he and the staff had taken. I rejoined him, after a rapid ride of fifteen miles, about noon that day, shortly after which, hearing that Grand Gulf had been abandoned and



was in Admiral Porter's possession, he started with Rawlins, myself, Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, and a few orderlies, to that place. Arriving after dark he went at once on board the admiral's flag-ship, where he kept us all busily engaged writing dispatches and orders till eleven o'clock. We then went ashore, remounted our horses, and rode rapidly through the dark by a strange and circuitous road to Hankinson's ferry, to which point the army had been directed. The distance covered that night was between twenty and twenty-five miles, and for the day between forty-five and fifty. We rejoined the army at a double log plantation house about a mile from the ferry, just as dawn began to appear. Hastily unsaddling our horses, we threw ourselves flat upon the porch, using our saddles for pillows and our horse-blankets for covering. General Grant did not even take time to select a soft plank, but lay down at the end of the porch so as to leave room for the rest of us as we came up. In an incredibly short space of time we were all asleep, and yet he and the rest were up and about their respective duties shortly after sunrise. The army was rapidly concentrated, provisions were brought forward, and in a few days operations were again renewed and the country was electrified by the series of brilliant victories which followed. Grant's conduct throughout the campaign was characterized by the same vigor, activity, and untiring and unsleeping energy that he displayed during the two days which I have just described. It is difficult, I should say impossible, to imagine wherein his personal or official conduct from the beginning of the turning movement by Bruinsburg, till the army had sat down behind Vicksburg, could have been more admirable or more worthy of praise. His combinations, movements, and battles were models which may well challenge comparison with those of Napoleon during his best days. Withal he was still modest, considerate, and approachable. Victory brought with it neither pride nor presumption. Fame, so dear to every honorable and patriotic soldier, had now come to him, and his praise resounded throughout the North. Cavil and complaint were silenced. His shortcomings ceased to be matters for public condemnation; and when Vicksburg and the army defending it also fell before his well-directed blows, no name in all the land brought so much pleasure to the minds of the loyal and patriotic people as did that of Ulysses S. Grant. President Lincoln hastened to write him a cordial and magnanimous letter, saying in regard to the forecast of the campaign, "I now wish to

make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I wrong." It is worthy of remark that whatever were Lincoln's opinions during the campaign he kept them to himself, and, so far as General Grant then knew, did not in any way try to influence him or his movements. It is also worthy of remark that notwithstanding the heartiness and magnanimity of the letter just referred to, a new source of anxiety had arisen in Lincoln's mind in regard to General Grant, and the nature and extent of this anxiety will best appear from the following anecdote.

Amongst the most sagacious and prudent of General Grant's friends was J. Russel Jones, Esq., formerly of Galena, at that time United States Marshal for the northern district of Illinois, and also a warm and trusted friend of the President. Mr. Jones, feeling a deep interest in General Grant, and having many friends and neighbors under his command, had joined the army at Vicksburg and was there on the day of its final triumph. Lincoln, hearing this, and knowing his intimacy with Grant, sent for him, shortly after his return to Chicago, to come to Washington. Mr. Jones started immediately and traveled night and day. On his arrival at the railway station at Washington he was met by the President's servants and carriage, taken directly to the White House, and at once shown into the President's room. After a hurried but cordial greeting the President led the way to the library, closed the doors, and when he was sure that they were entirely alone addressed him as follows:

"I have sent for you, Mr. Jones, to know if that man Grant wants to be President."

Mr. Jones, although somewhat astonished at the question and the circumstances under which it was asked, replied at once:

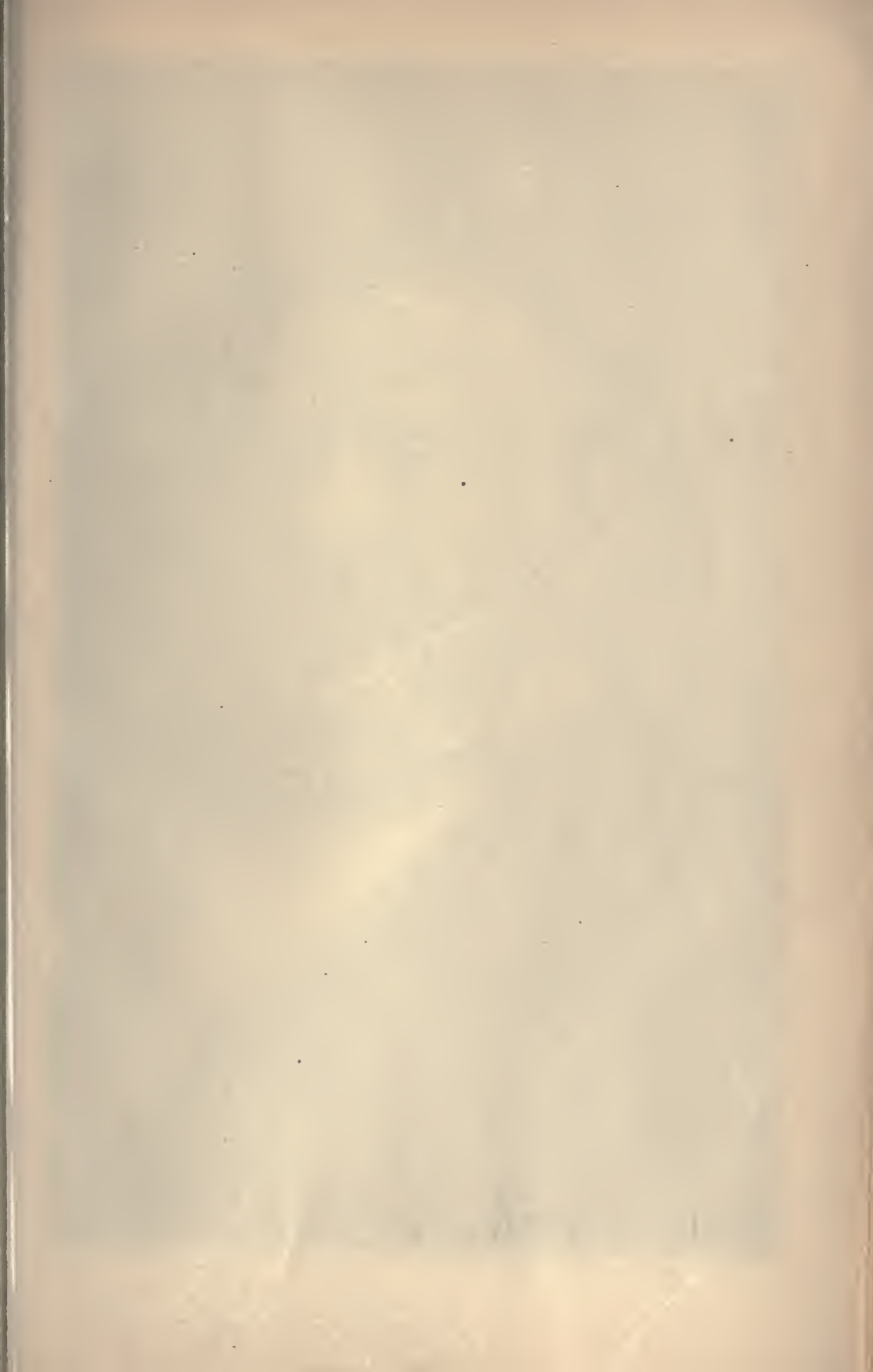
"No, Mr. President."

"Are you sure?" queried the latter.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "perfectly sure; I have just come from Vicksburg; I have seen General Grant frequently and talked fully and freely with him, about that and every other question, and I know he has no political aspirations whatever, and certainly none for the Presidency. His only desire is to see you reëlected, and to do what he can under your orders to put down the rebellion and restore peace to the country."

"Ah, Mr. Jones," said Lincoln, "you have lifted a great weight off my mind, and done me an immense amount of good, for I tell you, my friend, no man knows how deeply that presidential grub gnaws till he has had it himself."

*James Harrison Wilson.*







*Wm. H. Brown*



REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GRANT.  
BY AN OFFICER OF HIS STAFF.

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THE story of General Grant's life savors more of romance than reality; it is more like a fable of ancient days than the history of an American citizen of the nineteenth century. As light and shade produce the most attractive effects in a picture, so the contrasts in the career of the lamented General, the strange vicissitudes of his eventful life, surround him with an interest which attaches to few characters in history.

His rise from the obscure lieutenant to the commander of the veteran armies of the great republic, his transition from a frontier post of the untrodden West to the Executive Mansion of the nation; his sitting at one time in a little store in Galena, not even known to the Congressman from his district; at another time striding through the palaces of the Old World with the descendants of a line of kings rising and standing uncovered in his presence; his humble birth in an Ohio town scarcely known to the geographer; his distressing illness and courageous death in the bosom of the nation he had saved—these are the features of his marvellous career which appeal to the imagination, excite men's wonder, and fascinate the minds of all who make a study of his life.

Many of the motives which actuated him and the real sources of strength employed in the putting forth of his singular powers will never be fully understood, for added to a habit of communing much with himself was a modesty which always seemed to make him shrink from speaking of a matter so personal to him as an analysis of his own mental powers, and those who knew him best sometimes understood him the least. His most intimate associates often had to judge the man by the results accomplished, without comprehending the causes which produced them. Even to the writer of this article, after having served with the General for nine years continuously, both in the field and at the Presidential Mansion, he will in some respects always remain an enigma. His memoirs, written on his death-bed, to be published only after his decease, furnish the first instance of his consent to unbosom himself to the world. In his intercourse he did not study to be reticent

about himself; he seemed rather to be unconscious of self. When visiting St. Louis with him while he was President, he made a characteristic remark showing how little his thoughts dwelt upon those events of his life which made such a deep impression upon others.

Upon his arrival a horse and buggy were ordered, and a drive taken to his farm, about eight miles distant. He stopped on the high ground overlooking the city, and stood for a time by the side of the little log house which he had built partly with his own hands in the days of his poverty and early struggles. Upon being asked whether the events of the past fifteen years of his life did not seem to him like a tale of the *Arabian Nights*, especially in coming from the White House to visit the little farm-house of early days, he simply replied, "Well, I never thought about it in that light."

He was never a secretive man until the positions of responsibility in which he was placed compelled him to be chary of giving expression to his opinions. He then learned the force of the philosopher's maxim that the unspoken word is a sword in the scabbard, while the spoken word is a sword in the hands of one's enemy.

In the field there were constant visitors in camp ready to circulate any intimations of the commander's movements, at the risk of having such valuable information reach the enemy; in the White House, every encouraging expression to an applicant for favors was apt to be tortured into a promise, and the President naturally became guarded in his intercourse with general visitors. When questioned beyond the bounds of propriety, his lips closed like a vise, and the obtruding party was left to supply all the subsequent conversation. These circumstances proclaimed him a man who studied to be uncommunicative, and gave him a reputation for reserve which could not fairly be attributed to him. He was called the "American Sphinx" and "Ulysses the Silent," and he was popularly supposed to move about with sealed lips.

When accompanying him through New England the summer after the close of the war, it was soon seen that the stories of



his reticence had preceded him. The trip was the first of those grand ovations with which he was always greeted by the people through whose communities he travelled. The train stopped for a few minutes at a small town in Maine, and the people, as usual, took the opportunity of extending a greeting and delivering their words of welcome. As the General stood in the doorway of the rear car, a tall, gaunt-looking woman elbowed her way through the crowd till she got near the platform. Here she stopped, and put on a pair of spectacles with glasses in them that looked about as big as the lenses in large telescopes, and taking a good look at the General, said, gasping for breath as she spoke, "Well, I've come down hyere a-runnin' right on the clean jump, nigh on to tew mile, just to git a look at the man that lets the women do all the talkin'."

It is true he had no "small-talk," introduced merely for the sake of talking, and many a one will recollect the embarrassment of a first encounter with him, resulting from this fact. But while, like Shakespeare's soldier, he "never wore his dagger in his mouth," yet in talking to a small circle of friends upon general subjects he was always a charming conversationalist; and when he spoke of matters to which he had given special consideration, his conversation was so thoughtful, philosophical, and original that he fascinated all who heard him. Public speaking always had a terror for him, even in later years when he spoke so well. These speeches were impromptu, for the best of reasons—the fact that he could never memorize a sentence that had been written out for the purpose. From his early school-days he never possessed the faculty of learning a speech by heart, and the forcible words he spoke on public occasions were due entirely to his natural faculty of clear expression. He wrote very much as he talked, but more readily and directly. While he sometimes halted in speech or hesitated for a word, he wrote swiftly and uninterruptedly. His thoughts flowed as freely as the ink from his pen; he was never at a loss for an expression, and seldom interlined a word or made a material correction.

His style was clear and terse, with little of ornament. He used Anglo-Saxon words much more frequently than those derived from the Greek or Latin. He seldom indulged in metaphor, but when

he did employ a figure of speech it was original and graphic, as when he spoke of the commander at Bermuda Hundred being "in a bottle strongly corked," or alluded to our armies at one time moving "like horses in a balky team, no two ever pulling together." His style inclined to the epigrammatic without his being conscious of it. There is scarcely a document written by him from which brief sentences could not be selected fit to be set in mottoes or placed upon transparencies. As examples may be mentioned: "I propose to move immediately upon your works;" "I shall take no backward step;" the famous "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer;" "Let us have peace;" "The best means of securing the repeal of an obnoxious law is its vigorous enforcement."

About half past eight o'clock on the morning of the 11th of May, 1864, during a lull in the battle of Spottsylvania, General Grant was standing in front of his tent saying a few parting words to Hon. E. B. Washburne, M.C., who had accompanied head-quarters from the day operations began in the Wilderness, and was now about to return to Washington. There had been six days of hard fighting since the opening of the campaign, and Mr. Washburne asked General Grant to let him take with him some message of encouragement to the government at Washington. The General hesitated, and said while he was making satisfactory progress, he did not want to say much about the results at present for fear he might hold out false hopes to the people; but Mr. Washburne impressed upon him the extent of the anxiety that was felt, and the eagerness in Washington to have a message written by the General's own hand giving the actual situation.

The General was smoking at the time. Keeping the cigar in his mouth, he stepped into his tent, and while the escort was waiting wrote a dispatch very rapidly, containing about two hundred words, and addressed to General Halleck, chief of Staff at Washington. In about the middle of the note occurred the famous words, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

This communication was handed to Mr. Washburne, and he started at once with it for Washington. The staff officers read the retained copy, but it attracted no particular attention, and neither the General

himself nor any one at head-quarters realized the force of the famous sentence until the New York papers reached camp a few days afterward with the words displayed in large head-lines.

His powers of concentration of thought were often shown by the circumstances under which he wrote. Nothing that was going on around him on the field or in his quarters could interrupt him. With a tent full of officers talking and laughing at the top of their voices he would turn to his field table and write the most important communications. There would then be an immediate "Hush" and "Excuse us" from the company, but he always insisted upon the conversation going on, and after a while his officers got to understand his desires in this respect, and to realize that nothing short of a general attack along the whole line could interrupt him or attract his attention from the subject on which his mind was concentrated.

General Grant has often been misunderstood and not unfrequently misrepresented in regard to his personal manners, the refinement of his tastes, and the degree of his mental acquirements. He has in some measure passed into history as a man whose chief characteristics were the bluntness of the soldier, the lack of personal accomplishments, and an indifference to the refinements which constitute the charm of cultivated minds. He has been looked upon in some quarters as a modern Othello, "rude in speech and little blessed with the set phrase of peace." Such an estimate of his character does injustice to him as well as to the nation which educated him and made him its representative in court as well as camp. The early impressions regarding him arose partly from the fact that the people first heard of him as coming out of a country store, then as striking sledge-hammer blows and conducting relentless pursuits of his foes through the swamps of the Southwest. He was pictured as "bearded like the pard," and striding about in the most approved swash-buckler style. The earliest pictures purporting to be photographs of him were circulated when he was at the distant front, never stopping long enough to be focussed. The practitioners of that art which is the chief solace of the vain, nothing daunted, photographed a burly beef contractor at the rear, and spread the pictures broadcast as the determined but rather robust features of the

coming hero. It was some time before the real photographs which followed were believed to be genuine.

When his great victories were heralded, his enemies tried to degrade him with the stigma of "butcher." Then came partisan attacks, inseparable from public life, and gross caricatures exhibiting him as slovenly in dress and stolid in feature. These for a time had their effect in giving many people a total misconception of the true personal character of the man. He was educated at an institution of learning which, whatever its faults, has never been charged with being lacking in its requirements as to scholarship. In general standing he was graduated about the middle of a class composed of many gifted minds. In the exact sciences he stood particularly well. In the year in which the principal mathematics were taught he was tenth in a class of fifty-two members. In landscape painting in water-colors, which occupied in his day a place in the West Point course, he stood above the middle of the class, and throughout his life he always exhibited a taste for paintings and other works of art.

He had no particular aptitude for languages. While in Mexico, during our war with that country, he acquired some knowledge of Spanish, and when a cadet he learned French, but never had an opportunity of continuing the study or practice of that language, and in later years had lost all familiarity with it.

When in Paris he was given a handsome entertainment by President McMahon. While walking on the boulevards by himself, a few days after, he met the President, who was also alone, and who joined the General in his walk. The General offered the President a cigar, and then began to chat with him in good old mother English. The President chimed in in French, and the conversation soon became quite animated. Crowds of promenaders stopped to gaze upon the two soldier Presidents, whose speech, no doubt, reminded them of voices from the Tower of Babel. But they were both men of common-sense, and evidently did not intend to let the mere matter of a difference in languages interfere with their notions of civility. Barring whatever there was of inconvenience arising from the fact that neither understood a word the other said, they seemed to enjoy their intercourse amazingly.



The General was fond of the drama, and was a diligent reader of current literature. He derived great enjoyment from the society of cultivated men, but made no pretensions himself to any knowledge which he did not possess. He seemed to feel with Addison that "pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion—a form of knowledge without the power of it." His acquaintance with the classics was but slight, and was acquired from the limited knowledge he gained in the public schools before entering West Point. The appreciation of music was to him a lost sense; the musician's score was a sealed book. He used to say he knew only two tunes; one was "Yankee Doodle," and the other wasn't. In the days when he was received on all occasions to the music of brass bands he would say with mock pride that he really believed he had added a third tune to his *répertoire*—"Hail to the Chief!"

When the head-quarters were pitched at City Point, at the time the armies sat down in front of Richmond and Petersburg, a general officer who commanded the brigade stationed at that place wanted to do something that would afford the commanding General especial delight, so he sent the brigade band over to the headquarters camp to play while the mess were dining. About the third evening the General remarked: "I've noticed that that band always begins its 'noise' just about the time I am sitting down to dinner and want to talk." A staff officer at once went to suppress it, and see whether it could be made to obey an order to "cease firing." The broad-belted band-master was puffing with all the vigor of a quack-medicine advertisement. His eyes were glued to his music, and it was not so easy a task to attract his attention. Like a sperm-whale, he had come up to blow, and was not going to be put down till he had finished; but finally he was made to understand that, like the hand-organ man, he was desired to move on. With a look of disinheretance on his countenance he marched off his band to its camp, feeling that Mozart and Beethoven had lived in vain.

In the company of ladies the General was studiously polite in manner, at times even courtly. When reclining upon a sofa to catch a little well-earned rest after the fatigues of the day, in the White House or in his own home, if a lady entered the room, even though she were an intimate

friend or a near relative, he invariably arose and sat in a deferential attitude. This and other exhibitions of courtesy, which seemed in him instinctive, could not fail to be noticed in his own home as instances of those little acts of personal politeness which often have greater weight in stamping the true character of the gentleman than the more pretentious acts of civility displayed in public.

No one ever heard an irritable word or a disagreeable expression addressed to any member of his household, and a more affectionate family, from the oldest to the youngest, never dwelt under one roof.

General Grant was essentially a man of peace. No one rejoiced more when hostilities came to an end. A Quaker in Philadelphia once met Mr. Borie, afterward Secretary of the Navy, and said:

"Friend Adolph, I am going to vote for thy friend Ulysses Grant for President."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said Mr. Borie; "but how happens it that a Quaker is going to vote for a soldier?"

"Oh," said the Quaker, "that is exactly why I vote for him. I believe war to be such a curse that no sensible man can witness its evils without becoming a confirmed man of peace, and I feel that Grant, with his experience, will never let us get into a war while he is President."

This reasoning was logical. General Grant persistently urged the ratification of the constitutional amendments and many other measures upon the ground that they would settle disturbing questions, and make peace more permanent between the two sections of the country.

When the *Virginian* affair came up, during his administration, there was every prospect of war with Spain, and only the practice of forbearance and a disposition to avoid a conflict succeeded in holding the country to a course which finally brought satisfactory explanation and full reparation. When many leading men were urging warlike measures against England for the part she had played during the rebellion, President Grant was the great advocate of pacific measures, and his efforts after a time led to the assembling of the Joint High Commission, and then to peaceable arbitration at Geneva. While travelling in Europe the General almost invariably declined invitations to attend reviews of troops, saying he had seen enough of military manœuvres, and enjoyed much more witnessing scenes of

peace and evidences of a country's material prosperity. The closing line of his letter of acceptance when first nominated for the Presidency was not a phrase written at random, but an utterance of the true sentiment of his heart: "Let us have peace."

The statement that he was reckless of human life hurt his feelings more than any charge made against him, perhaps because it was the most unjust, and so at variance with his nature. His heart was intensely sensitive to every form of human suffering. This trait was often the subject of remark by those who were with him under the varied circumstances of his life, and it is a curious fact that his sensibilities in this respect never became blunted during all the memorable scenes of carnage through which he passed. At the outset of his career, in his earliest battles, he never failed to give minute instruction beforehand regarding the care of the wounded. At Shiloh, after the fatigues of the day, he sought shelter in a hut to catch a few hours of much-needed sleep. The surgeons had taken possession of the place, and soon began their horrid work of amputating the limbs of the wounded. The General found the sight so painful that he said it was "more unendurable than the fire of the enemy." He soon left this only place of shelter, preferring to brave the storm which was raging outside, and passed the rest of the night sitting under a tree with torrents of rain pouring down upon him.

But his sensitiveness never interfered with the stern duties of the soldier. He knew better than to attempt to hew rocks with a finely tempered razor, he realized that paper bullets were not to be fired in war, and he felt that more men died from disease in sickly camps than from shot and shell in battle. He knew that great sacrifices were demanded to conquer a lasting peace, and saw that hard blows would stop the war the soonest and save life in the end.

The General was always ready to rough it in the field like the commonest soldier in the ranks. He generally wore a light blue cavalry overcoat such as is issued to private soldiers. He would ride hard all day, and often lie down to sleep at night on the ground, in the most uncomfortable places, without any covering. In such cases some one would watch him till he got to sleep, and then spread a cloak or blanket over him.

The General ate less than any man in the army. Sometimes the amount of food taken did not seem enough to keep a bird alive. His mess, consisting of himself and staff, was frugal enough in its fare to suit the tastes of an anchorite. A bottle of wine was scarcely ever seen on the table, and cold water was the habitual beverage. He usually spent but a few minutes at meals, and often took little more than a cup of coffee, some hard bread, and a sliced cucumber, or a little fruit, when any could be found.

His smoking has become historical. This habit in the field has not been exaggerated. During the second day of the battle of the Wilderness he smoked twenty-four strong cigars. The number of cigars generally bore some relation to the magnitude of the occasion, and when his pockets were loaded up with an extra supply in starting out in the morning, it usually meant that the enemy was going to have as much work on hand that day as he could conveniently attend to.

The General was a natural bushwhacker, in the sense of having an intuitive knowledge of country. He was seldom known to make a mistake in taking a road, and when he did he had an aversion to turning back which amounted almost to a superstition. To reach the road he had missed he would undertake all sorts of cross-cuts, ford streams, and jump any number of fences, rather than retrace his steps to the fork at which he had made the wrong turn. If he had been in the place of the famous apprentice boy who wandered away from London, he never would have been thrice Lord Mayor of that city, for with him Bow-bells would have appealed to deaf ears when they chimed out, "Turn again, Whittington." The enemy when it encountered him never failed to feel the effect of this inborn prejudice against going back.

Being a capital rider, he sat his horse with such ease that he seemed to come into camp at night as fresh as when he started out in the morning. His health was nearly perfect, and his spirits were never depressed by bodily or mental fatigue. He could drop to sleep at will, and always tried to get eight hours' repose out of the twenty-four. Of course this was often made up of snatches of sleep of a few hours in length when in active service.

The night of the 6th of May, 1864, the second day of the Wilderness, was a crit-



ical occasion. A desperate attack was made on the right, Seymour was captured, then Shaler, Sedgwick's corps was forced back, the right was partly turned, and a confusion arose which for a little time seemed destined to run into a panic. The General hurried re-enforcements to the point of danger, and made every disposition for the protection of the right. As soon as the attack had spent its fury he gave orders for the next day's movements, threw himself on his camp bed, and in two minutes fell into a sleep that was not broken till the firing began in the morning.

When on his death-bed, tortured by insomnia, he remarked to the writer, "Ah! I have now lost the power to sleep." Upon being reminded of the night in the Wilderness, he dwelt upon it for a time, and said, "It seems strange that I, who always slept so well on the field, should now pass whole nights without closing my eyes in the quiet of my own house."

Courage assumes so many forms, and varies so much under different circumstances, that one needs to particularize in referring to this quality in man. One person may be fearless on land and a coward on the water; the most intrepid sailor at sea may be afraid on shore to go upstairs alone in the dark. General Grant was possessed of a rare and conspicuous courage, which, seen under all circumstances, appeared never to vary. It was not a courage inspired by excitement; it was a steady and patient courage in all the scenes in which it was displayed. It might be better described as an unconsciousness of danger. He never seemed to be aware that there was danger to him or to any one about him. When his son Fred, then a mere youngster, visited the armies in front of Petersburg, while following along with the staff he several times got under a heavy fire. His father was the most affectionate of parents, and one whose grief would have known no bounds if anything had happened to his son, but the very consciousness of danger seemed wanting in him, and he did not once rebuke the boy, who had inherited the spirit of the father, for enjoying his first sniff of gunpowder. The General once spoke laughingly of the first time he got under fire, and insisted that his heart came up into his mouth; but it is evident that it did not stay there long. During one of the fights south of Petersburg, the telegraph line had been cut down, and the

twisted wires were lying about in confusion upon the ground. At a critical part of the fight the General's horse got his foot through a loop of the wire, and in his efforts to free himself the coil became twisted still tighter. The enemy was delivering a heavy fire and advancing rapidly, and every body's face except the General's began to wear an anxious look. He sat coolly in his saddle giving directions to the orderly who had dismounted and was struggling nervously to uncoil the wire, and kept cautioning him in the "most deliberate and unruffled manner not to hurt the horse's leg. In a few minutes the horse was released without injury, but none too quickly, as the enemy was soon after in possession of that part of the field.

One of the greatest disappointments ever experienced by General Grant in his military operations was the failure of the famous mine in front of Petersburg. The mine was not commenced by his orders. It was rather the voluntary work of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, composed of men from the mining districts of that State. The enemy's fortified line opposite was on a hill, and with a miner's instinct for burrowing into the earth, the men began running a gallery into the hill, in the belief that it could be made useful in blowing up the earth-works that confronted them. It had progressed for some time before it was reported to the General. He let the work continue, and finally decided to make its explosion the occasion for a movement to penetrate the enemy's lines at that point.

Then began a display of strategy for the purpose of decoying the enemy to the north side of the James River and weakening his line on the south, which in ingenuity and perfection of detail equals the devices that made the reputation of Hannibal. The General and staff moved from the head-quarters camp the evening before the attack, and bivouacked in rear of the troops who were to make the assault. The mine was to have been exploded just before the dawn on the 30th of July, 1864. At the appointed hour the General and his staff were up, and listening eagerly to catch the first sound of the explosion. The watched-for hour passed, daylight began to break, but no sound from the mine. The gray of the morning had disappeared, and the light of the sun was breaking upon the scene, when a message came that the fuse

had failed, it was supposed from an imperfection in the connection at the point where it had been spliced. Every moment now became an hour of anxious suspense. Lieutenant Doughty and Sergeant Rees, of the miners' regiment, with a fearlessness which challenged the admiration of the whole command, entered the long gallery, reached the splice in the fuse, perfected the connection, and the fatal train now did its work. But over an hour had elapsed, and that was the hour which lay between success and failure. For an instant there was a low, rumbling noise, then a sudden flash, followed by a sound that shook the ground like an earthquake. Then the earth rose in the shape of an inverted cone, carrying up with it infantry and artillery, guns, carriages, and ammunition. Our troops were now pushed forward to pass through the breach that had been made in the works, but there had been a failure to obey the orders to clear away the abatis and other obstructions in our own front. The movement was slow and irregular, and the enemy lost no time in throwing up a second line of defense and rushing his troops back to the threatened position.

It was the old story. "Some one had blundered." The General rode forward to get a better view of the situation. He saw at a glance the mistakes that were being made, and determined to go to the front and give directions in person. Jumping from his horse and throwing the reins to an orderly, he motioned to the writer to accompany him, and with but a single officer started off on foot for the point of assault.

It was one of the hottest days of summer. As the General edged his way through the assaulting columns while they poured out of the rifle-pits and covered ways and crawled over the abatis, the heat was suffocating. He wore a single-breasted blue blouse with no conspicuous insignia of rank. For a time none of the men seemed to recognize him, and they were no respecters of persons as they crowded to the front. They little thought that the plainly dressed man who was elbowing his way past them so vigorously was the chief who had led them from the Wilderness to Petersburg.

Seeing that the crater left by the mine was becoming a slaughter pen, and that the lives of the troops must no longer be wasted in an attempt that would only prove fruit-

less in the end, his sole anxiety now was to communicate with the officers who were in immediate command of the movement, and direct them to withdraw their men. He saw the officers standing on the parapet of a field-work, about six or eight hundred yards to the left. To reach them by passing inside of our rifle-pits would be a slow process, as the place was crowded with troops; so he decided to keep in front of the line of earth-works and take the chances. The shots were flying thick and fast, and what with the fire of the enemy and the heat of a July sun, there was a warmth about the undertaking that ought to have satisfied the cravings of the most advanced cremationist. The very recollection of it, twenty years after, starts the perspiration. Scarcely a word was spoken in crossing this distance. Sometimes the gait was a fast walk, sometimes a dog-trot. The officers were not a little astonished to see the General-in-chief approaching on foot from this direction, and no time was now lost in sending orders for the withdrawal of the troops.

The General gave way to no outbursts of feeling and no useless expressions of regret, but those who were responsible for the failure were made to feel the full weight of his displeasure.

The day the outer line around Petersburg was carried and the troops were moving upon the inner line, the General took up his position near a house which stood on a knoll overlooking the field of operations. The spot was under fire, and as soon as the group of officers who composed the staff were seen, one of the enemy's batteries began paying its respects to the party in a manner which left no one under the apprehension that he was going to be slighted. The General had dismounted and seated himself at the foot of a tree, and was soon busied in reading dispatches brought to him, and writing orders to the officers conducting the advance.

The fire had become pretty hot, and several officers, apprehensive for his safety, suggested to him the propriety of moving to another position less conspicuous. He kept on writing, without the slightest interruption from the shots falling around him, and apparently not noticing what a target the place was becoming, or paying any heed to the suggestions offered. When he had finished the dispatches he got up, took a view of the situation, slow-



ly mounted his horse, and, as he started toward another part of the field, said, with a quizzical look at the group around him, "Well, they do seem to have the range on us."

The unbounded generosity at all times displayed by General Grant toward friends and foes will be remembered as long as the world continues to honor manly qualities. His unselfishness in relation to his subordinates was one of the chief secrets of their attachment to him, and the immediate and unstinted praise he gave them for their work was one of the great incentives which aroused them to the efforts they put forth. After the successes in the West, in writing to Sherman he said: "What I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom above all others I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given to you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving you can not know as well as I. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction."

Sherman wrote a no less manly letter in reply. After insisting that General Grant assigned to his subordinates too large a share of merit, he went on to say; "I believe you to be as brave, patriotic, and just as the great prototype Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted, and honest as a man should be; but the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in the Saviour. . . . I knew wherever I was that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place you would help me out if alive."

After Sherman's successful march to the sea there was a rumor that Congress was to create a Lieutenant-Generalcy for him, and give him the same grade as that of Grant. By this he would have become eligible to the command of the army. He wrote at once to his commander saying he had no part in the movement, and should certainly decline such a commission if offered to him.

General Grant wrote him in reply: "No one would be more pleased at your advancement than I; and, if you should be placed in my position, and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations

in the least. I would make the same exertions to support you that you have ever done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win."

When Joe Johnston's army surrendered to Sherman and was given terms which the government recalled, Stanton denounced Sherman's conduct unsparingly, and Grant was ordered by the President to go at once to Sherman's head-quarters and conduct further operations there in person.

The General-in-chief went to Raleigh, and remained there in the background instead of going out to the front, so as not to appear to share the credit of receiving Johnston's final surrender. He left that honor solely to Sherman, and stood manfully by him when his motives were questioned and his patriotism unjustly assailed.

General Grant never tired of extolling the virtues of Sheridan and other commanders who had shown great qualities in the field. He said Sheridan's courageous words and brilliant deeds encouraged his commanders as much as they inspired his subordinates. He often compared Sheridan's traits to similar ones in the character of Hannibal, of Frederick the Great, and of Napoleon himself. He was always taking up the cudgels in defense of his generals. He spoke one day with great warmth in reply to a person who alluded to Sheridan as merely a hard hitter in battle. He said: "While Sheridan has a magnetic influence possessed by few over men in an engagement, and is seen to best advantage in battle, he does as much beforehand to contribute to victory as any living commander. His plans are always well matured, and in every movement he strikes with a definite purpose in view. No man is better fitted to command all the armies in the field."

At Appomattox Grant treated Lee with every possible respect. His sword was not demanded, the firing of salutes and other demonstrations of rejoicing were suppressed, and the vanquished were paroled and allowed to take their horses with them to their homes. The conqueror never for a moment forgot that the conquered were his own countrymen.

Two months after the close of the war, when Lee applied by letter for the privileges extended to those included in the President's amnesty proclamation, General Grant put an indorsement on the communication, which began as follows:

"Respectfully forwarded through the Secretary of War to the President, with the earnest recommendation that the application of General Robert E. Lee for amnesty and pardon may be granted him."

But instead of pardoning rebels, Andrew Johnson was engaged in his boasted work of "making treason odious," and he was determined to have Lee and others indicted and punished for the crime of high treason. General Lee appealed by letter to General Grant for protection, and he knew he would not appeal in vain. General Grant put a long and emphatic indorsement upon this letter of appeal, in which the following language occurs: "In my opinion the officers and men paroled at Appomattox Court-House and since, upon the same terms given to Lee, can not be tried for treason so long as they observe the terms of their parole. . . . The action of Judge Underwood in Norfolk has already had an injurious effect, and I would ask that he be ordered to quash all indictments found against paroled prisoners of war, and to desist from further prosecution of them."

The touching messages of sympathy which poured in from the people of the South in the closing hours of the General's life—messages which "made anguish smile and smoothed the bed of death"—testified how well the people of that section remembered the justice and generosity of the great heart whose throbbings were then so soon to cease.

General Grant had a keen sense of humor, which often cropped out from the most serious surroundings. His heart was not especially attuned to mirth; its chords were often set to strains of sadness; but there was not a really humorous or grotesque occurrence which failed to afford him amusement.

There was a grim joke in the dispatch he sent to the War Department after having failed in repeated efforts to have a general officer relieved from a separate command. It read, "I beg that you will relieve General —, at least until all danger is over." During a campaign he would often refer to the period since the movement began as the time "since this army started out gunning."

The night of October 19, 1864, the staff were sitting in front of the General's tent at City Point, anxiously awaiting news from Cedar Creek, where a fight had been reported in progress. The telegraph opera-

tor came up hurriedly with a long dispatch from Sheridan. The General took it and read it over carefully. Every eye was fixed upon him to try and read something in his features, but as usual his calm and impassive face failed to give the slightest indication as to whether the news was good or bad. He soon turned back to the beginning of the dispatch and began to read it aloud. With a discouraging shake of the head, he went on reading how Wright had been attacked, eighteen guns had been lost, our troops had been thrown into confusion and driven back six miles. Here the General stopped, looked around at the dejected listeners, and said, solemnly, "That's pretty bad, isn't it?"

A melancholy chorus replied, "It's too bad—too bad."

"Now wait till I read you the rest of it," said the General, with a twinkle in his eye. Then he went on to read how Sheridan had ridden twenty miles at break-neck speed to reach the front, had recaptured the guns, snatched victory from defeat, and left the enemy a wreck.

The listeners had by this time rallied from their dejection, and were wild with delight. The General seemed to enjoy the bomb-shell he had thrown amongst the staff almost as much as the news of Sheridan's signal victory.

If there is one word which describes better than any other the predominating characteristic of General Grant's nature, that word is loyalty. He was loyal to whatever work or cause he was engaged in; loyal to his friends, loyal to his family, and loyal to his country.

This trait naturally produced a reciprocal effect in those who were brought into relations with him, and was one of the chief reasons why men became so loyally attached to him. Though its dominating power led him in some instances to stand heroically by friends who were unworthy of his friendship, and to continue to trust those who were betraying the faith he reposed in them, yet the strength which made him proof against the influence of unfounded aspersions of others and raised a barrier between worthy men and their detractors, stamped him as one who had the courage to be just, and who let generous sentiments have a voice in an age in which the heart plays so small a part in public life.

Many a public man has had troops of



adherents who clung to him only for the patronage at his command, or has had admirers who followed him because they were dazzled by his power or had become blind partisans in a cause he represented. Perhaps no other man than Grant ever had so many personal friends who loved him for his own sake, whose affection only strengthened with time, and whose attachment never varied in its devotion, whether he was General or President or private citizen.

General Grant was created for great emergencies. It was the magnitude of the task that called forth the powers by which he mastered it. In ordinary matters he was an ordinary man; in momentous affairs he became a giant.

When performing the routine duties of a frontier camp there was no act to make him conspicuous above his fellow-officers, but when he wielded corps and armies the great qualities of the commander flashed forth, and his master-strokes of genius placed him at once in the front rank of the world's great captains.

When he hauled wood from his little farm and sold it in St. Louis, with all his industry he did not drive as advantageous bargains or make as good a living as most of the farmers about him; but when he came to cope with the trained diplomatists of Europe in conducting the intricate negotiations which resulted in forcing a satisfactory settlement of the *Alabama* claims, he put forth abilities which showed from the start that the matter was in the hands of a master. When conducting the business of his store in Galena his financiering was hardly equal to that of the average country merchant, but when a message was to be sent to Congress that would puncture the fallacies of the inflationists and throttle by a veto the attempts of unwise men to cripple the finances of the nation, a State paper was produced which commanded the admiration of every believer in a sound currency. He could collect for the nation fifteen millions from Great Britain; he could not protect his own personal savings from the miscreants who lately robbed him in New York.

His methods in warfare all bore the stamp of originality and ingenuity. His success depended upon his powers of invention rather than adaptation. The fact that he has been compared at times to nearly all the great commanders of histo-

ry is the best proof that he was like none of them. He saw that the art of war as practiced in Europe, with its open country, macadamized highways, and densely populated states, would not answer for America, with its dense forests, impenetrable swamps, difficult rivers, mud roads, and sparse population. He found the necessity of devising an American system of warfare applicable to the conditions surrounding him, and while it had been part of his education to study the instructive lessons derived from the great European campaigns, yet he never wasted time in trying to fit a European square peg into an American round hole.

The importance of celerity in action was always uppermost in his mind. There was a spur in the heel of every order he sent. No one could "feed a fight" more rapidly, that is, rush fresh troops promptly to the spot where they were needed. Every point gained was tenaciously held, and the enemy never recaptured an important position which had once been wrested from him.

The combinations and movements of the several great armies of the Union during the last year of the war were on a scale never before or since attempted. Over half a million of men were in the field in commands separated by more than a thousand miles, and all moving under the guiding hand of their chief: Meade manœuvring around Petersburg, Ord hanging on to Richmond, Sheridan galloping through the Valley of Virginia, Sherman cutting the Confederacy in two, Canby seizing the strongholds on the Gulf, Thomas crushing Hood in Tennessee, armies defending the Mississippi and resisting raids in Missouri. When communication was open, daily reports came in to the chief, who sat in his little hut quietly smoking his cigar, studying the maps, and sending out instructions to all points of the compass. His self-reliance in the field was perhaps his most characteristic trait. He never convened formal councils of war, though he always consulted and advised with his officers, whose opinions never failed to have with him the weight to which they were entitled. He manifested no pride of opinion, but in a campaign he felt that the person who had to shoulder the responsibility ought to decide the movement. One of his objections to a council of war was that there would naturally be some officers who

would oppose his plans, and in urging their objections and finding arguments with which to fortify the position they had taken, they would reach a frame of mind which, in case they were overruled, might make them lukewarm in executing the movement.

General Sherman once made a very fair criticism when he said, in his graphic way, and with his crisp style of expression: "Grant always seemed pretty certain to win when he went into a fight with anything like equal numbers. I believe one great reason why he was so much more successful than others was that while they were thinking so much about what the enemy was going to do, Grant was thinking all the time about what he was going to do himself."

It is not a little singular that the General's character should have borne so high a tone throughout his life, when it is remembered how he had to encounter the rough-and-tumble of frontier camps and pass through so many vicissitudes of life calculated to blunt the morals and weaken the finer sensibilities. In the sixty-three years of his career an oath never passed his lips, and an obscene word was never uttered by him. His nearest approach to an imprecation was a "Confound it!" Once when recalling this fact and remarking upon it to him, he said: "I never learned to swear. When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to arouse men's ire, and when people get into a passion, their adversaries who keep cool always get the better of them." His example in this respect was once quoted by a member of the Christian Commission to a teamster in the Army of the Potomac, in the hope of lessening the volume of oaths with which he was italicizing his language, and upon which he seemed to be placing his main reliance in moving his mule team out of a mud hole. His only reply was, "Then thar's one thing certain—the old man never druv mules."

The absolute truthfulness of his nature was manifested in the most unimportant as well as the most important statements. In relating even the most trivial incident, if he found he had made a mistake in a name or a place, he would go back and correct it with the utmost particularity, as if he had been testifying to it under oath. This habit was frequently commented upon

by those about him, who were often amused by the painstaking manner in which he insisted upon stating little occurrences with all the accuracy of a translator of the new version of the Scriptures.

The General was brought up a Methodist, and was always a regular attendant at worship. He was a frequent visitor at church conferences, and had many warm personal friends amongst the bishops and clergy of that denomination, but was entirely non-sectarian in his feelings. He was imbued with a deep reverence for all subjects of a religious nature, and nothing was more offensive to him than attempts to make light of serious matters, or show a disrespect for sacred things. It was his custom to observe the Sabbath day upon all occasions, and he manifested his regard for it down to the last hours of his life. One Saturday night during the last stages of the fatal disease which sapped his life, one of the severe paroxysms of coughing came on accompanied by sensations of choking. He begged his eldest son to keep him awake, feeling that if he yielded to sleep he would die of suffocation. A game of cribbage was proposed. When about to begin to play he asked the time, and was told that it was five minutes past twelve. Pushing the cribbage-board aside, he said, "We must not play; it is now Sunday." With nothing to divert his mind, he dropped into a doze every few minutes; then started upright to gasp for breath and struggle with the distressing cough; and thus throughout that terrible night the painful struggle for life continued. Death had no more terrors for him on his bed of suffering than on the field of battle where he had so often faced it. In one of the last interviews the writer had with him he said: "It is not death I fear." And then setting his lips firmly in the old-time fashion, as when he gave orders in the field, he added: "I never feared that. I fear only the sufferings I may still have to go through. My only wish now is that the end may come quick."

A friend one day said to him, "General, there are many good friends who will be very sad to have you leave them."

He replied, "There are just as many waiting to meet me on the other side."

The effects of hard service had been telling upon him for some time. The serious responsibilities thrust upon him had continued through a greater number of years than had fallen to the lot of



any of America's public men. At the very outset of the war he assumed important commands. His trials increased as the struggle advanced. When relieved from his cares in the field he found renewed anxiety in the fact that President Johnson was engaged in a bitter contest with Congress, the reconstruction of the States of the South was lagging, politicians were quarrelling, and the land seemed again on the borders of revolution. Then he was made a candidate for the Presidency, and served eight years as Chief Magistrate, at a time when the cares of the Executive office were peculiarly perplexing. He had spent many years of his life subjected to severe physical exposure in malarious sections of country, and the effect began to show itself as he advanced in years. In December, 1884, at the age of sixty-two, he slipped upon the ice and met with a severe fall, striking his hip upon his door-step. The injury proved to be of so severe a nature that he never recovered from the lameness it produced. This deprived him of the exercise from walking, of which he had always been fond, and his system soon began to break down. A few months later the financial bubble blown by Ward and Fish burst. It was a severe shock to an enfeebled constitution, and a crushing blow to the proud spirit of a man of honor. This was the canker which gnawed at the heart while the cancer was eating at the throat.

He had always looked upon the bright side of life. He was almost the only one who could say, as he had often said, in philosophizing upon the pains and pleasures of this world, that there was not a day of his life which he would not like to live over again. He might have said this even down to the beginning of his final sufferings had it not been for the conscienceless scoundrels who in the last year of his life robbed him and his children of their property, and labored to tarnish his fair name by trying to couple it with that of rascals; who devised schemes unsurpassed in the annals of knavery to lure him into correspondence which might be so tortured as to serve their unworthy purposes; who played upon the kindly sentiments of a man whose heart knew no guile, and overshadowed with grief the last year of a singularly happy life and a great historic career.

The American people, by their tribute of affection, furnished the only balm

which could assuage his sufferings. Congress placed him on the retired list as a General, restoring to him the rank which he had vacated when called to a higher field of duty as President; legislatures passed resolutions of sympathy; crowned heads of other lands telegraphed kind inquiries; church organizations sent messages of condolence; civil societies, Grand Army posts, and veteran associations tendered words of friendship; and all over the land prayers were offered in public and private invoking God's blessing upon the illustrious sufferer. Processions of little Sunday-school children sang anthems as they filed past his door. Tributes of flowers poured in upon the household. Men who had voted for him and men who had voted against him, old soldiers who had served with him, and strangers who had never seen him, lined the sidewalk opposite his city house, and stood for hours gazing with moistened eyes upon the windows of the sick man's room.

It was these demonstrations of the people's affection more than the work of the physicians, great as was their devotion and their skill, that buoyed up his spirits, so often rallied his waning powers, triumphed for a time over the disease itself, and cheered the remnant of his days. But the seeds of the fatal malady had been sown, and Death stood ready to reap the harvest. Thousands of old soldiers with their old-time devotion would have stood between him and death as willingly as they once threw their bodies between him and the enemy's bullets, but their devotion availed nothing now. The hand which had seized the surrendered swords of countless thousands could scarcely return the pressure of a friendly grasp; the voice which had cheered on to triumphant victory the conquering legions of America's manhood could no longer call for the cooling draught that slaked the thirst of a fevered tongue. With his family gathered about him, with no fears to trouble him, with the blessings and prayers of the nation following him, at rest with God and at peace with his fellow-man, his spirit passed away. The flag which no enemy had ever been permitted to lower in his presence now dropped at half-mast as if it felt that his arms were no longer there to uphold it. At last he was permitted to enjoy what he had pleaded for in behalf of others, for the Lord had let him have peace.





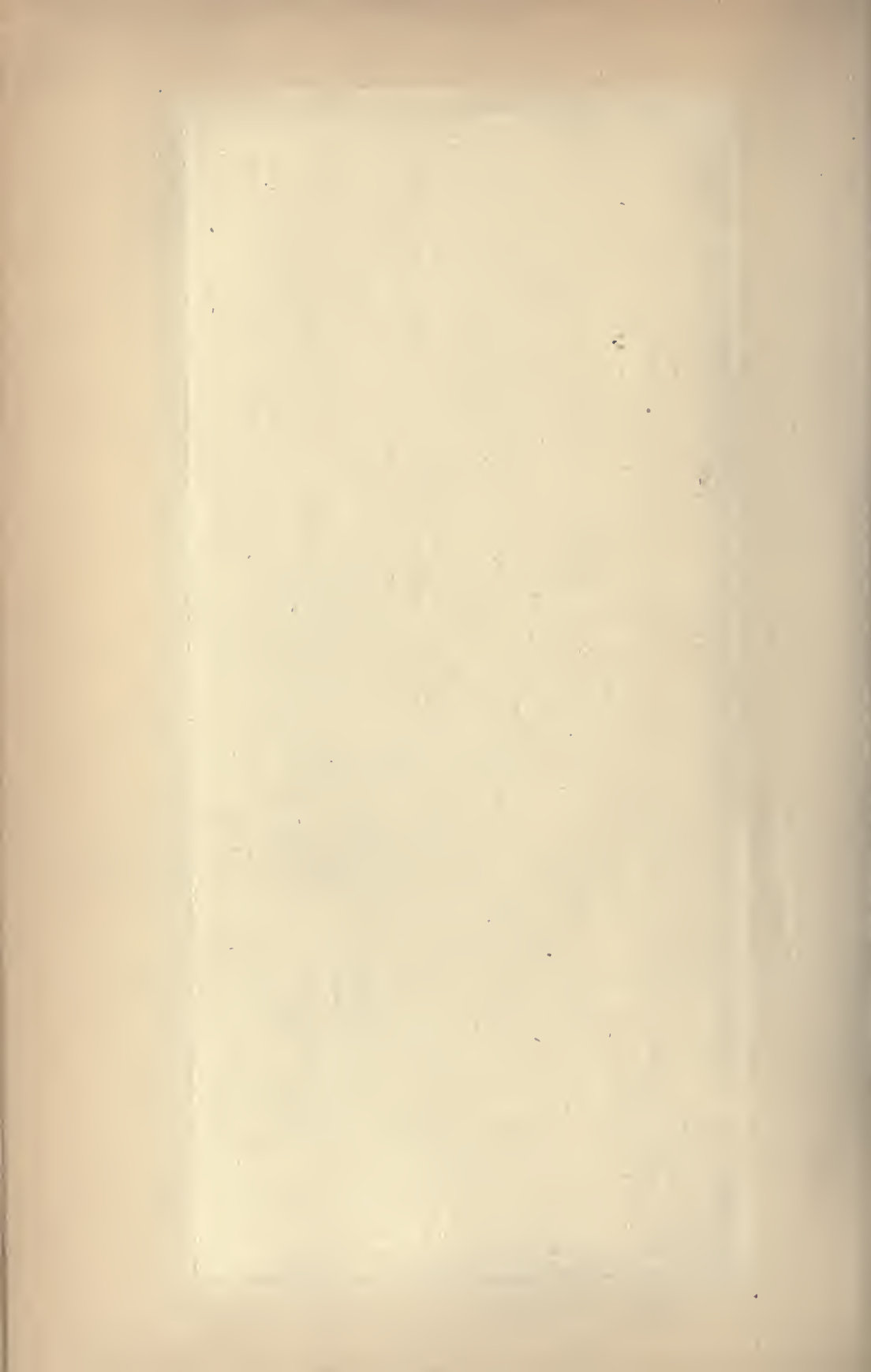
### "GRANT, OUR CITIZEN."

On Wednesday, June 3d, was unveiled the statue of General Grant at Galena, Illinois. "He was your own beloved citizen," said Ex-Governor Hoard, of Wisconsin, in the introductory speech, and in such character is he represented. "Grant, our Citizen" is the legend across the base of the statue. It represents him as a citizen of Galena at the close of the war. He is in citizen's dress, standing in a characteristic attitude, absorbed in contemplation, and his old friends say that it is an excellent portrait of him as he appeared at that time. The figure of the monument is of bronze, eight feet in height, resting upon a pedestal of granite. Three sides of the pedestal contain bass-reliefs of incidents in the life of General Grant, one of them being the scene at the meeting of the two great leaders at Appomattox, Grant and Lee clasping hands in the centre. A Chicago artist, John Gelert, is the designer of the monument, which was presented to Galena by Mr. H. H. Kohlsaart, of Chicago, a member of the Board of Directors of the World's Columbian Exposition. The statue stands in the centre of a large park lately made in the heart of the city.

The ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling of the statue were very interesting. It was a gala-day for the city where the famous General made his home. Grant went there in 1860, where he engaged in business which paid him \$800 a year. When the war burst upon the country, Grant at once announced his intention of serving, and at a public meeting in Galena he was elected captain, and in that capacity went from the city with a company of volunteers. When he returned, he was the world-famous General. Completing his trip around the world, General Grant settled in Galena for a little while, and his old towns-people were delighted to honor him at the unveiling as a citizen, while the visitors held him dear as a fellow-countryman. A number of veterans and distinguished people participated in the ceremonies, Chauncey M. Depew being the orator of the day. The statue was unveiled by Miss Pauline Kohlsaart, the little daughter of the donor.



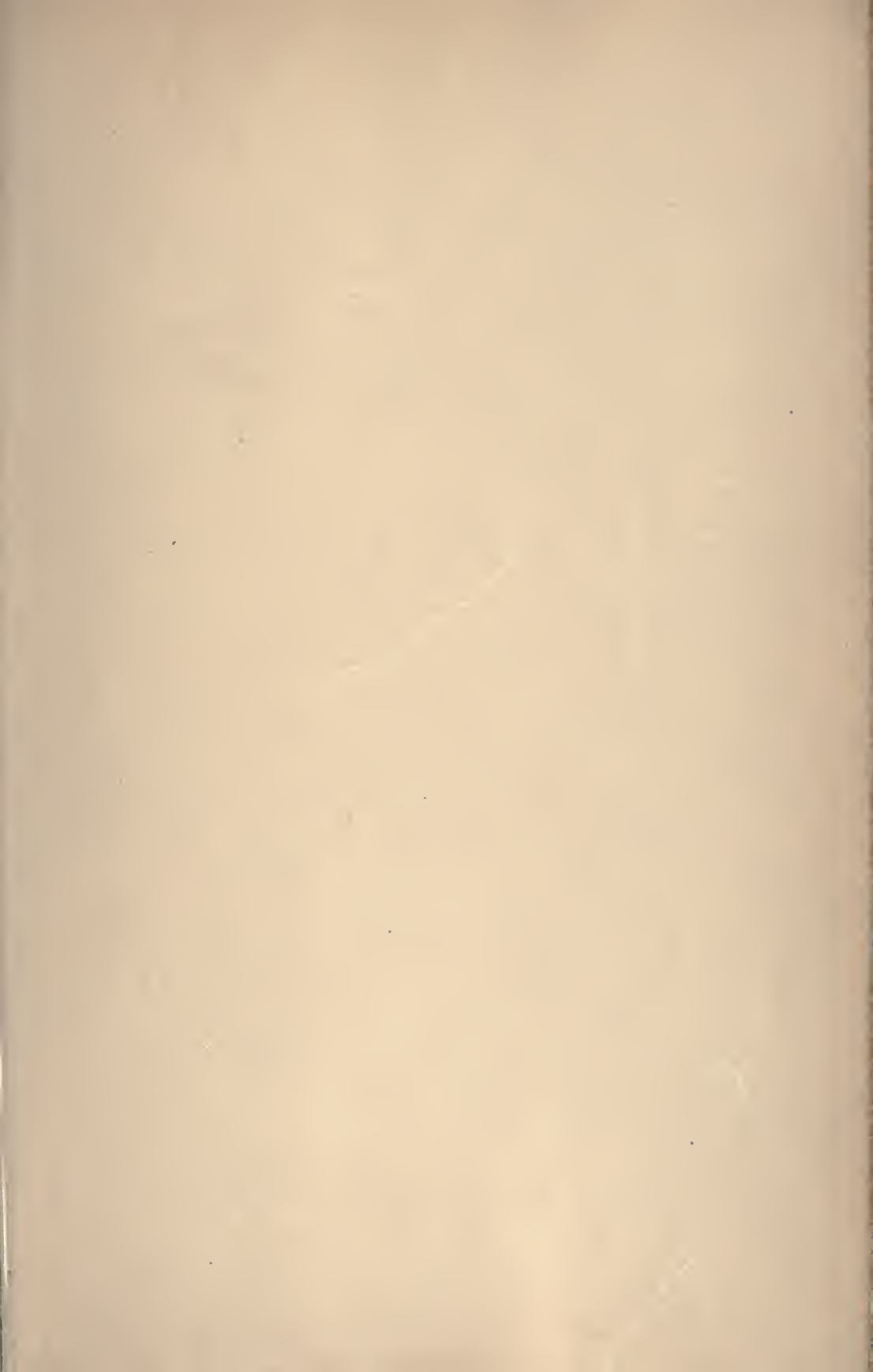




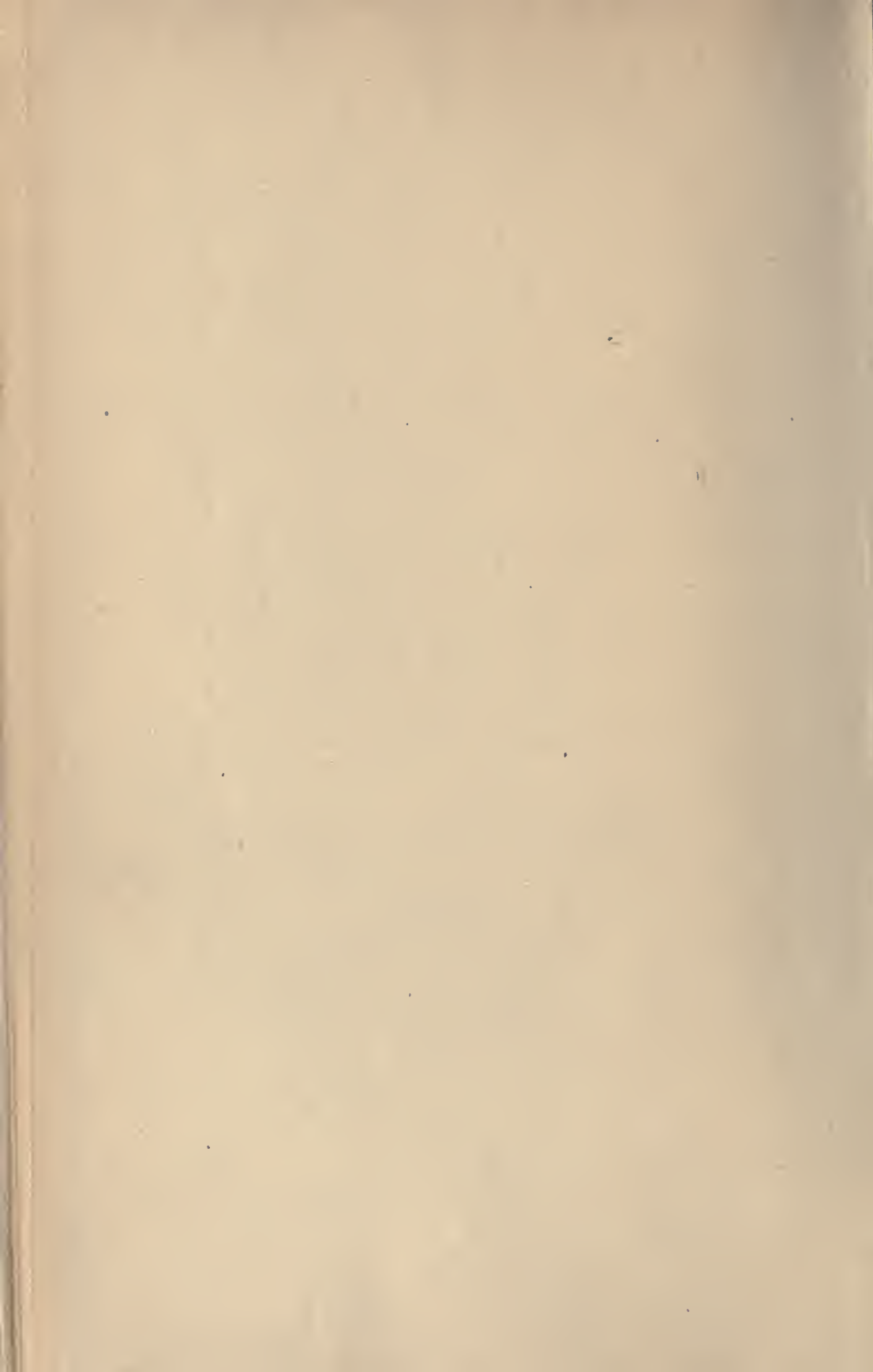










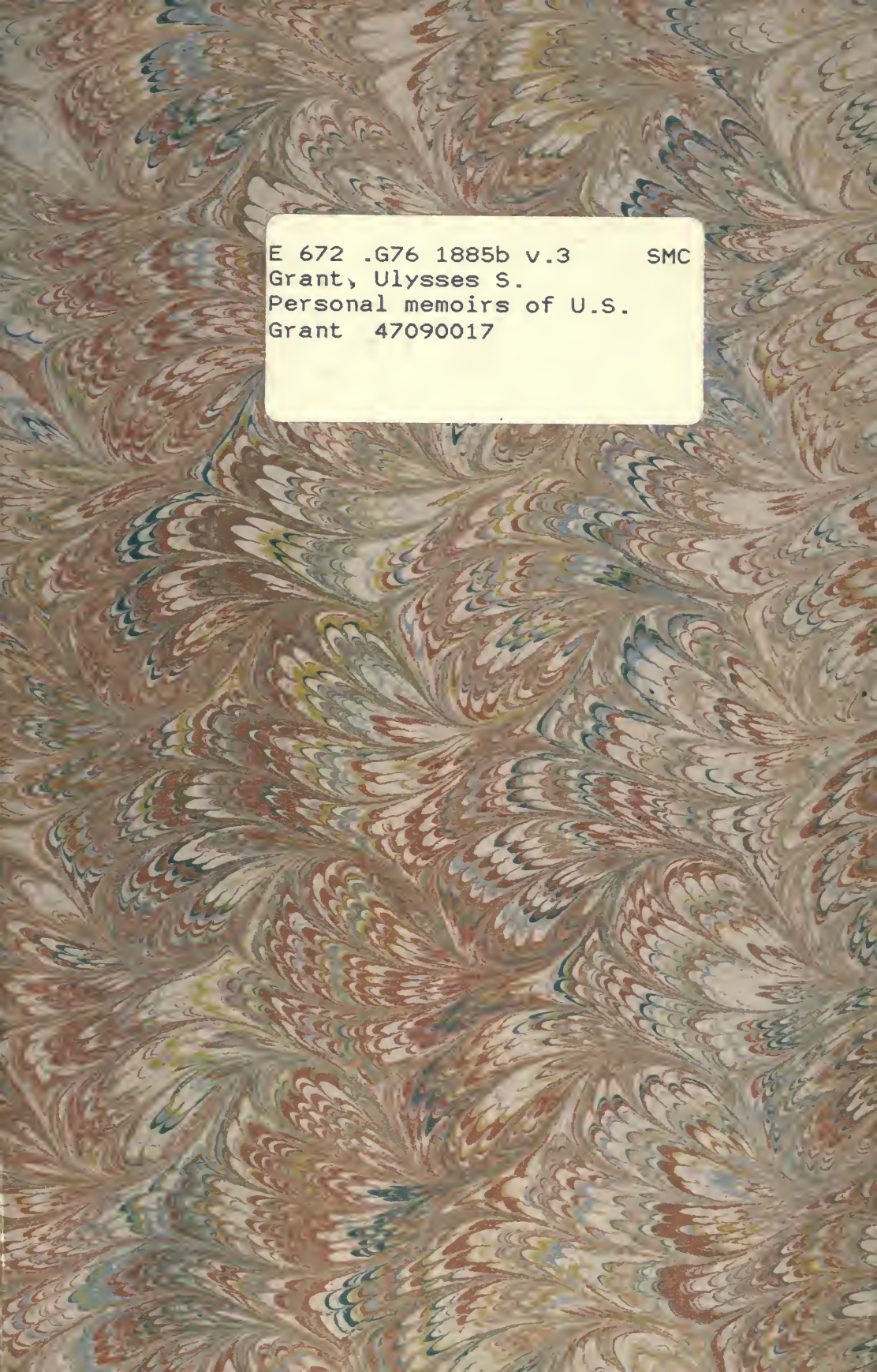


CABINET 20  
SHELF 2







The background of the image is a piece of marbled paper with a complex, swirling pattern of brown, tan, and cream colors, accented with small flecks of blue and green. In the upper center, there is a rectangular white label with black text.

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Grant, Ulysses S.  
Personal memoirs of U.S.  
Grant    47090017



